

FEBRUARY 1951

Nation's



BUSINESS

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## *Good Neighbor* **to Mid-America** **for 100 Years**

The birthday greetings that please us most are those that call us "good neighbor" . . . two words saying we are at home in all communities along the Illinois Central.

Time was when we could count neighbors on our fingers. But as our lines opened new lands, new families followed. They traveled far, from Eastern states and abroad, to the lonely Midwest prairies; many earned a stake for farm or store by laying Illinois Central rails.

As our railroad spread south to the Gulf, west to the Missouri River and southeast to Birmingham, we found more good friends to serve and work with, many far beyond our railheads. Joining with old friends and new, we helped to cement the Middle-North and the Middle-South into the land called Mid-America.

For 100 years the Illinois Central has made Mid-America's life its own . . . carrying the products of farm, mine and factory to market and bringing back the needs of daily life.

But the Illinois Central believes, and always has, in looking beyond transportation. For the well-being of every farm, factory, mine, forest and person is the root from which our own well-being springs. For example—

. . . The Illinois Central opened the first shaft coal mine in Illinois, helped make coal the power around which industrial Mid-America has grown.

. . . The Illinois Central carried the first refrigerated rail-shipment of perishable fruit, helped launch a new agricultural development that puts fresh fruits on every table the year 'round.

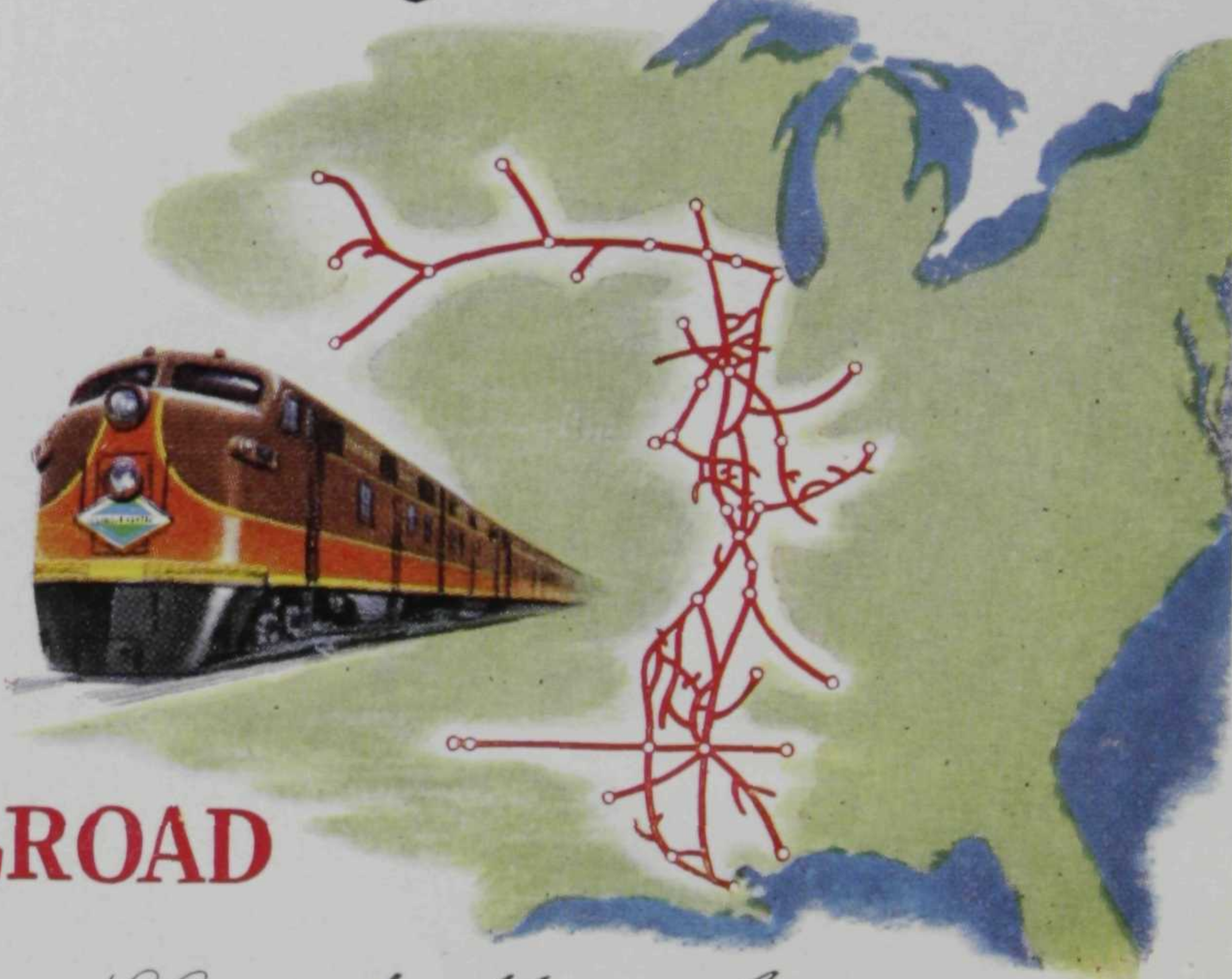
. . . Today the Illinois Central helps farmers grow better crops and raise finer livestock. And each year it seeks sites for new industries to help swell community payrolls.

Through all these years the Illinois Central has worked to keep itself sturdy and progressive. It has created a strong financial foundation—to pave the way for needed improvements and to meet and handle emergencies as they arise.

Faith in Mid-America started the Illinois Central on its way a century ago. That faith has continued, unquenched. Today we believe that Mid-America is the nation's new frontier of opportunity . . . for the individual, for industry and for commerce.

With this future before us, we are determined that the Illinois Central shall continue *to earn*, by useful work and constant helpfulness, the honor of being "good neighbor" to all Mid-America.

*W. J. Johnston* President



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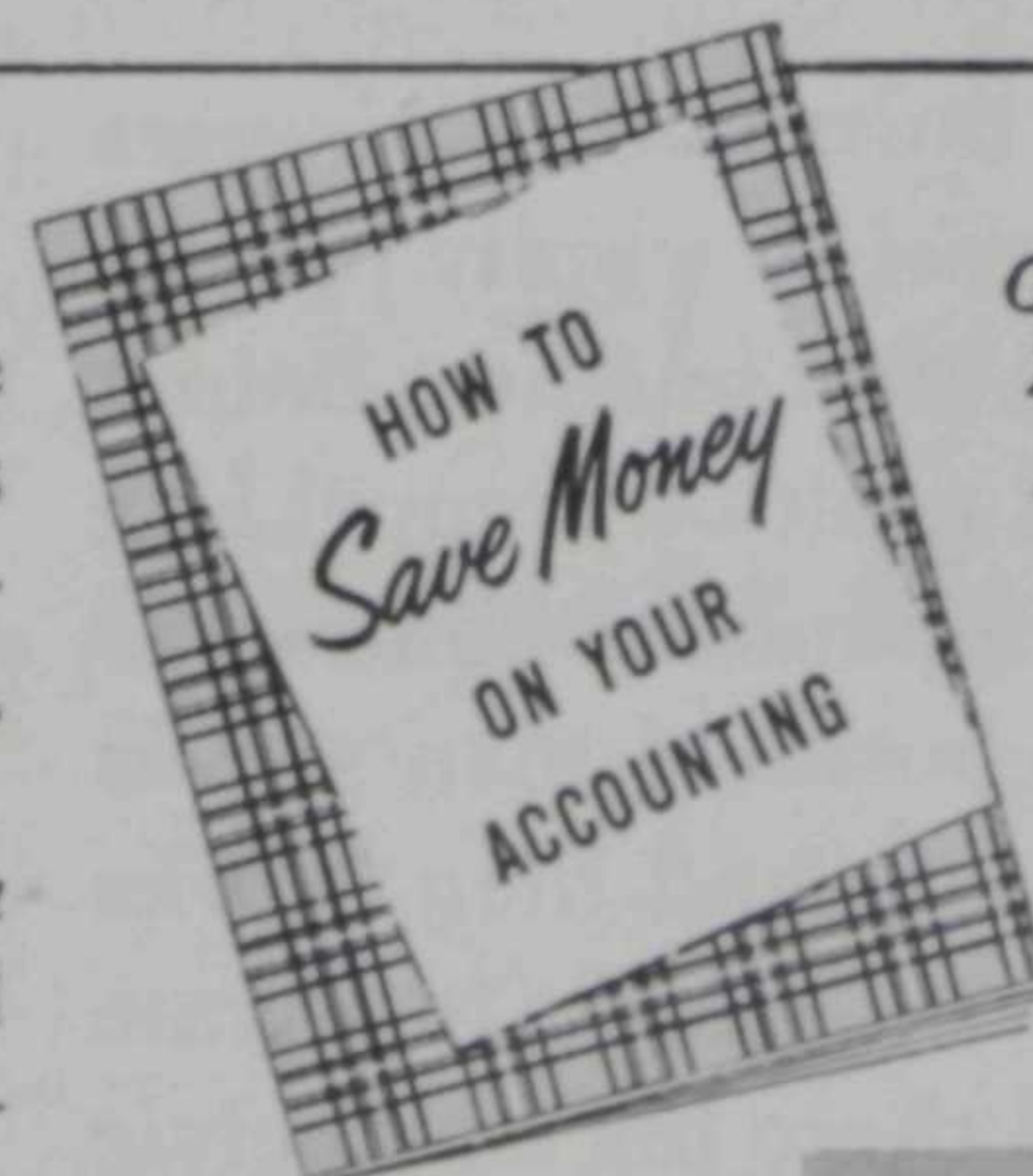
Frequently the saving returns the entire cost of the machine the first year, then runs on year after year as handsome profit.

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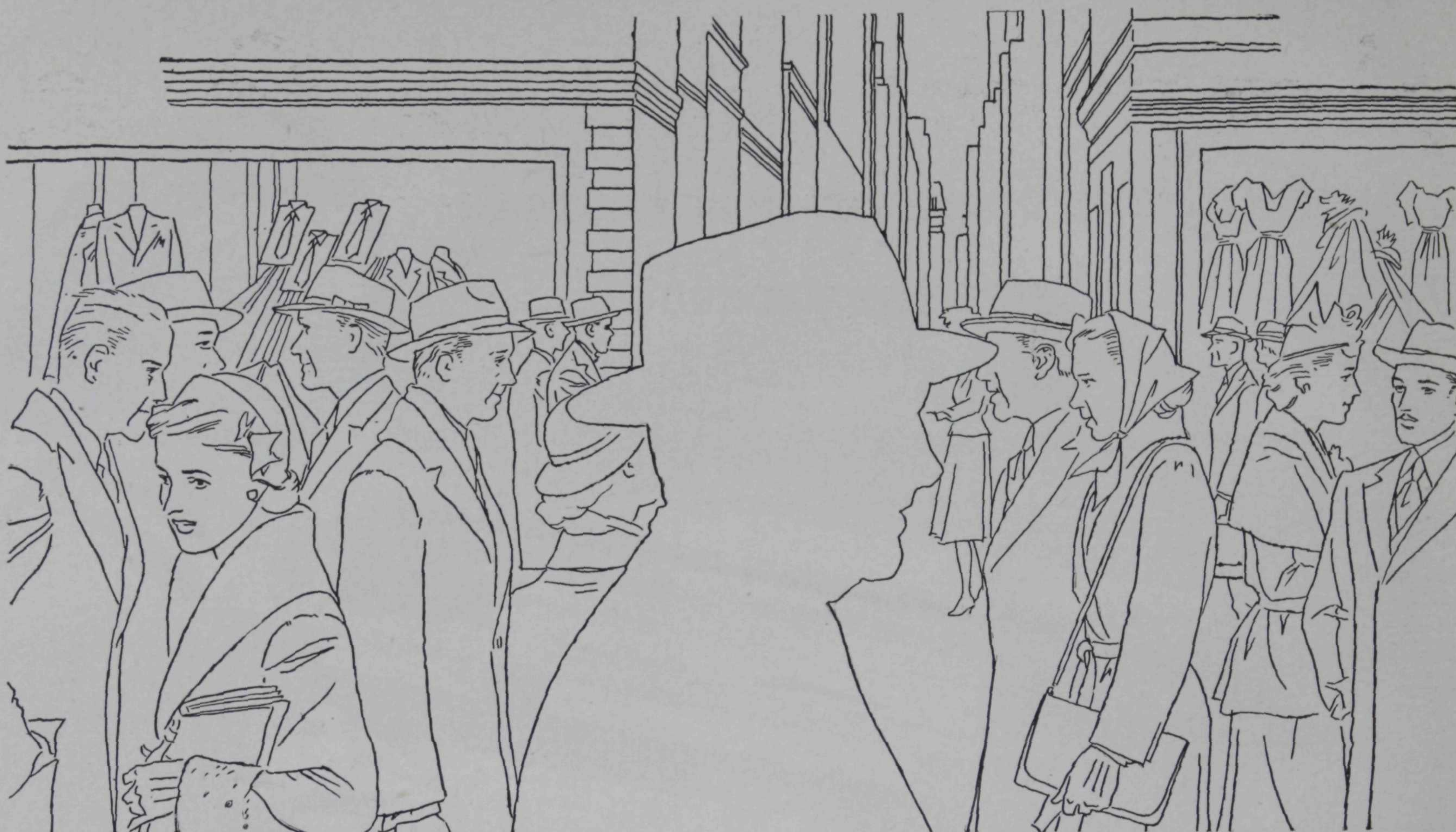


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## First find the puddle...

On lower Broadway or upper Fifth Avenue, he is Mr. X, Joe Blow . . . business man, well fed, well dressed, prosperous, usually middle-aged, indistinguishable from the thousands of others on big city streets or in US statistics.

Follow him home, however, and the anonymous business man takes on identity as a big frog in the small puddle. He knows people, and is known.

He owns a store, runs a business . . . nothing to challenge Ford or Macy's, but important in the local scheme. In a small town, where a business failure means the loss of jobs, savings and futures by people you know, anybody responsible for a payroll is recognized. The paycheck signature means a man.

**I**n the small town, too, a business man does not revert to wholly private life or anonymity after business hours. His interests and position compel him to take part in community affairs.

The big city business man serves on a committee now and then, works on a fund drive, sends checks to private charities . . . and there his usual civic endeavors stop.

In the small town, however, civic responsibility calls for more action. Its officers are business men who serve without pay!

The successful small town business man differs in another respect. His company profits and personal savings are more likely to go into nearby farms, real estate, other local businesses. Businesswise, he is often a factor in more than his own business.



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As a consumer, he ranks high as

customer and prospect. Like the well to do farmer and worker, his number has greatly increased the past decade.

He is not only a prospect for all consumer goods, and the needs of his own business . . . but is often key man on municipal contracts, school, and country club.

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**W**ITH over 700,000 subscribers, Nation's Business circulation gives not only representation in big firms, but a huge plus of small town business buyers—a market not reached by any other general business medium.

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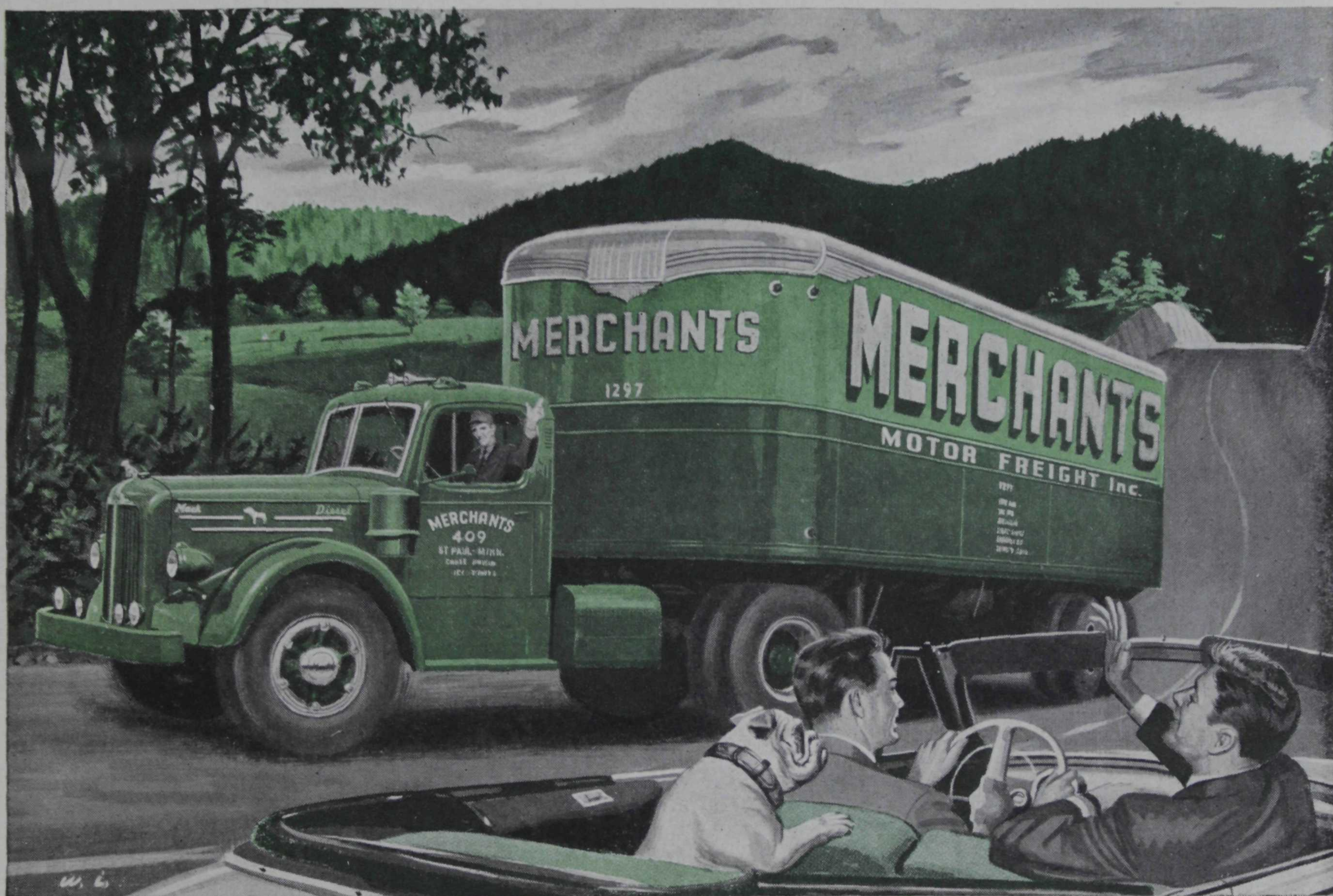
If you don't know as much about Nation's Business as you should . . . call the nearest office. Or write Nation's Business, Washington 6, D. C.





# "Mack Diesels cut our miles-per-gallon cost over 53%"

... Stanley L. Wasie, Pres.,  
Merchants Motor Freight, Inc.



"Our 50 Mack Diesels are one gilt-edged investment that pays big dividends," says Stanley L. Wasie, President of Merchants Motor Freight, Inc., St. Paul, Minnesota.

"Before we took on Mack Diesels we were averaging 4.5 miles per gallon from comparable gasoline-powered units. Mack Diesels stepped that figure up to 6.9"—a saving of 53.33%!

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# Nation's Business



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**CIRCULATION OF THIS ISSUE 738,000**

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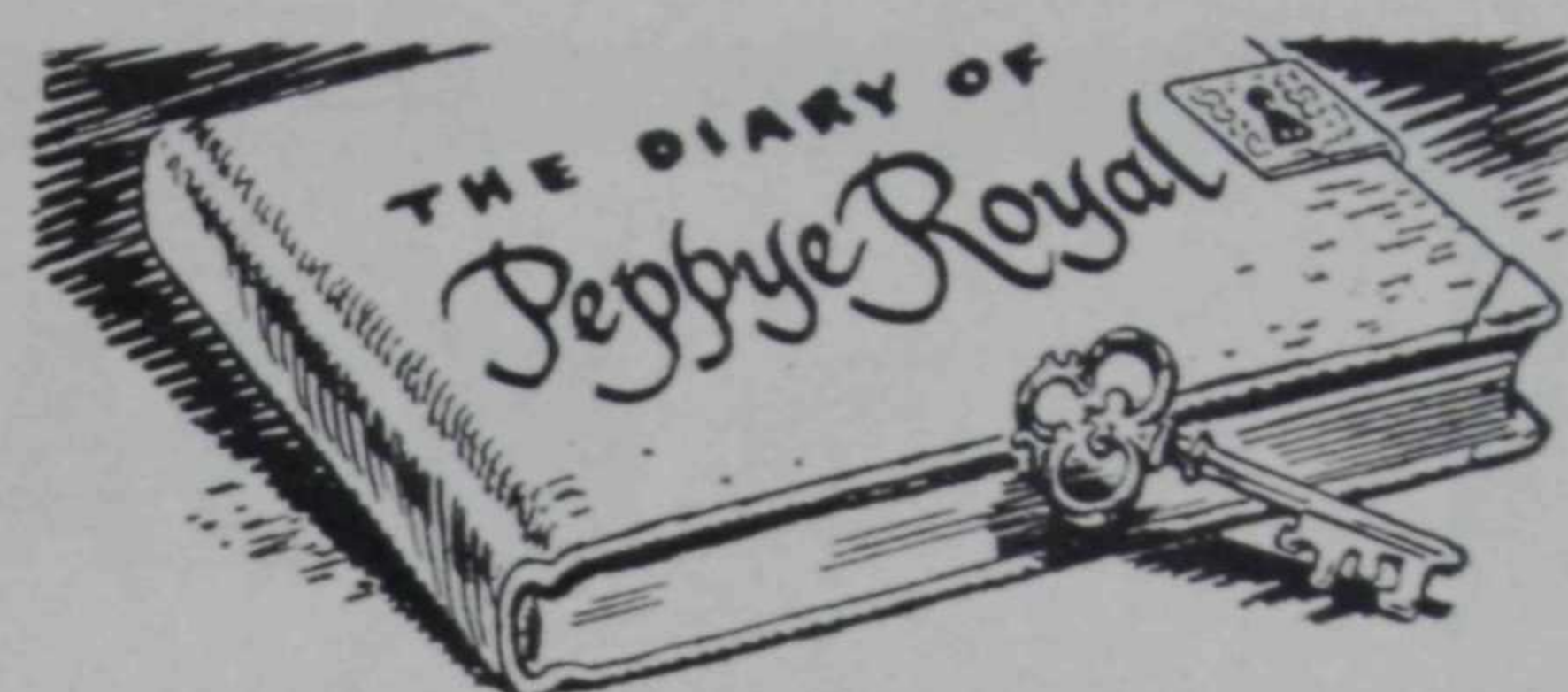
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**Craftsman & Purveyor of Fine Furniture wrot of Steel; who also delivers of his thoughts on Many Another Topic**

Jan. 1st—Busied myself in my Home with divers thoughts of the New Year. Decided to make no New Resolutions, since many Olde Ones there are which want attending.

Jan. 6th—At the theatre viewing "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" by the Late Mr. G. B. Shaw, where-at I learned again the Ancient truth that Womankind need not know North from South; for it is the Temperate climes of her native Flattery man dearly prefers.

Jan. 14th—While at Worship this Lord's Day, I did reflect on the Battle between Progress and Tradition, especially in that the efficacy of Prayer would be no less if it issue from one seated Comfortably, than from one seated in olde-fashioned Hard Pews.

Jan. 15th—Lay abed with the Fevers, my good friend, Press Heller, attending. In discussing my furniture he informs me that most people take Chairs and Wives for granted. I asserve it wise to take neither for Granted; Strength, Appearance & Comfort are virtues of Both.

Jan. 16th—I to the workshop, where Deliveries of my Goods continue Months behind schedule. If purchasers cannot obtaine my Royal Furniture, may I suggest they buy from My Competitors, who are Good People & Make Good Products.

Jan. 18th—Comes my Postman burdened with another Mail-Sack, one of many Since the Appearance of my poor Diary last monthe. Much encouraging Comment it hath brought forth: and I being truly Gratefull.

Jan. 19th—At the Coffee House did this day meet an olde friend, Tuteur; he recalling that the Common Counter Stool now used in Taverns & Inns was first Designed & Crafted in my workshop just after the Turn of the Century. This by request of Mr. Marshall Field, Merchant, for a revolving stool suitable for his Glove Counter.

Jan. 22nd—Hard put to sleep from pondering Many Things. Concluded that psychiatrists have Succeeded because People have failed.

Jan. 24th—To Galt, Canada, where my Furniture of Steel is made for those who live in the Dominion. Much pleased to learn of shipments to Labrador, Alaska & Iceland; even at the Arctic Circle my wares receive no Cold reception.

Jan. 26th—After much thoughtfull Toil, my new Catalogue is near Compleat. A Worthy Volume, it does well for My Customers, my Goods, My Advertising Counsellor; and is soon happily available to Anyone who does but poste Request.

METAL FURNITURE  
SINCE '97



For Commercial, Professional, Industrial and Institutional Use . . . and Abuse

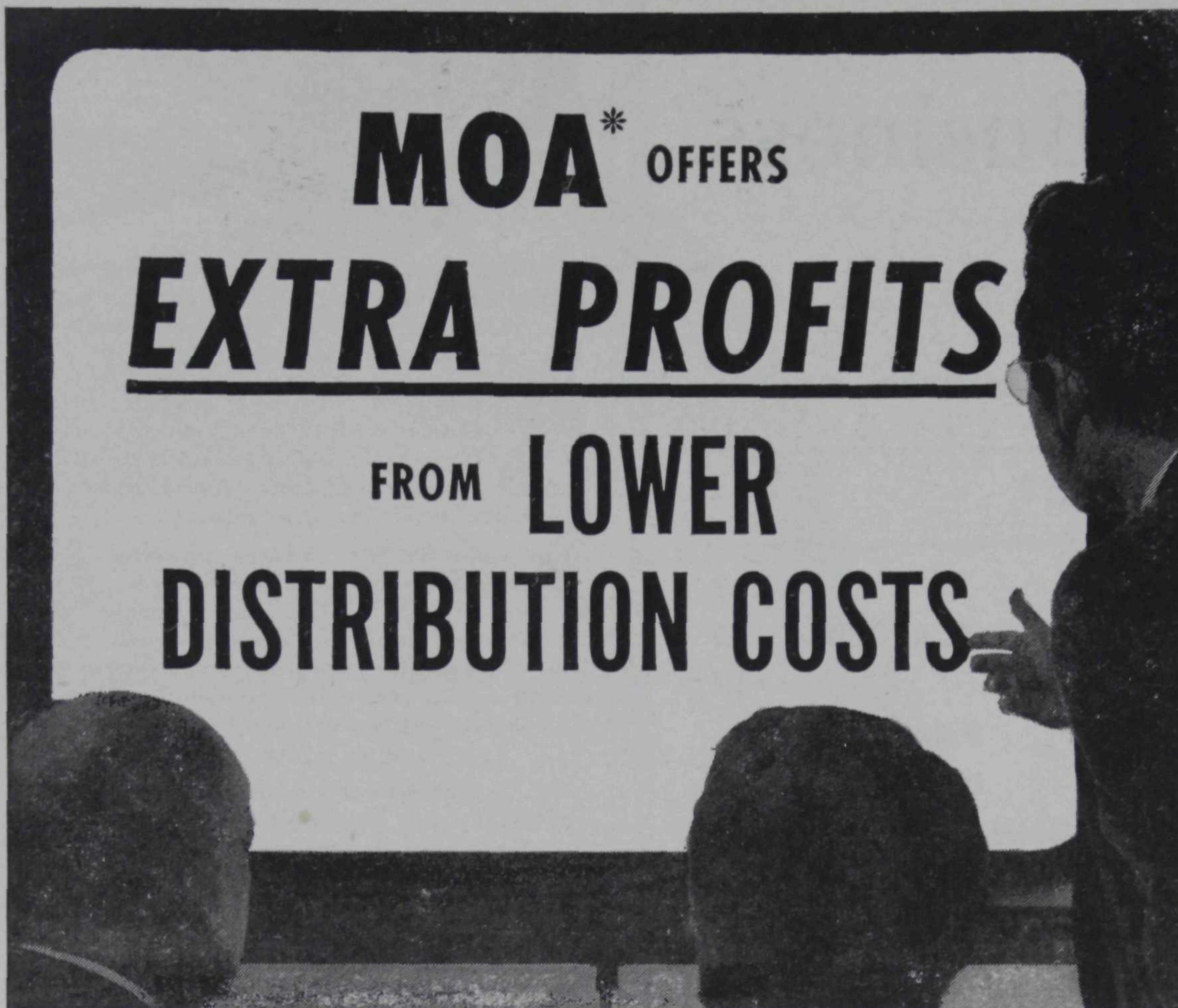
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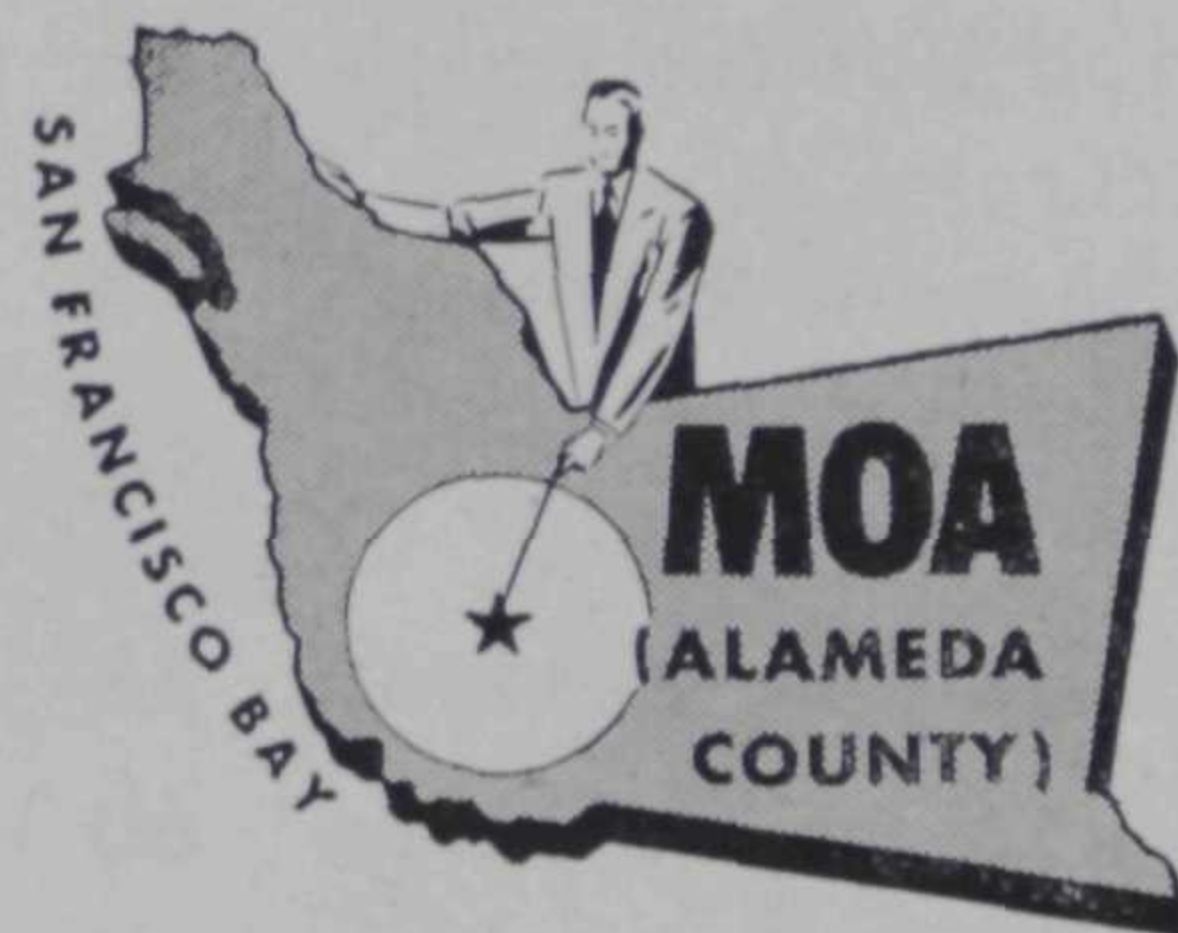


**SHIPPING COSTS** go down, profits climb when you locate a branch plant in the Metropolitan Oakland Area (MOA). For this is the *one* location that is *central to the entire Pacific Coast*—whose 14,370,000 residents make it the West's richest market.

You are miles, days and dollars closer to major population centers. Central California cities are virtually local delivery points. It's overnight by rail or truck to Los Angeles; third morning by rail to Portland, fourth to Seattle or Salt Lake.

You'll get better market coverage

too! Dealers want low inventories, fast deliveries. Customers want an even break, hate "prices higher West of the Rockies."



\***MOA** stands for METROPOLITAN OAKLAND AREA, includes all of Alameda County. Map above spotlights Washington Township—a close-in rural area spotted with 8 thriving smaller towns. U. S. Pipe & Foundry Co. selected this area, served by 2 main-line railways, for its \$2,500,000 plant now building on a 71-acre site.



## FREE—NEW DATA SHEETS READY FOR MAILING

- Write for new Data Sheets showing extra profit opportunities made possible by a MOA location. Subjects include: "DISTRIBUTION", "CLIMATE" and "MARKETS".

*Your inquiry will be treated in strict confidence.*

# MOA

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WHAT'S going to happen to such items as prices, taxes, the public debt, wages now that we have entered a defense economy? What's going to be the attitude of people toward the Government as industrial mobilization gathers momentum? And how will research be affected? These are some of the problems that we tossed at **SUMNER H. SLICHTER**, Lamont university professor at Harvard, when we asked him to do an article on the road business men will travel for some time to come.

Cracking tough economic nuts such as these is not new to Professor Slichter. He has been a student of economics ever since he majored in the subject at the University of Wisconsin just prior to World War I. However, the teaching side of his career began when he became an instructor at Princeton University in 1919. A year later he moved to Cornell University as an assistant professor and in 1930 joined the Harvard faculty as professor of business economics. He received his present title in 1940.

ONE spring day in 1935 **ERNEST HAVEMANN** was a thoroughly academic young man, wearing Phi Beta Kappa and Sigma Xi keys and working on a Ph. D., when the urge to be a writer got the best of him. The managing editor of the St. Louis *Star-Times*, to whom he offered his services, had just one job open—in the sports department. "Naturally I told him I was an expert," Havemann recalls. "At the time I excused my statement as only a slight exaggeration, since in all truth I had seen a baseball game three years previously, but I realize now it was a downright lie. At any rate I got the job and earned \$878 my first year. My fellowship at Washington University would have paid me \$1,000—so I am the only man I ever heard of who lost money by going to work."

Havemann moved from sports to



news writing, for both the *Star-Times* and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. By 1940 he was a Washington correspondent for *Time Magazine* and he has since done most of his writing for *Time* and *Life*, specializing in political and economic topics.

**EARL B. STEELE**, who points to some of the holes in Uncle Sam's purse on page 37, started out in 1926 as a reporter after having attended the University of Oklahoma. He later became city editor of the Enid, Okla., *Daily Eagle*, then moved on to Wichita, Kans., where he took



CHASE

over the *Evening Eagle's* telegraph desk. Like many a newspaperman Steele couldn't stay put and soon joined the United Press in Dallas. From there he went to New Orleans as bureau manager. The next stop was New York City where he served as assistant overnight editor, then cable editor in charge of the UP's foreign news report.

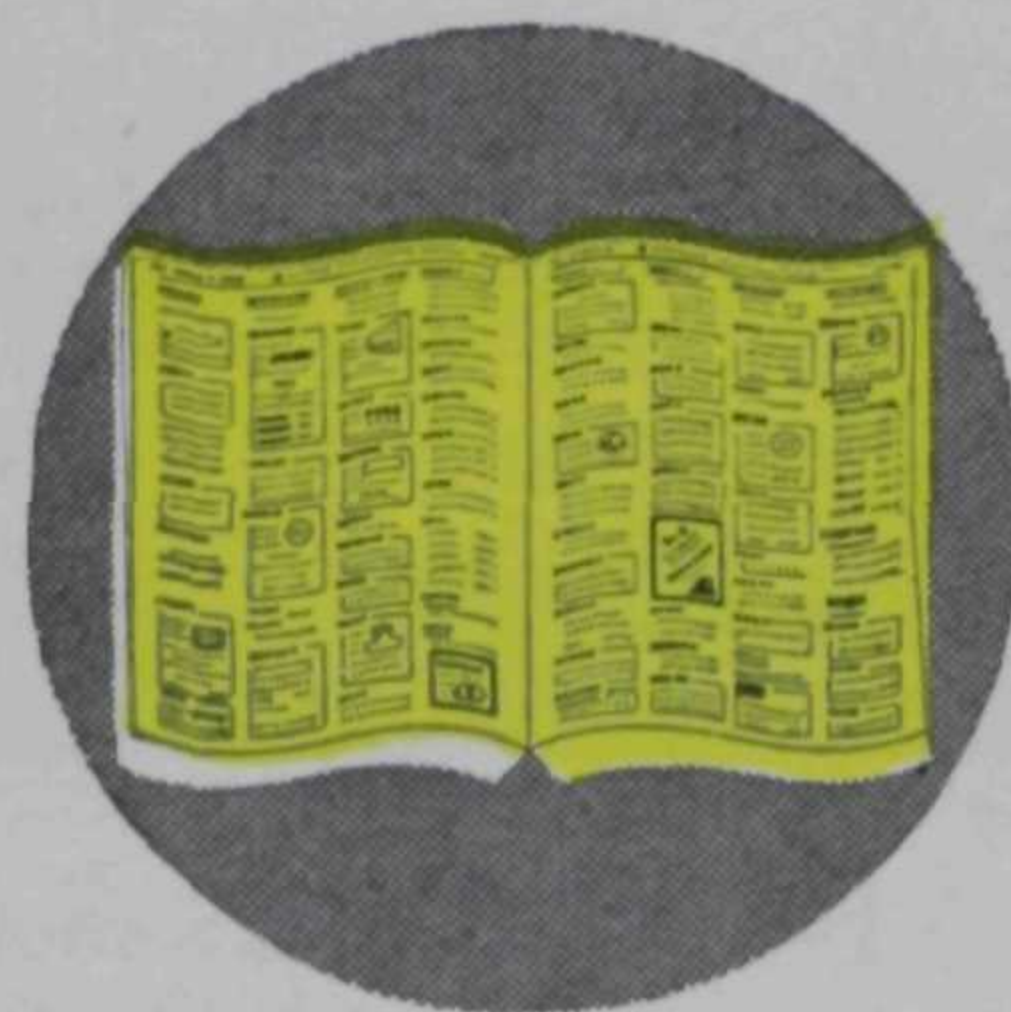
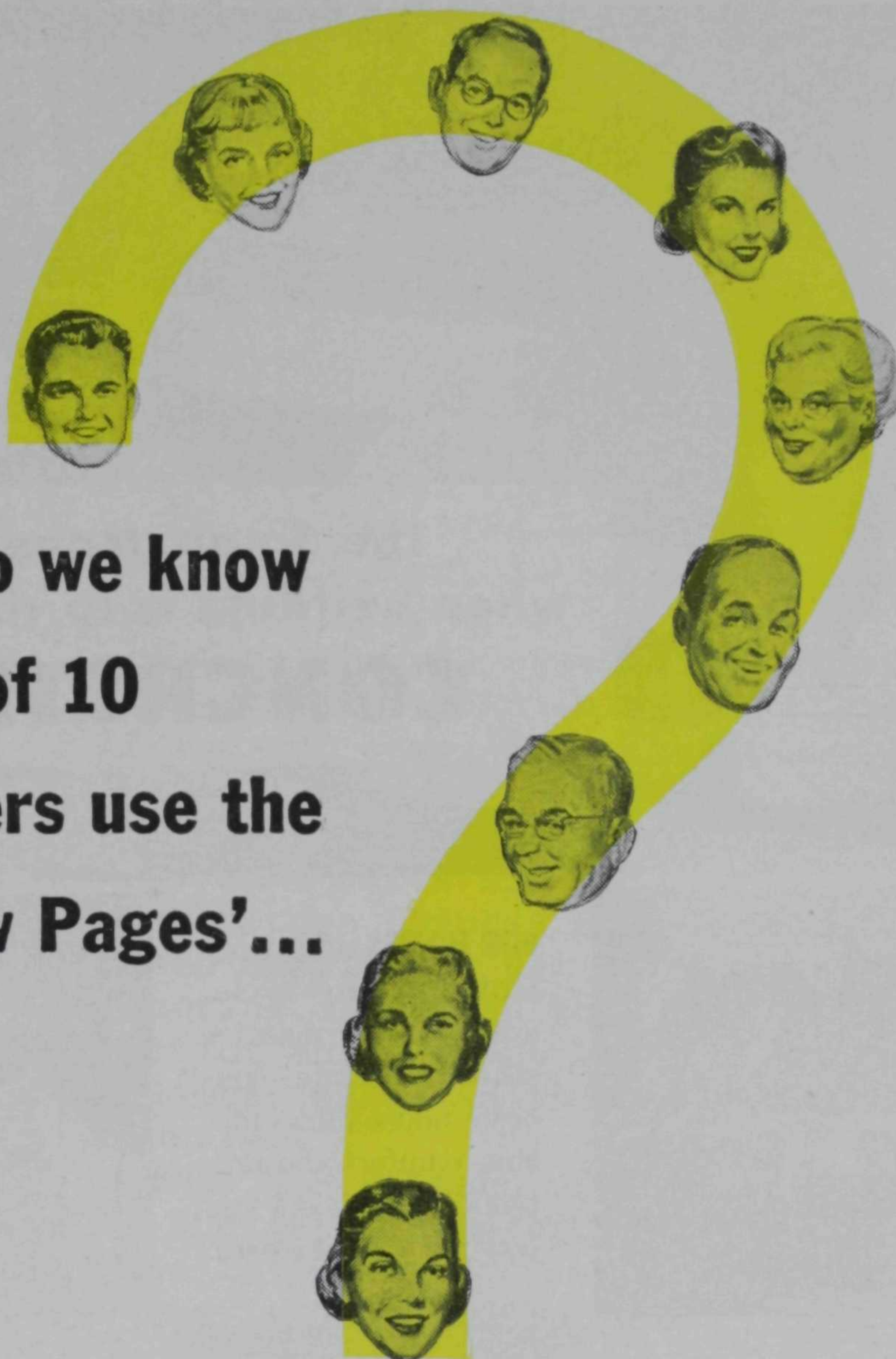
In 1942, Steele joined the Army Air Force and eventually was assigned to the Army Information Branch. As executive officer of the Army News Service, he organized the communications system for transmitting news to military installations in all theaters of war. The shooting over, Steele returned to New York and the UP. But one more move was in store for him and, in 1947, Steele joined the staff of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

Today, Steele is editor of the Chamber's governmental affairs publications, a job which keeps him in close contact with the doings on Capitol Hill.

ALTHOUGH the National Security Resources Board has said that only 60 per cent of the nation's people live within the 250 target areas that would be critical if war came, the other 40 per cent have civil defense problems, too. Even if a community doesn't need bomb shelters and elaborate warning systems, it has a job. If you want to know what you and your community may be reasonably expected to do, see **MILTON LEHMAN'S** "Making Sense of Civil Defense."

Lehman has a close personal interest in civil defense. He lives only a short distance from what is generally considered a prime A-bomb target—the Pentagon. Lehman seems to have a knack of

How do we know  
9 out of 10  
shoppers use the  
'Yellow Pages'...



**WE KNOW...** because we check with homeowners, housewives and businessmen... in big cities and small towns throughout the nation. The results... 9 out of 10 tell us "Yes, I use the 'yellow pages' of the telephone directory to find where to buy the things I need."

This 'yellow pages' buying habit has been growing for over sixty years. And with it has been growing the use of Trade Mark Service by America's leading firms—manufacturers of consumer and industrial branded products.

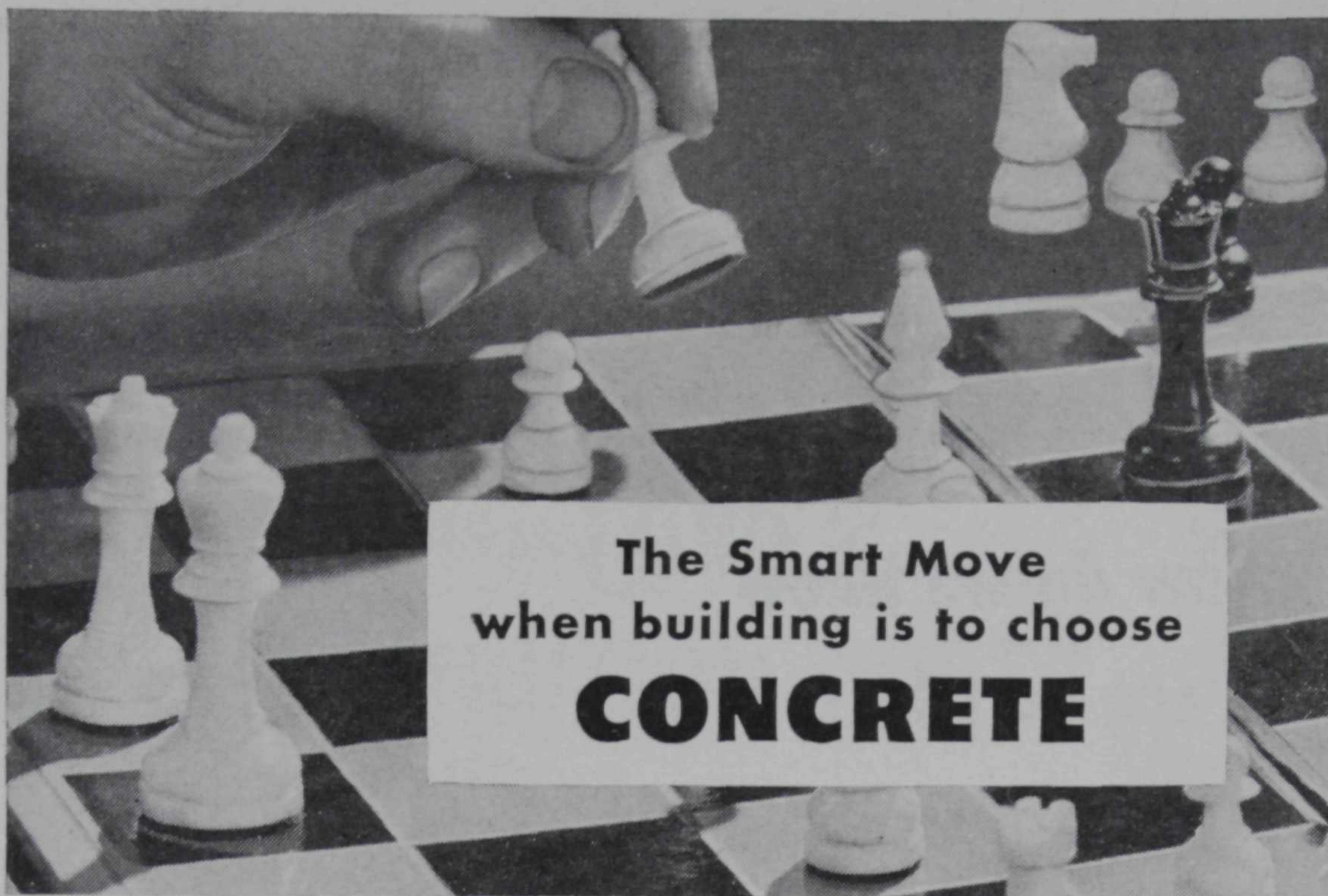
Trade Mark Service, the dealer identification plan, associates your trade-mark or brand name with a list of your dealers in the 'yellow pages'. It channels the buying urge your advertising creates...directs prospects right to your authorized dealers.

To find out more about Trade Mark Service and how it will localize your national advertising, just—

**CALL YOUR LOCAL TELEPHONE BUSINESS OFFICE OR  
SEE THE LATEST ISSUE OF STANDARD RATE AND DATA**







## The Smart Move when building is to choose **CONCRETE**

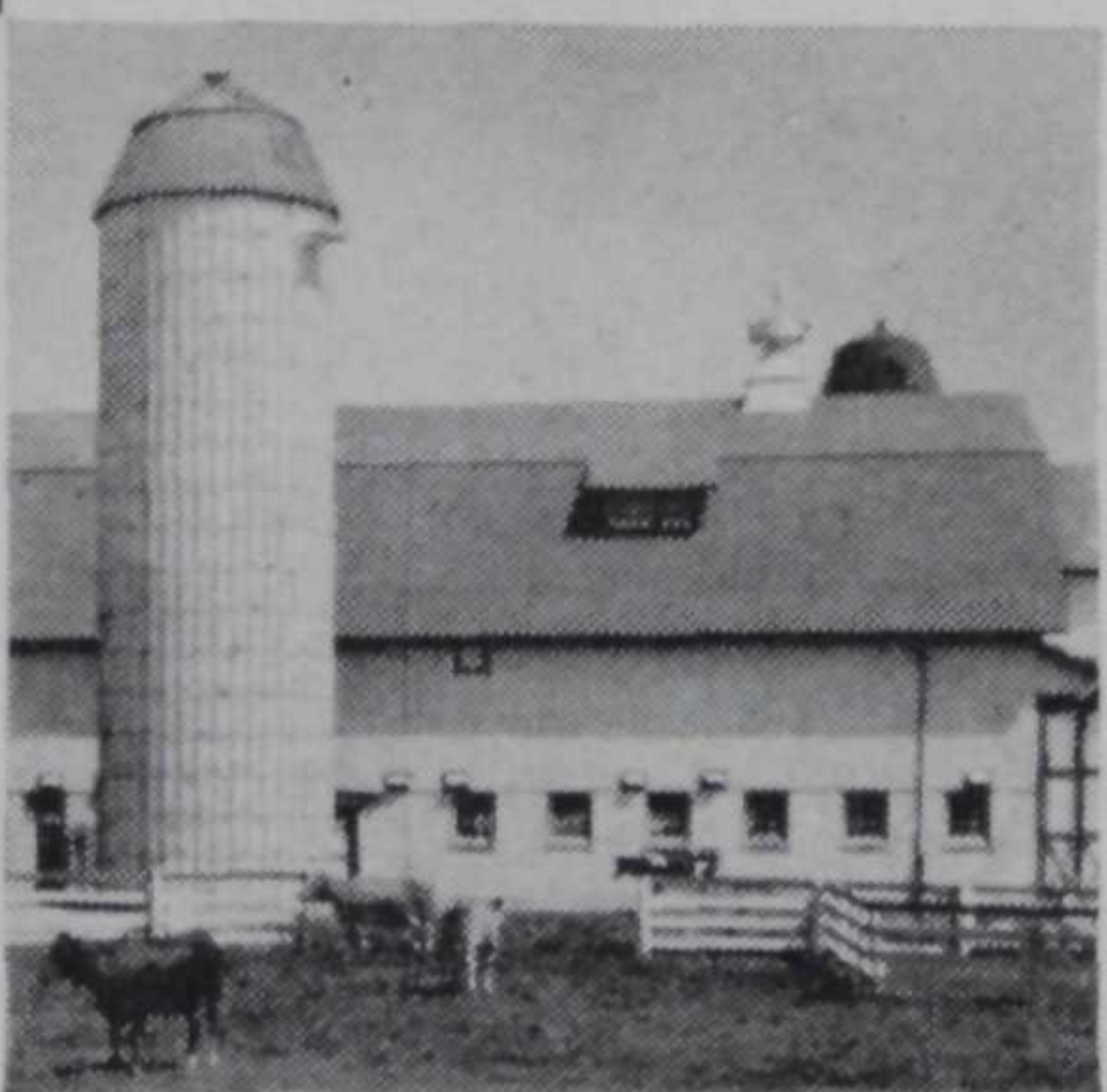


**FOR HOMES** of distinction—in any style, size or floor plan. A sturdy, firesafe concrete house offers lifetime comfort and protection, yet costs you *less per year* to own.

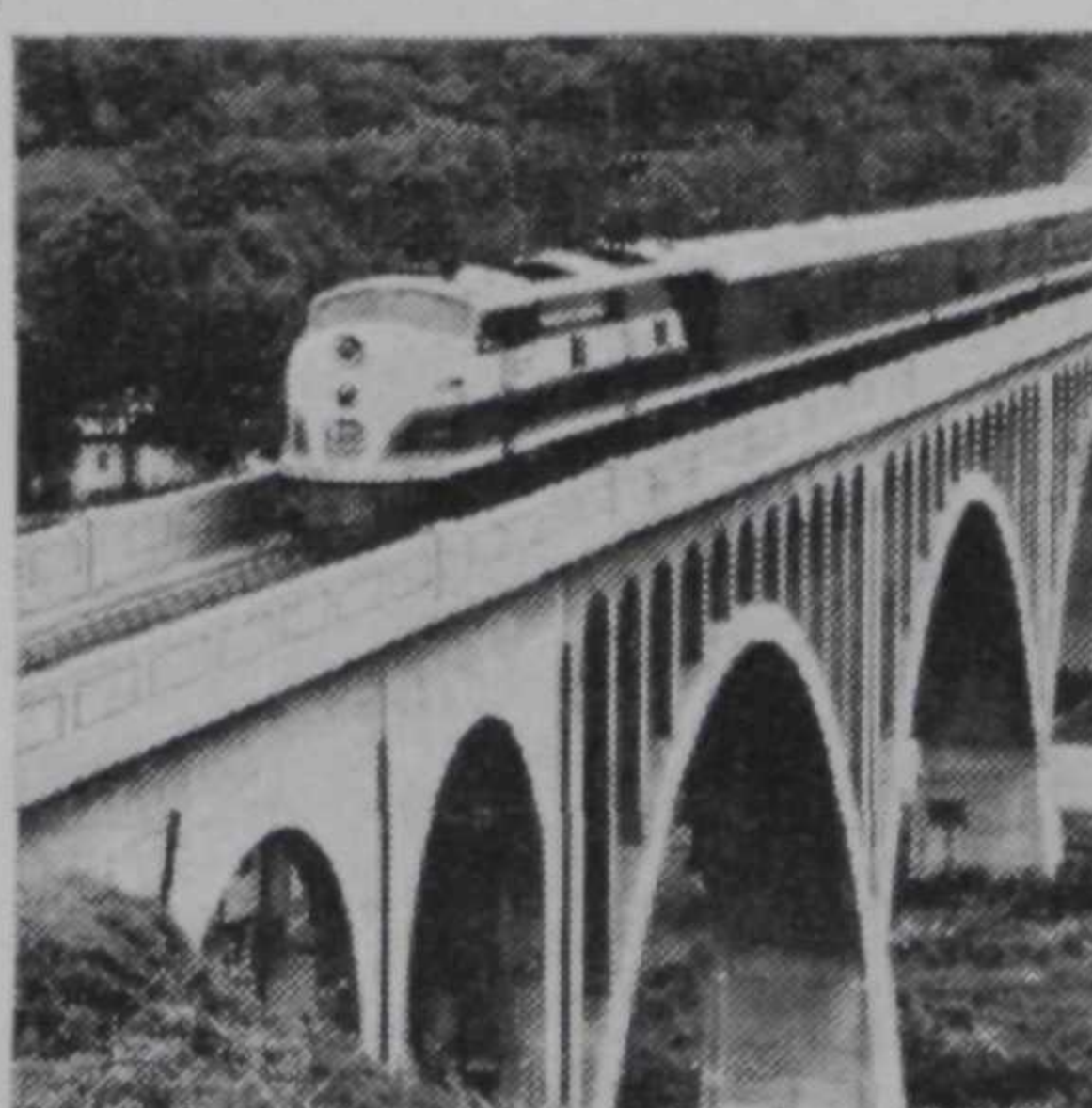


**FOR PAVEMENTS**—primary roads, streets and airports. First cost is moderate and concrete serves long years at small upkeep expense. That means *low annual cost*.

**FOR FARMS**, where it makes all buildings and improvements firesafe, ratproof and rotproof. Concrete improvements make work easier, cleaner and more profitable.



**FOR STRUCTURES** such as schools, hospitals, stores, factories, apartment and public buildings. Concrete provides great structural strength, firesafety, economy and beauty.



**FOR RAILROADS**, where concrete serves in more than 160 different ways to provide better, safer, faster, more economical passenger and freight transportation.

**FOR CONSERVATION.** Concrete dams control floods, supply power and irrigation. Pipe lines protect health by bringing in pure water, removing wastes, storm waters.



## **PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION**

**33 W. Grand Avenue, Chicago 10, Illinois**

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concrete . . . through scientific research and engineering field work

being part of the stories he writes. His work for *Stars & Stripes* in Italy during the war is a good example: He covered the Anzio beachhead as a combat correspondent so well and played such a major part in getting out the first edition of his paper to be printed in Rome that he was awarded the Legion of Merit. This, plus an invasion arrowhead and seven battle stars for his campaign ribbon, is evidence enough that Lehman misses no bets on an assignment.

**C. H. GARRIGUES** is a veteran newspaperman who was born in Kansas but has made California his home for as long as he can remember. Excitement reached a high for him in the '30's when he was political editor for the Los Angeles *Daily News*. Twice he was "gooned" by thugs in the L.A. Hall of Justice. Tiring of the stray bullets, bombs and brickbats that seemed to come his way, he retired—he says—to the peace and quiet of a job on the San Francisco *Examiner*. To fill in the more or less peaceful existence that has become his lot in recent years, Garrigues does an occasional article about interesting people—like the "Most Polite Man."



THIS MONTH'S cover is the work of **TOM LEA**, a newcomer to the magazine. Lea should be no stranger to many N.B. readers, though, because he is the author and illustrator of the novel, "The Brave Bulls"—his first, incidentally, and one which scored well on the best-seller lists.

Lea, a native of the Southwest, was born and reared in El Paso, Texas. He left home in 1924 to study at the Art Institute of Chicago. His schooling complete, he remained in the Windy City for several years before moving back to the Southwest—to Santa Fe this time—where he became an artist on the staff of the Laboratory of Anthropology. He returned to El Paso in 1935.

In the course of his career Lea has painted some pictures, done some murals and had a go at magazine and book illustrations. Most of the war years he spent as an artist correspondent for *Life*.





## MANAGEMENT'S

# WASHINGTON LETTER

✓ SET YOUR CLOCK BACK on the timing of big collision of defense and civilian production schedules.

Generally expected at close of first quarter, it probably won't come until late in the year.

And it may not be so big.

It took 22 months after Pearl Harbor for World War II production push to reach its peak.

This time there's been no Pearl Harbor. And no big production push. It was mid-November—4½ months after Korean outbreak—before U. S. defense expenditures even came up to those in comparatively peaceful '49.

Now we're in a get-ready year. This is the year of building the plant that will house the assembly lines that will build the tanks. The year of re-establishing assembly lines that will turn out aircraft.

But not the year of full speed forward on production.

There will be cutbacks. Copper won't be made into decorative flower pots. Other nonessential uses of scarce materials will be curtailed.

But that doesn't mean sharp reduction in the flow of civilian goods.

What remains may be enough nearly to balance supply with demand.

✓ U. S. GROSS national product—total value of goods and services produced—in 1950 was \$280,000,000,000.

Same plant, plus additions that will be in production this year, can expand that total by 8 per cent.

That's another \$22,400,000,000 worth of goods and services.

Although appropriations are greater, it is doubtful that more than \$40,000,000,000 can be spent on defense production this year.

That's about 15 per cent of our probable gross national product.

And less than half the money spent for defense goes into hard goods.

✓ IN FORECASTING sales, you can't afford to overlook inventories in the hands of consumers.

Today consumers have more automobiles, refrigerators, tires, stoves, sheets, houses and nearly everything else on hand than ever before.

Examination of 1950's sales pattern indicates that some of the record-high acquisition was forward buying.

Take automobiles—at start of the year market was about in balance. Delivery was immediate, or close to it.

Spring brought expected seasonal upsurge in sales. As this season ended Korean war came—and with it a rush to buy cars.

In mid-October war appeared to be ending. Auto sales slumped.

Then came Chinese Reds—and another sharp upswing in car sales. These were tapering off again when threats of production curtailment brought biggest December sales in the industry's history.

That's a pattern of war-scare buying. It indicates some of 1951's sales were made in '50.

Has it happened to you?

✓ HERE'S ANOTHER point to keep in mind when you're measuring outlook for cars, other consumer hard goods—

Markets that brought sales records since war were 15 years in the making—10 years of depression, five of war.

There's no such build-up supporting today's markets. Instead, they follow five years of the greatest production in U. S. history.

✓ YOU WOULDN'T think of '49 as a tough year production-wise.

That's about the kind of a year, about the rate of civilian production you can expect in '51, after provision for rearmament.

In other words—cutbacks on basis of '50 records will leave production for civilians at about '49 levels.

That means no serious shortages of essentials. Shortages will develop, unless preventive measures are taken, as incomes rise.

But this is the kind of shortage Government may avert.

By higher taxes, for example—consumer credit restrictions. Commercial credit tightening.

Government already has taken steps in all three. It will take further steps.

Remember, it's policy, intent of Administration to siphon off inflationary cash with taxes, to slow down infla-



# MANAGEMENT'S WASHINGTON LETTER

tionary credit with restrictions.

So don't count too heavily on rising income creating bigger markets.

✓ **HOW MUCH** is enough in a stockpile? That's a matter of judgment. And that's why stockpiling presents a big, important imponderable.

Are we preparing for a five years' war? Ten? Fifteen?

Policy governing stockpiling program will vary with geopolitical developments, with judgment of men at the top.

Cutbacks in civilian goods this year due to materials shortages will be caused by stockpiling, not by defense production.

There seems slight chance that Government will allow sizable pools of unemployment to develop, broad disruption of the economy, while materials that could avoid these results are being stored unless the greater need is clear.

Government buying for set-aside has coincided with all-time high record of production—and materials consumption.

As stockpile quotas are met—and some may be met this year—materials will become abundant.

✓ **DON'T CONFUSE** appropriations by Congress with government expenditures. Particularly during big military production. They bear relationship. But they vary widely.

Appropriations govern expenditures. Money can't be spent until it's appropriated. But fact it's appropriated doesn't mean it will be spent.

Only twice in U. S. history have appropriations in single session of Congress surpassed those in 1950.

World War II appropriations peak came in 1943. Total that calendar year was \$147,071,209,000.

Next highest was in 1944 when appropriations were \$114,564,009,000.

The 1950 session (including a day in '51 when 81st Congress met) appropriated total of \$72,269,339,567, not including contract authorizations.

But in 1944—when 1943 appropriations were paid out—U. S. was fighting World War, producing as the lend-lease arsenal of democracy.

Yet in that year expenditures totalled \$95,315,000,000—only two thirds of pre-

vious year's appropriations.

Expenditures of 1944 appropriations—paid out in 1945—were \$98,703,000,000, approximately \$16,000,000,000 less than Congress had authorized.

✓ **LOOKING FOR** a defense subcontract? You can improve your chances by putting adequate information about your plant and record before prime contractors.

Here are points National Production Authority says should be covered:

1. General description of plant facilities, location.
2. List of equipment. Brief outline of type, size, kind, condition.
3. Statement of available machine capacity, plans to continue or cut back present products, priority you would give subcontracted products.
4. Sources of new tools, time required to install them, if necessary.
5. Delivery facilities from your shop to prime plant.
6. Description of your organization—number, kind of employees, experience of key men, availability of more help.
7. Adequacy of cost records. Can they be verified by government audit?
8. Financial rating.
9. Outline of previous experience as subcontractor, including names of previous prime contractors, products made.

✓ **PRESSURE GROUP** bills stand less chance of passage in new Congress. That's real significance behind restoring of House Rules Committee's power. That power—to bottle up proposed legislation—was cut away by Democrats two years ago with 21-day rule.

After three weeks bills could be forced out of Rules, onto House floor.

Coalition of Republicans, Southern Democrats tossed out 21-day rule within four hours after new Congress convened.

Which means bills—including some administration pets—may be forgotten as they lie dormant in Rules Committee.

More important is Rules' function as graveyard of pressure group proposals.

Congressmen who feel it politically unwise to vote against a bill may arrange to have it bottled up in Rules.

Thus legislation that might win passing vote, even though majority of Congressmen don't want it, may die.

Example: Social legislation sponsored by minority groups.

✓ **THERE'S STRONG** possibility Walsh-Healey Act wage determining program will be suspended during defense build-up. Under that act Secretary of



# MANAGEMENT'S WASHINGTON LETTER

Labor is authorized to set minimum wages that must be paid on government contracts of \$10,000 or more.

Minimums—which invariably become plant-wide—have been set in 42 industries since act was passed in 1936.

Other industries in which minimum wage action is under way or scheduled include automobiles, wood office furniture, electrical equipment, 33 others.

✓ **MINORITY GROUP** among American people avoids minor part of its share of defense costs.

That's because excise taxes—"war taxes"—are part of Bureau of Labor Statistics cost-of-living index.

About 20 per cent of dollar volume represented in the index consists of items on which excise taxes form part of the cost.

As excises rise (they already have on some items, will on others) index rises.

So wage earners under cost-of-living labor contracts get excise tax increases back in form of higher wages.

Suggestion made by member of BLS advisory committee that such taxes be eliminated from index brought quick protest from labor members.

They had another suggestion: Add income taxes as well as excises, in cost-of-living index.

✓ **PRECLUSIVE BUYING** is back. Remember when U. S. bought materials in world markets at any price to keep them from World War II enemies?

Heavy Russian buying in Far Eastern markets month ago sent rubber prices bounding up.

U. S., which had been buying heavily, jumped in even deeper.

British proposal: If we refuse to sell rubber to Reds, will U. S. guarantee our long term rubber markets?

✓ **NEW BLOOD**—that's what defense chiefs in nation's new supergovernment (See Washington Scenes, Page 25) are after.

They want smart, successful business men to head divisions, liaison groups—men who can get things done.

But they find them hard to get.

"So do I," said one corporation head with big defense production job ahead—in response to a letter pointing out the need for capable help.

"I need it just as badly as the Government does."

✓ **NEW HIGH** in heavy industrial investment-employee ratio will be reached in U. S. Steel's Fairless Works.

Construction of this \$400,000,000 plant will start soon at Morrisville, Pa., on Delaware River.

Boats will bring ore directly to the works from new fields in Venezuela.

New plant will employ 4,400 production men to turn out 1,800,000 tons of steel annually.

That's investment of nearly \$91,000 per man. Compares with average figure in all manufacturing of about \$10,000.

Although closely comparative figures are not available it appears that production per man in the new up-to-the-minute plant will be more than double steel industry's average.

✓ **UNLIKE INDUSTRY**, politics has no retirement age. Should it have?

Let's look at line-up in succession to the Presidency. First comes Vice President Alben W. Barkley. He's 73. Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn is next. He's 69. Then comes President pro tem of the Senate Kenneth D. McKellar, 82.

After McKellar comes a much younger man, Secretary of State Dean Acheson. He's only 57.

✓ **BRIEFS:** You can count on 800,000 dwelling unit starts this year—including defense housing. Means 40 per cent cutback from last year, freer materials markets. . . . Here's one place there's no material, production lag—Congress. Members introduced 1,500 bills during first week of session. . . . For first time in their history U. S. airlines added to their January flight schedules, instead of chopping them. . . . It's been said that during peace you spend time to save money, during war you spend money to save time. Conversely—you waste time during peace, money during war. . . . Washington's leading hotels are back on full war basis—they limit guest stays to five days. . . . Wild blue note: Air Force is considering ordering fast, pressurized postwar airliners—as training planes. . . . Bank of International Settlements reports that during World War II more than half—in some countries three-fourths—of all transactions were conducted on black or gray markets. . . . Sign over bullet hole in window of building near Blair House: "This one missed."



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# By My Way

**R. L. DUFFUS**



### In praise of baldness

I HOPE that story about the Minneapolis man who sued the National Bald-headed Club, Inc., because its admission committee had ruled that he was not bald enough to be eligible was not just a press-agent stunt to popularize baldness. Baldness ought to stand on its own feet and have its own day in the sun—with proper safeguards, of course, against sunburn. Baldness goes with maturity. Baldness, as some New York wit once said, is neat. We admire polished wood, or, at least in the case of women, the sheen of silk. Or the polish of a ripe red apple. Why refuse a passing tribute to the glow of a bald head?



### West from Valley Forge

BY THE time these words are in print it will probably be possible to drive from Valley Forge, Pa., to Pittsburgh—a distance of about 290 miles—at a legal speed of 70 miles an hour, without a stop light, steep hill or sharp curve. The Pennsylvania Turnpike is quite an institution. I wonder if those who travel it will remember their history: how Washington, at Valley Forge, planned to retire westward into the Alleghenies if his army were totally defeated; how a younger Washington once visited the site of Pittsburgh and came within an ace of being killed by Indians on the way home; how this same young man (aged 23 and never dreaming of being the father of his country) passed through Pennsylvania in 1755 with Braddock's ill-fated troops; and how the pioneer heroes (and heroines) whose names we don't remember went westward across the future

Keystone State at the rate of 15 or 20 miles a day instead of 70 miles an hour. But I don't think courage has died out: even Washington, even Dan'l Boone, might have been scared at the thought of guiding a horseless vehicle down an often crowded highway at the rate of a mile every 51 seconds. They might have preferred Indians.

### The dawn patrol

YEARS ago I gave up being a printer's devil because I had to get up so early in the morning. For the same reason I abandoned what might have been a promising career as a milkman. My last flickering ambition to become President of the United States died out when I learned how early President Truman gets up and realized that subsequent Presidents, of whatever party, would probably be expected to emulate him. I still thought that motion picture actors led a rather fine life, although I am past the age when one fits into romantic or adventurous roles and not quite up to the age when one can play a part that requires one to dodder. But now I am told that the possessors of Hollywood's most famous names have to get up before breakfast. I think I shall stick to my present occupation, which can be carried on at reasonable hours, and I shall not envy anybody, no matter how rich or famous, who has to climb out of bed before—let us say—eight a.m. No dawn patrol for me—not if I can help it.

### Speaking of auto horns

PEOPLE complain of the abuse of automobile horns, and I think rightly. It does no good to honk at the man in front when he is himself held up by a red light, an excavation, an elephant crossing the street or a truck which has just had eight flat tires. What I would like, by way of easing this situation, is a horn with six or more keys, each producing a different sound: for instance, a note that would say how do you do to a



friend; a note that would say, if you cut in like that you're going to get into bad trouble some day; one that would inquire, politely, what is going on up front; and, possibly, a tone or two that would suggest contentment and what's the big hurry? This would give us some variety. Maybe we could even have community horn tooting, with recognizable melodies, when a lot of us got stuck for a few minutes on a nice day through no fault of our own.

## Old age and good luck

I HAVE kindly feeling for practically all centenarians but especially kindly ones for George Herbert Hamlin, a former professor at the University of Maine, who was also, when he reached his hundredth birthday last fall, its oldest living alumnus. Nothing was said as to whether Professor Hamlin did or didn't drink, did or didn't smoke, did or didn't worry about things he couldn't help, did or didn't get plenty of sleep, including a nap after lunch, and did or didn't follow a special diet. Professor Hamlin's son said that he ascribed his hale old age to "good fortune." A man as modest as that deserves good fortune, at 100 or any other age.

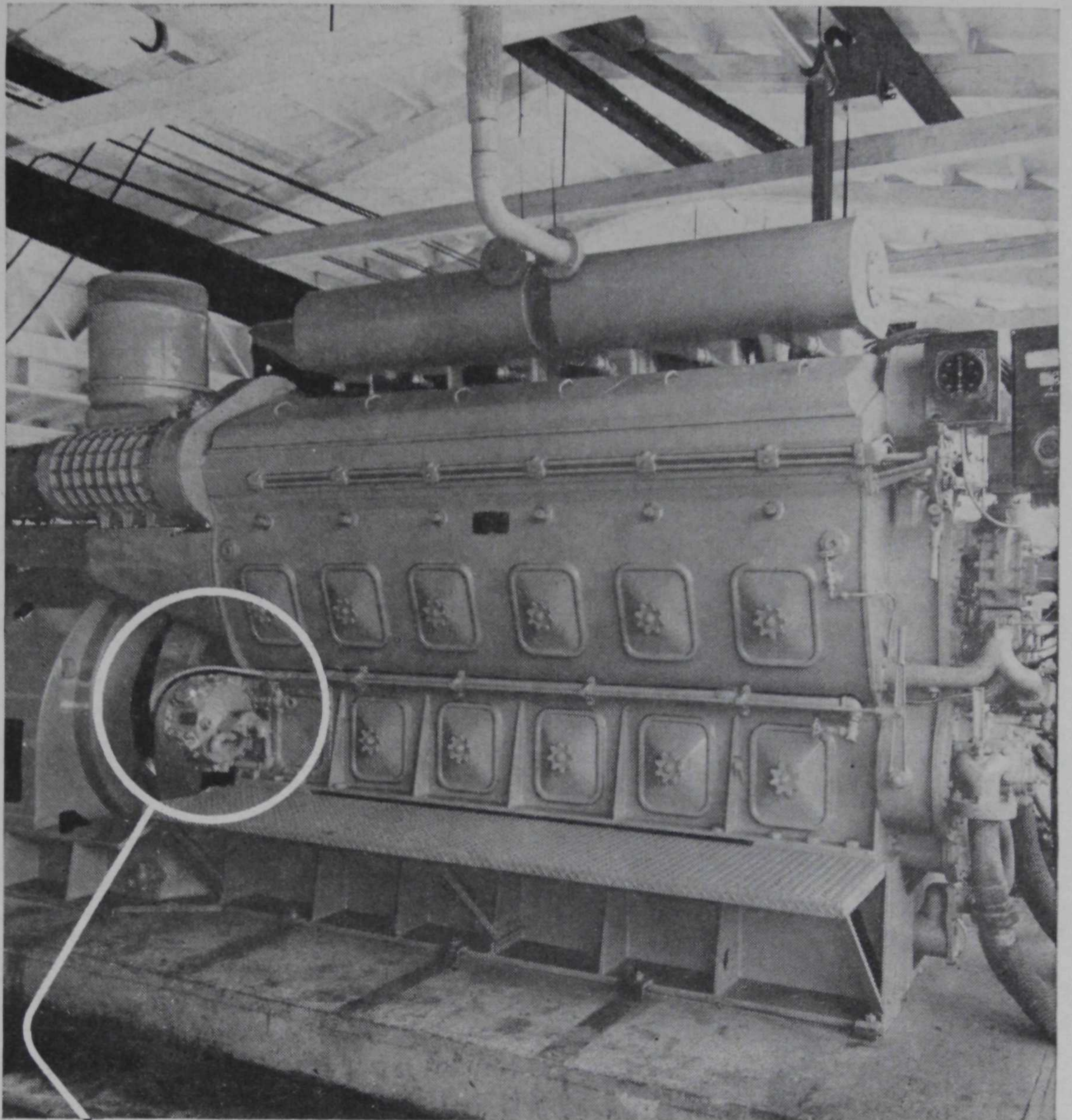


## Boys will be boys

LITTLE boys nowadays go around with ferocious-looking toy guns, which leads some people to believe that when they grow up they will turn them in for real ones and exterminate each other. But I don't believe they will. When I was a small boy we sometimes used to leave snowballs out over night to freeze and then throw them at one another. Yet none of us were actually killed and all of us, I believe, grew up to be reasonably law-abiding and peaceful citizens.

## Those two birthdays

IF I say that George Washington was born on February 11 somebody will be sure to ask why didn't I study my lessons in school instead of throwing spitballs at the other boys or otherwise making a nui-



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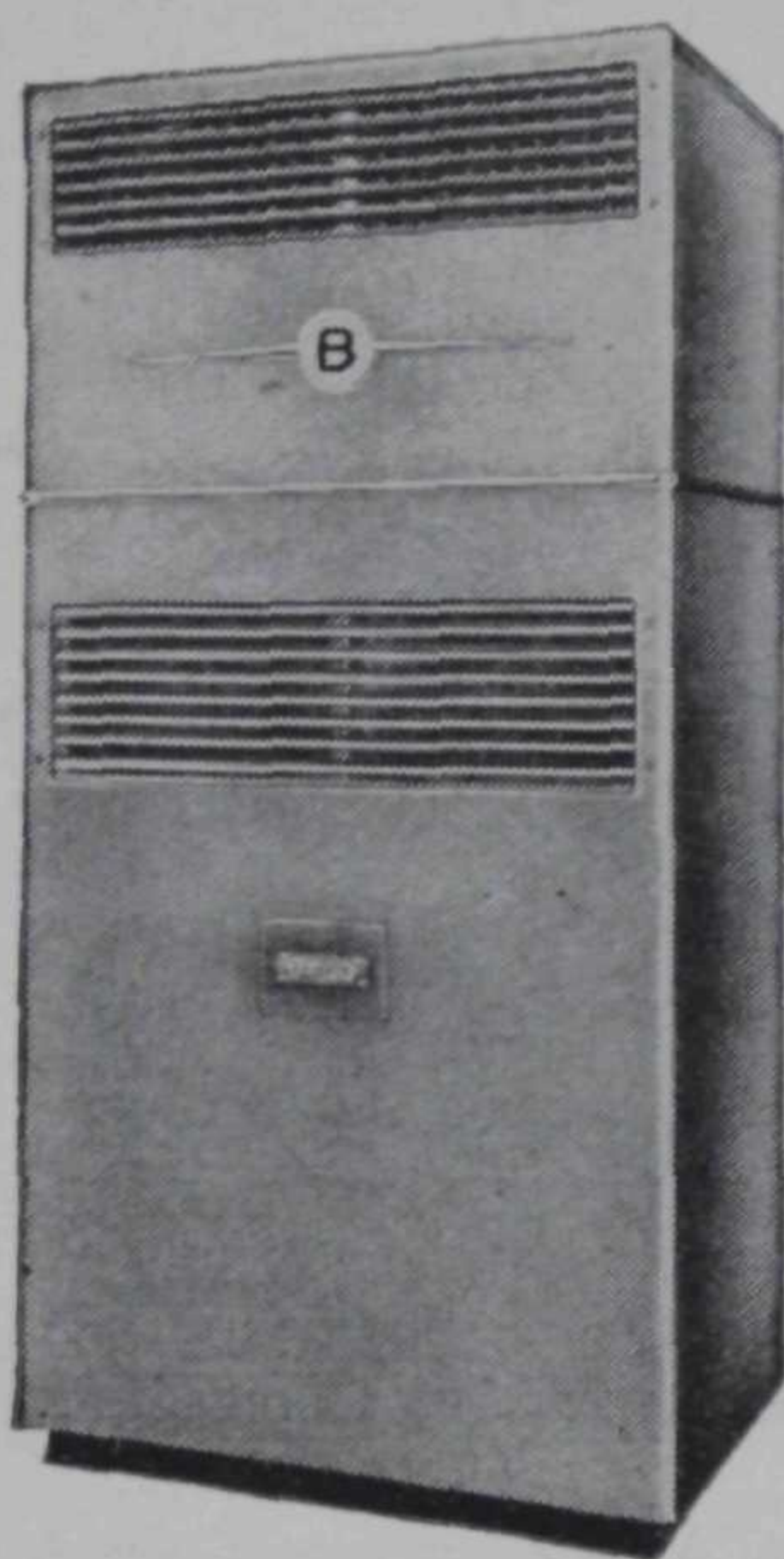


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sance of myself. But I would be right. George Washington's parents, then living under what we now call "old-style" time *thought* it was February 11. When the calendar was reformed and 11 days added it became February 22—which must have confused General Washington quite a lot. But I like to believe that in a way (if we don't try to be too accurate) we can think of our two greatest Presidents having birthdays a day apart—one under the old style, one under the new. February, with all its faults, justifies itself in having produced George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

### Night of the Big Wind

THE NIGHT of the Big Wind we suddenly found ourselves removed from the twentieth century and deposited somewhere in the nineteenth. All of us have sighed for the days of candles and old-fashioned oil lamps—there we were. All of us have complained at times of the telephone interrupting us when we were busy—the telephone was dead as a doornail. All of us love open fires—we had one with which to keep warm, for the furnace, which depends on electricity, was as cold as a dog's nose. We still had a car but we didn't dare venture out in it, for fear of falling tree limbs.

Nothing could be more romantic, in short, than our position—and that of many other people—on the night of the Big Wind. We didn't even have to listen to the radio. We shall remember that night fondly. But one of it was enough. We did not really care to remain in the nineteenth century, in the simple ways of our fathers and grandfathers. Our own century has its drawbacks, but even so, like Touchstone's Audrey in "As You Like It," though it may be ill-favour'd it is our own. We aim to stay in it.

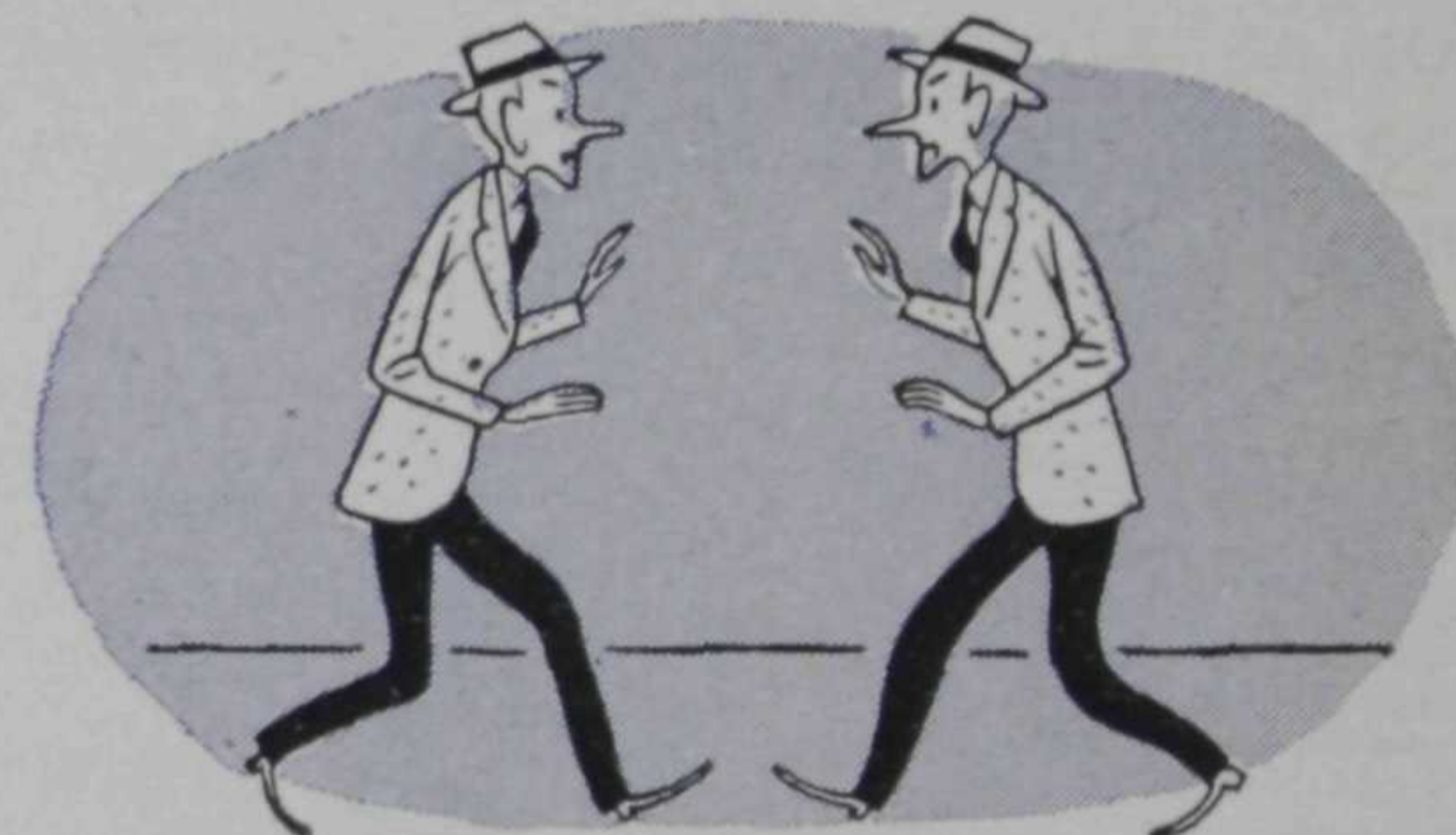
### Notable events, in little

MY ALMANAC for 1951 has a list of some of the notable events of 1950 but it doesn't mention all of them. It doesn't speak of the time we had in my home town when the State Street bridge was being repaired and the one-lane traffic jammed up in both directions for ever so far. It doesn't allude to the Yankee Doodle Fair, which was held on the junior high school grounds but didn't make as much money for good causes as it would have made if games of chance had been permitted; nor does it discuss

the controversy as to whether the law ought to permit them.

It says nothing about the workings of the representative town meeting system, which some like and some do not. It does not list the victories and defeats (there were some of the latter) of our local high school athletic teams. It doesn't go into our local politics, of which we have quite a lot. It doesn't tell how the Congregational church was moved across the Post Road, though this did happen.

Yet these events were notable to us, if not to the "World Almanac" and "Book of Facts." I like to think that there are thousands of communities in this country which every year have notable events that are not widely recorded. The big world news comes parading down the main highways of this earth but the local news happens, too, and neighbors have their arguments and differences but somehow get on pretty well together and help each other, in their unrecorded way, when someone is in trouble. And this is sound and good and democratic and helps to keep a person sane in trying times.



### Miss Bright can have it

ONE of my family's favorite limericks runs as follows:

There was a young woman named Bright,

Whose speed was much faster than light;

She went out one day,

In a relative way,

And returned on the previous night.

The humor of this limerick is—or was—that it describes what appears—or appeared—to be an impossibility. But now I read that airplane engineers are talking of a plane that can cross the Atlantic in two hours. This would mean, because of the fact that London time is five hours ahead of ours, that one could leave London at noon and arrive in New York at nine a.m. of the same day. Miss Bright could do a little better, but not much. I think I shall go out and take a walk and let my overstrained imagination cool off; I shall start at noon, cover six miles and finish at two p.m. If Miss Bright or anybody else



wants to cover 3,500 miles in two hours they can go ahead and do it—I shan't be along.

The richest man

THERE are many kinds of wealth in the world, but I think perhaps the richest man is the one who can feel sure that at least a few persons are honestly glad to see him when he drops in. And how many famous persons there are in history who could never have that certainty—how many there have been and are!

The good in bad weather

I SUPPOSE there is more complaining about the weather, in the intemperate portions of our part of the temperate zone, during the months of February and March than in the other ten months of the year combined. I would not argue that these complaints are unjustified. Yet I do not for a moment doubt that the people who make them are just as happy in February or March as they are in May or June. They may even be happier because they have something to talk about. In fact, I believe that a good impersonal grievance, such as one against the weather, is a great blessing. A man who has just told the weather what he thinks of it has emptied himself of rancor. As likely as not he will go back indoors, light his pipe and be as genial as all get out all the rest of the evening.

Diesels at Honesdale

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-TWO years ago next August the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, which had a railroad running from its mines at Carbondale, Pa., to Honesdale, Pa., tried a new and startling experiment. It abandoned the horses which had hauled its empty cars up to the mine and (so to speak) the force of gravitation which had brought them down loaded with coal. It bought itself an English locomotive, the "Stourbridge Lion," and began moving its cars and coal by steam. Quite a number of old gentlemen living along the right of way said this was against nature and they wished people would leave things alone and not go in for innovations and strange inventions. But steam power on the lines to Honesdale was not to be permanent. At the end of 1950 the Erie Railroad dispensed with it and brought in diesel-electric engines—the last section of its system to be so con-



How many men do you know (perhaps you are one of them!) whose business careers have followed this familiar pattern? A rapid start . . . promotions every year or two, and then a sudden leveling off. The progress which seemed automatic ends abruptly. And the buoyant, confident man who thought he was destined for the heights, looks and wonders and feels aggrieved . . . It is one of the tragic facts of business that promotions come too regularly and too easily *early* in the careers of promising men. Tragic because this effortless progress lulls them into a sense of false confidence; they become so sure of future promotions that they *fail to prepare* for them. Native ability and personality can carry a man to the midway point in business. But *beyond* that, he must depend upon his *knowledge*. The training needed is not narrowly specialized, but goes broad and deep probing the fundamentals that underlie all business functions. For only those men who understand the principles of business can be relied upon to direct the activity of others.

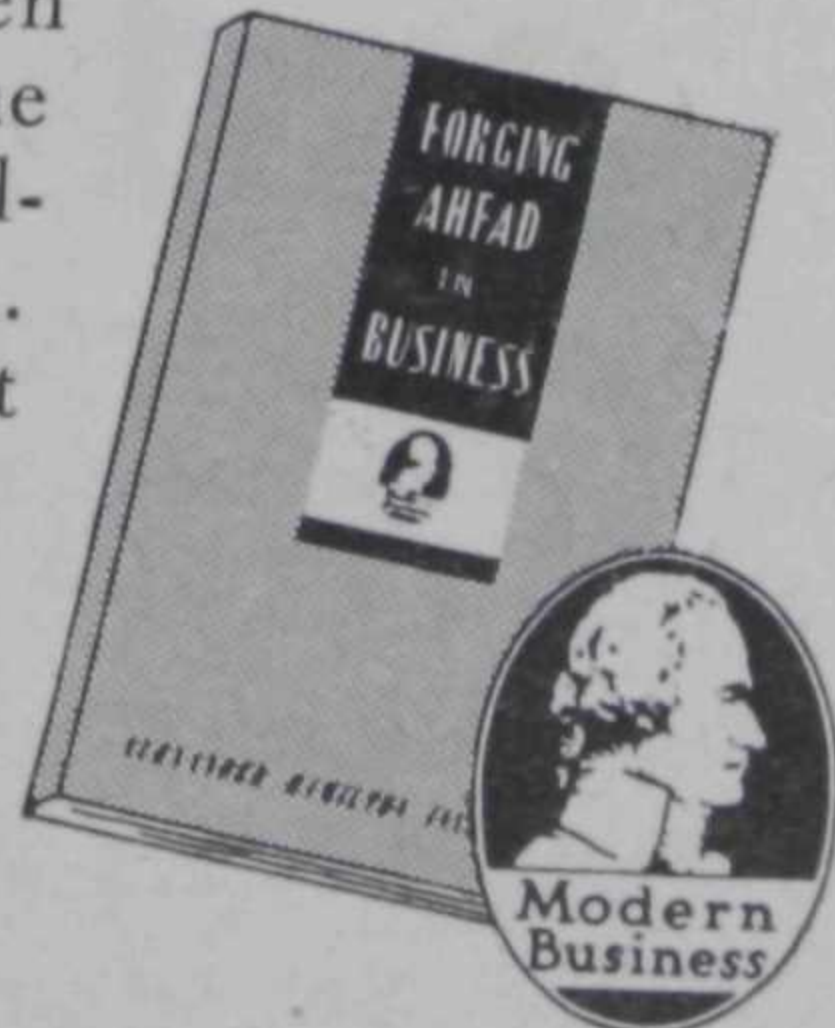
There are two ways in which you may obtain this knowledge: One is by the long, monotonous and arduous route of practical experience. The other is through the facilities of the ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE. Institute training helps men to develop in *months* the capacity for leadership that ordinarily takes *years* to gain. And it's all done in your spare time!

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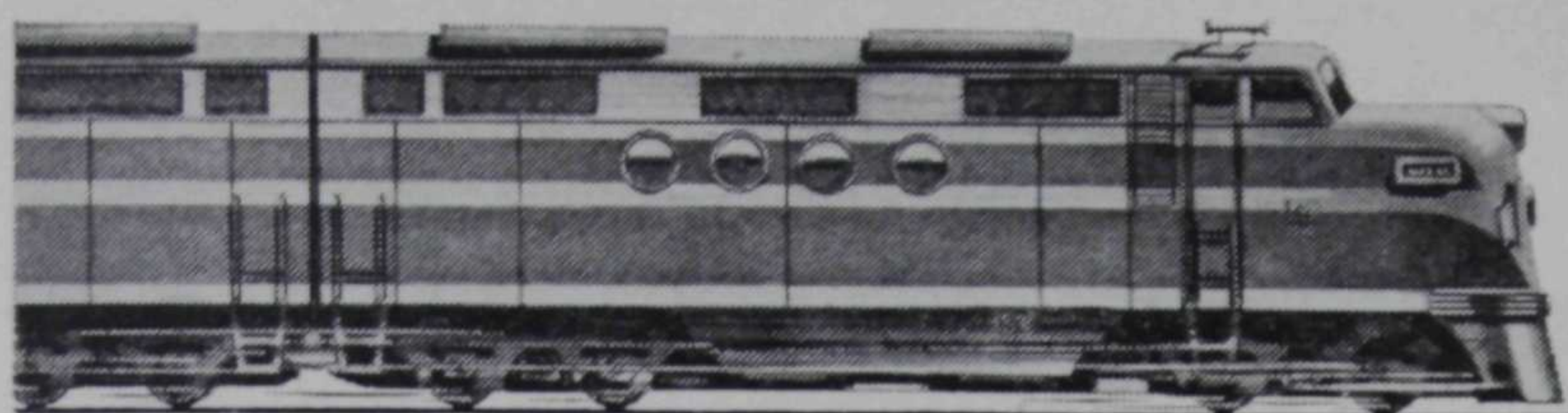
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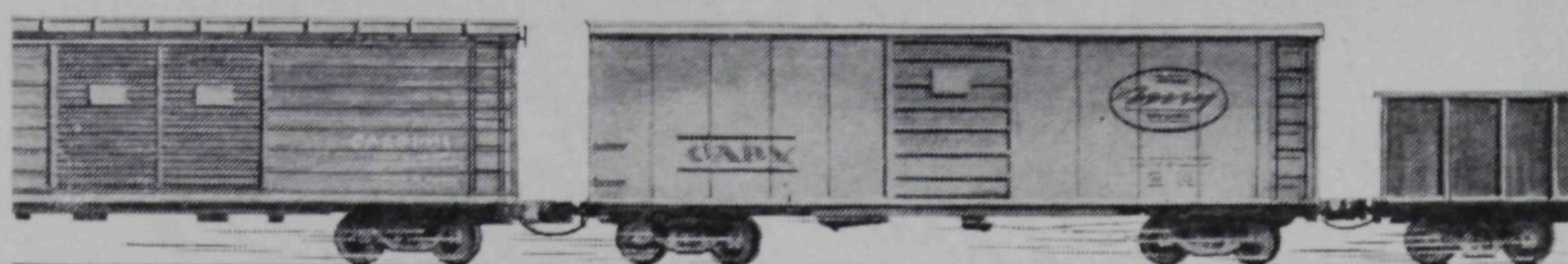
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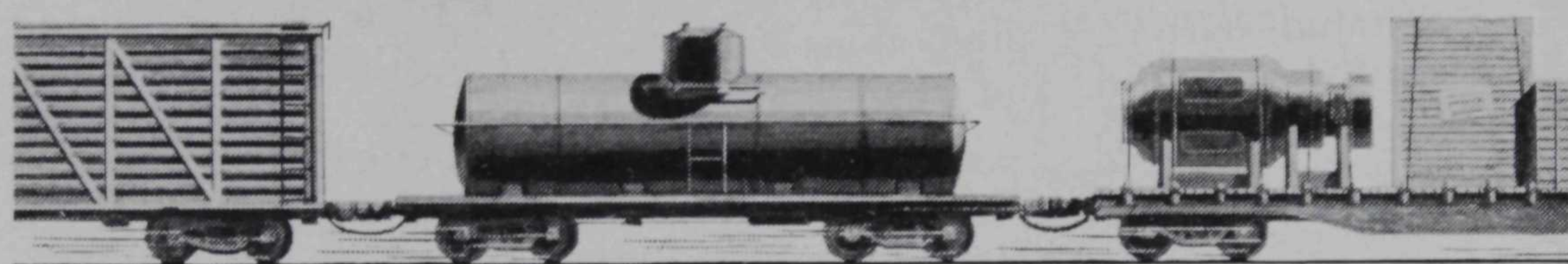
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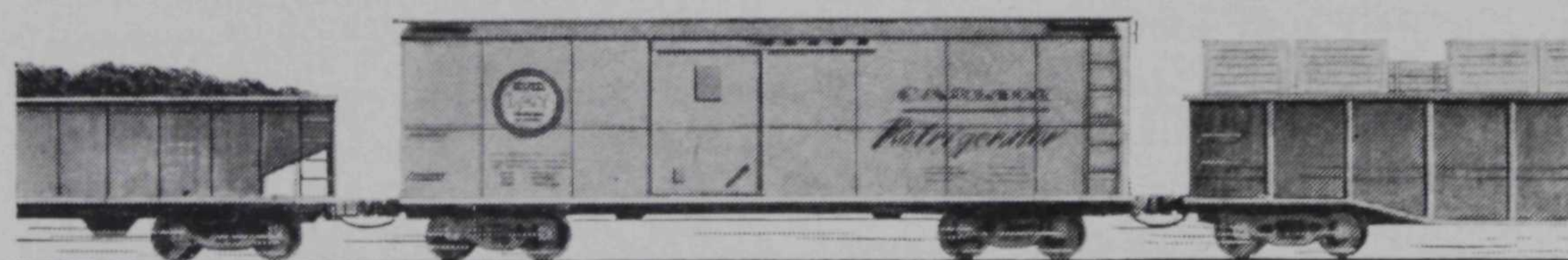
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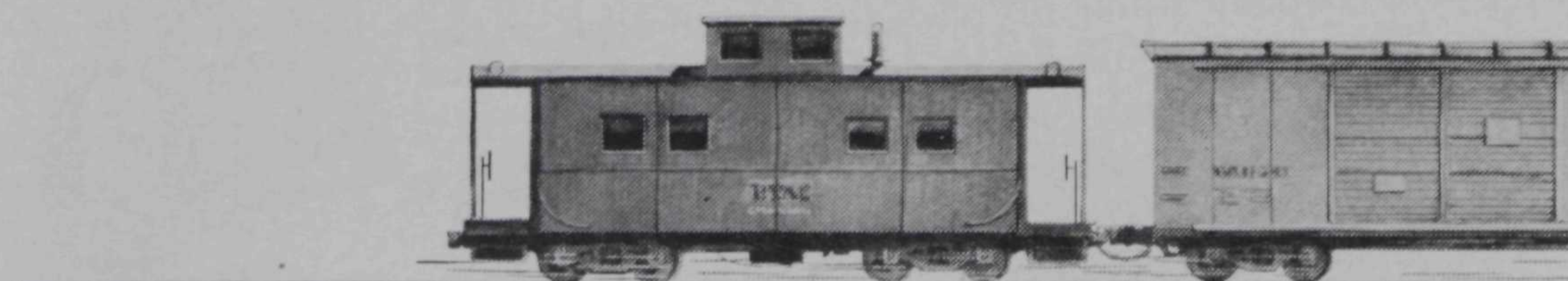
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verted. Quite a number of old gentlemen complained that romance thereupon turned up its toes and died. But I think I will not, this time, join them. I am coming around to the notion that anything that hauls a train on a track is romantic, be it horse, steam, diesel-electric or plain electric. It's not so much the puffing that counts, it's the rolling.

#### The shrew and us

SOMETHING I read in my newspaper this morning made me look up the word "shrew" in the dictionary. Why is the same noun used for a female scold and a small, mouse-like animal? Both, it appears, come from the Anglo-Saxon word *screawa*—a biter. I have never been bitten by either kind of shrew, but I was interested in the newspaper article, which said that Dr. George Gaylord Simpson of the American Museum of Natural History and two friends (why it took two I don't know) had brought to New York a shrew jaw one-fourth of an inch long and 55,000,000 years old. This shrew is just like today's shrews, and as a race the shrew is maybe 55 times as old as the human race. The shrew liked being what he was and stayed that way; we, on the contrary, grew tired of being ape-like creatures, evolved into what we are today and invented cellophane, chewing gum and the atomic bomb. Whether the shrew was wiser than we I don't venture to say. Let us wait another 55,000,000 years and see.

#### A flyer in silver?

MY MORNING mail included an invitation to buy shares in a silver mine. This looked like a good, honest proposition, and did not resemble the offers one used to have to buy shares in gold mines in which all the gold was on the stock certificate. I do not believe I shall buy any silver mine shares at the moment, for most of my excess income is to be turned over to the Collector of Internal Revenue—a deserving citizen, in spite of his grim occupation.

But the silver mine prospectus touched me a little. It took me back to the good old days when the collector did not ask so much and when a person could have a good deal of excitement for a rather small number of dollars. Well, maybe those days will return—just when, I dare not prophesy. And then, if anyone asks me, I will take a small flyer in a silver mine or a gold mine and dream of affluence.





## The State of the Nation



Felix Morley

FOR six weeks now the American people have again been living under what is officially described as a condition of "national emergency." It requires, in the words of President Truman's proclamation of Dec. 16: "that the military, naval, air and civilian defenses of this country be strengthened as speedily as possible to the end that we may be able to repel any and all threats against our national security...."

Since the President issued this proclamation, a great many specific actions have been taken to strengthen the physical defenses of the United States. The various edicts bluntly proclaim this concentration of power, in language such as "There is hereby established in the Executive Office of the President the Office of Defense Mobilization." Its director "shall on behalf of the President direct, control and coordinate all mobilization activities...."

Without exception, all of these directives have involved a greater concentration of power in the executive arm of Government. Indeed the legal effect of the state of emergency is simply to suspend legislative or conventional safeguards against the exercise of unbridled executive power, even though the Bill of Rights and other provisions of the Constitution remain unaffected.

Although the fundamental safeguards of individual liberty continue to stand, it is obvious that the powers now assumed by the Executive constitute a potential threat to every American home. This is not less true because this centralized power is being built up to meet the threat of external aggression. Many a people have lost their freedom in the belief that they were defending it against a foreign foe. Indeed the most subtle way to destroy liberty is to argue that it is a fair-weather luxury which must be sacrificed during a period of national peril.

• • •

A national emergency is therefore to some extent created, as well as recognized, by Mr. Truman's assertion that our way of life is threatened by the spread of Communist imperialism. We cannot forget that the necessary resistance to an external threat may itself create an internal threat to American institutions. The tragic paradox is that we accept regimentation by our own Government in order to resist the threat of regimentation by a foreign power.

It is the proper function of a government to take precautions against external dangers. But it is not required, nor even expected, that appointed officials will emphasize the threat to domestic liberty involved in such precautions. The people themselves, and their elected representatives, must be on guard to prevent undue encroachments on their own rights by their own



officials. And this eternal vigilance, which is the price of liberty, is doubly imperative at a time when external danger makes usurpation of power by officials seem reasonable, if not essential.

The problem of making the office of the President powerful enough to meet emergencies, without making it so powerful as to encourage tyranny, was constantly in the minds of the men who wrote the Constitution of the United States. James Madison stated the problem in words that could not be more timely if written yesterday:

"... the great difficulty lies in this: you must first enable the government to control the governed; and in the next place oblige it to control itself. A dependence on the people is, no doubt, the primary control on the government; but experience has taught mankind the necessity of auxiliary precautions."

Under our Constitution, still cherished by many Americans, these "auxiliary precautions" take the form of direct limitations on the Presidential authority. Thus the Congress alone, under Section 8 of Article I, has the power "to declare war"; "to raise and support Armies"; "to provide and maintain a Navy"; "to define and punish offences against the Law of Nations." Those powers are shared by both Houses of Congress. The Senate has the additional power, under Section 2 of Article II, of participating in the making of treaties.

The founding fathers, however, were not so naive as to think that written safeguards alone would prevent the rise of dictatorship in this country. To quote Madison again: "A mere demarcation on parchment, of the constitutional limits of the several departments, is not a sufficient guard against those encroachments which lead to a tyrannical concentration of all the powers of government in the same hands."

Therefore, as soon as the Constitution was adopted and the republic safely launched, the first Congress insisted upon the addition of a Bill of Rights, affirming the freedom of speech, of press, and of assembly, and further stating specifically that: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively, or to the people."

Finally, after the Bill of Rights was incorporated in the Constitution as the first ten amendments, the American people for themselves worked out the system of party government, whereby the opposition is expected to be continuously critical of the administration in office; to expose its mistakes, to resist executive usurpa-

tion of power, and to condemn officials whose policies do not appear to advance the general welfare. Undoubtedly the sum of these precautions has at times blocked admirable intentions in the White House. There is equally little doubt that they have served to preserve our republican form of government.

During the past 18 years the United States has been almost continuously in a "state of emergency," as defined by executive proclamation. Simultaneously with President Roosevelt's first declaration of emergency, issued when he suspended all banking transactions immediately after taking office, the President made clear that the "emergency," in his own words, "related to far more than banks." It was, Mr. Roosevelt said, "an emergency that had existed for a whole generation in its underlying causes and . . . could be cured only by a complete reorganization and a measured control of the economic structure."

By the device of frequent reiterations of "economic" or "national" emergency this "complete reorganization" has now been carried out. And if this policy of continuous emergency government were resulting in peace and prosperity it is possible that it would be accepted uncomplainingly by the American people. Popular interest in the Constitution is no longer very strong and the tendency to regard it as an unnecessary encumbrance on the development of virtually monarchical government has been growing ever since the New Deal took over.

It has now become clear, however, that we are tending to slip from one emergency to another with ever shorter interludes of normal living. And while our rulers can always find someone else to blame for this, the belief is growing that not a little of the blame lies in giving the President powers which are beyond the capacity of any man to exercise intelligently.

If so, the remedy certainly does not lie in granting ever more power to officials who cannot now effectively command that which is already in their grasp. It lies, rather, in restoring the balance that our forefathers wrote into our Constitution—a document which could profitably be dusted off and reread before it becomes a dead letter.

Such re-examination would recall Madison's warning that, while the first necessity is a government that can control the governed, it is of equal importance to insure that the government shall be obliged to control itself.

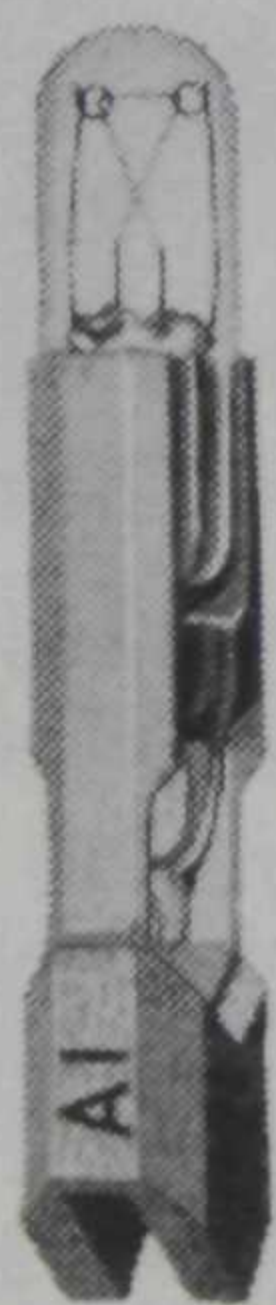
—FELIX MORLEY







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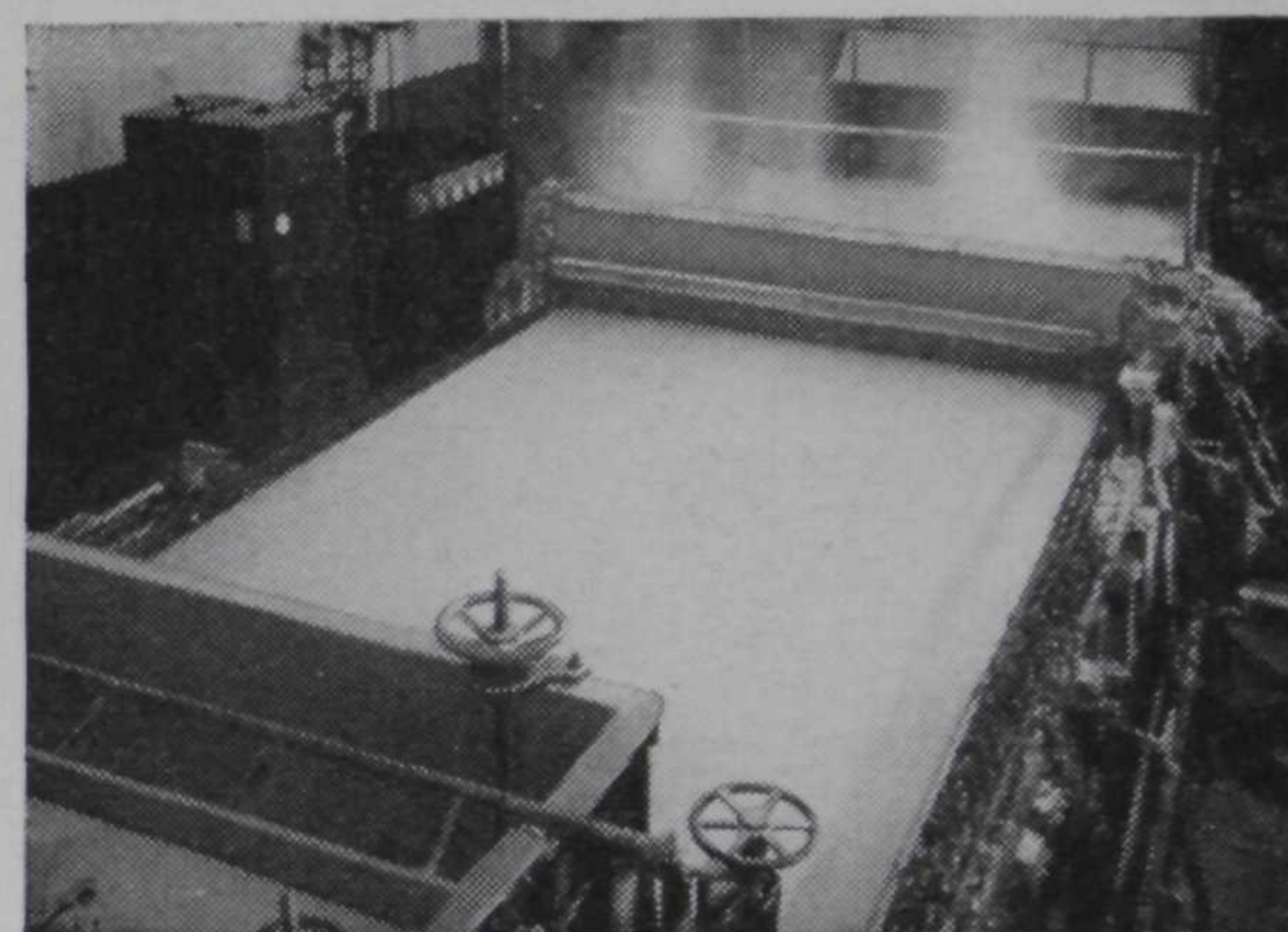
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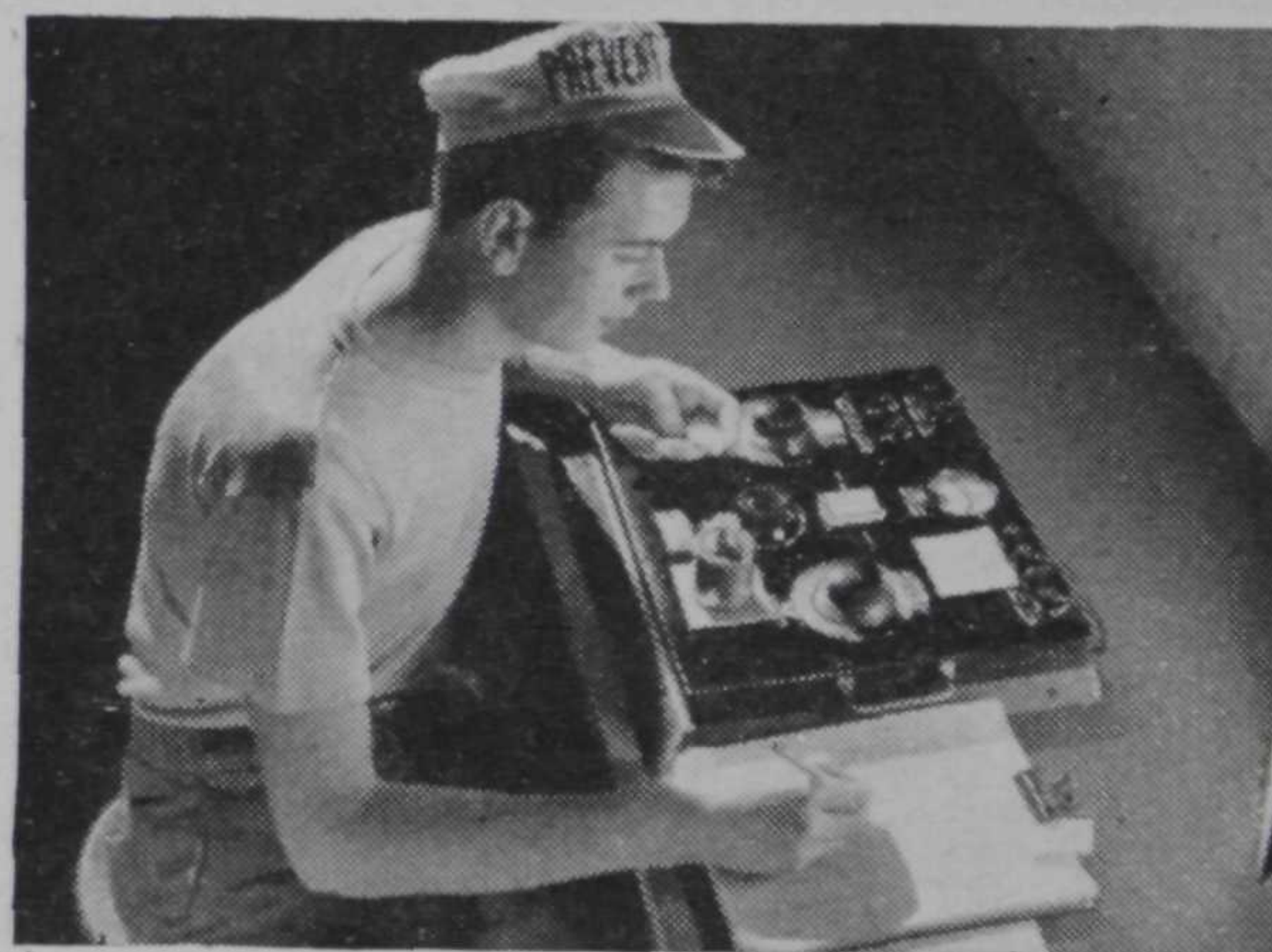
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# The Month's Business Highlights



Paul Wooton

**S**PEED in military output is at the heart of the business situation. Military reverses have sped up the armament program which, only a few months ago, was delayed by fears that plant conversion would cause temporary unemployment. Demand for materials and manpower is growing. Goods for civilian use will be in increasingly shorter supply from now on.

If prices are not to skyrocket, something must be done about inflation. The controls being progressively imposed are not anti-inflation measures. They do not attack the excess of money over goods, which is the real cause of rising prices. They are of temporary value because they give the economy time to adjust itself gradually.

Meanwhile, other measures are actually encouraging inflation, among them legislation providing undue protection for farm producers' prices and delayed action in the matter of wage and price spirals. Discriminatory tax legislation has had a further unsettling effect. Collection of excess profits taxes does little to take the pressure off goods and it discourages expansion in production.

Sounder tax policies were laid before the congressional committees but much of the argument supporting them was obscure, highbrow and unconvincing.

The problem of taxation is complicated. The Treasury hardly will support policies that will make management of the public debt more difficult. Cutting nondefense spending, popular in conception, raises unexpected outcries in practice. Economists who urge that we raise taxes enough to meet all expenditures overlook the enormous outlays that will be necessary. It would not be politically possible to raise taxes to a level that would meet them, nor, probably, would the country withstand the shock of such an increase in the tax take.

So part of the money must be borrowed. Fortunately there are ways of borrowing that do not add to inflation—although increasing the bank-held debt is not one of them.

American industry is again demonstrating its ability to convert rapidly from a peace to a war

basis. There is assurance in the fact that this industrial mobilization is in the able hands of Charles E. Wilson and other experienced business men.

These men know that American industry is allergic to regimentation and will make every effort to hold specific restraints to a minimum and to preserve flexibility.

This is a good beginning, but, if the program is to be effective, experienced staffs must be found for the capable men in the top positions. Incompetents, even in secondary positions, can cause delay and irritation.

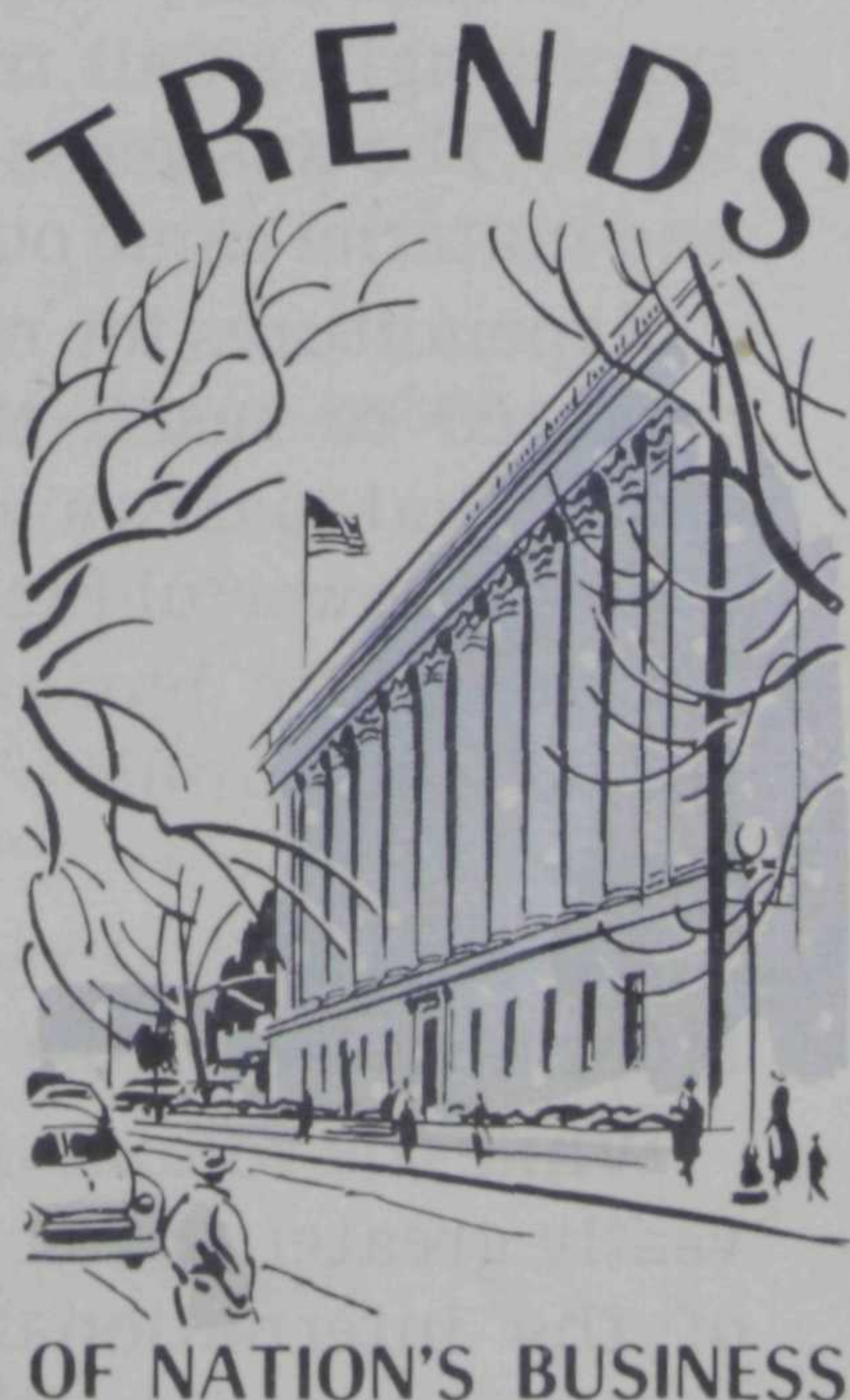
That is the argument being used in trying to persuade business to release good men for emergency service. Such complicated matters as wage and price control, allotment of materials, cannot be handled by amateurs in the "fair and equitable" manner that the law prescribes.

Business has more to offer in the way of leadership than simply wholehearted support for the Government's program.

All business and industry are now taking into account the possibility that war with a powerful, shrewd and utterly ruthless adversary may break out at any time. Each turn of the earth on its axis brings us one day nearer to "D" day. "D" also stands for "Determination" to provide the tools and services needed for victory. Those tools are now coming in. Defense orders, though slow in starting, can now be filled at a rate that suggests that the equipment will be ready before the men are trained to use it. Probably the most costly mistake that has been made was the failure to put through universal military training in 1945.

But, although this country has been negligent in maintaining military strength, you should not forget that the United States possesses incredible might. Its resources, its industrial potential and its atomic weapons, when added to the inherent power of the remainder of the free world, make the West much stronger than the East.

It is clear that Russia ap-





preciates this. Otherwise, she would have attacked before now.

The East is weaker than we sometimes think.

That does not justify the increasing demand that, since the capitalistic system cannot long stand the drain of full mobilization, we hit the head of the snake instead of its tail. It does suggest, however, that the time is not far off when, if Russia continues to waver, the United States should demand that she either disarm or fight.

Now that the cost of living has been made an important yardstick in determining wage rates, a thoroughgoing revision of the consumers' price index has become necessary. Interim changes of that index are scheduled to go into effect this month. These changes have been worked out in cooperation with an advisory committee drawn from business, labor and the American Statistical Association. The index was not planned originally for highly accurate determinations upon which price and wage policies could be based. More than that, the index had not been kept abreast of such matters as the increase in the use of oil for fuel and the higher rents in newly built housing. Sampling for the new index will include more cities and more commodities. Differences probably will not exceed one per cent, but the new index can be defended better if it should be questioned by labor or management. Figures collected on the old basis will be published for a time for use by those with contracts based on it.

What amounts to a capital levy is in progress because of opposition to high interest rates.

People who use their savings to increase industrial capacity are as much entitled to get fair earnings as is labor.

War has been waged for seven months with a surprisingly small increase in military expenditures. The answer is that most of the equipment and materiel came out of the stockpile.

Expenditures for new plant and equipment are expected to reach the \$25,000,000,000 mark in 1951. That makes a total of \$110,000,000,000 since 1945—a powerful factor in our ability to mobilize.

Strength of business is indicated by \$40,000,000,000 of unfilled orders on manufacturers' books.

Bank credit has reached a formidable total. It is the highest hurdle in the path of price stability.

While the volume of goods held by consumers is vastly greater than ever before, the uncertainties of the international situation are such as to prompt a continuation of anticipatory buying.

Moreover, consumers have money. Personal income payments are nearly \$1,000,000,000 per working day.

Administered prices (those fixed by the producer) have been stabilized to the extent that they are not being increased without clear-cut proof of increased costs.

Underdeveloped countries within the sphere of western influence will benefit from the preparedness program. The resources of such countries can be of great help to the allied cause. There may be some changes in the character of foreign trade, but it will grow steadily in volume.

Steering committees in the new Congress apparently have no plans for important legislation other than defense matters, taxes and the regular appropriations. Business will be interested in a larger proportion of pending measures than in normal times. More cooperation in connection with foreign policy seems likely. Differences make news. They obscure the fact that there are large areas of agreement.

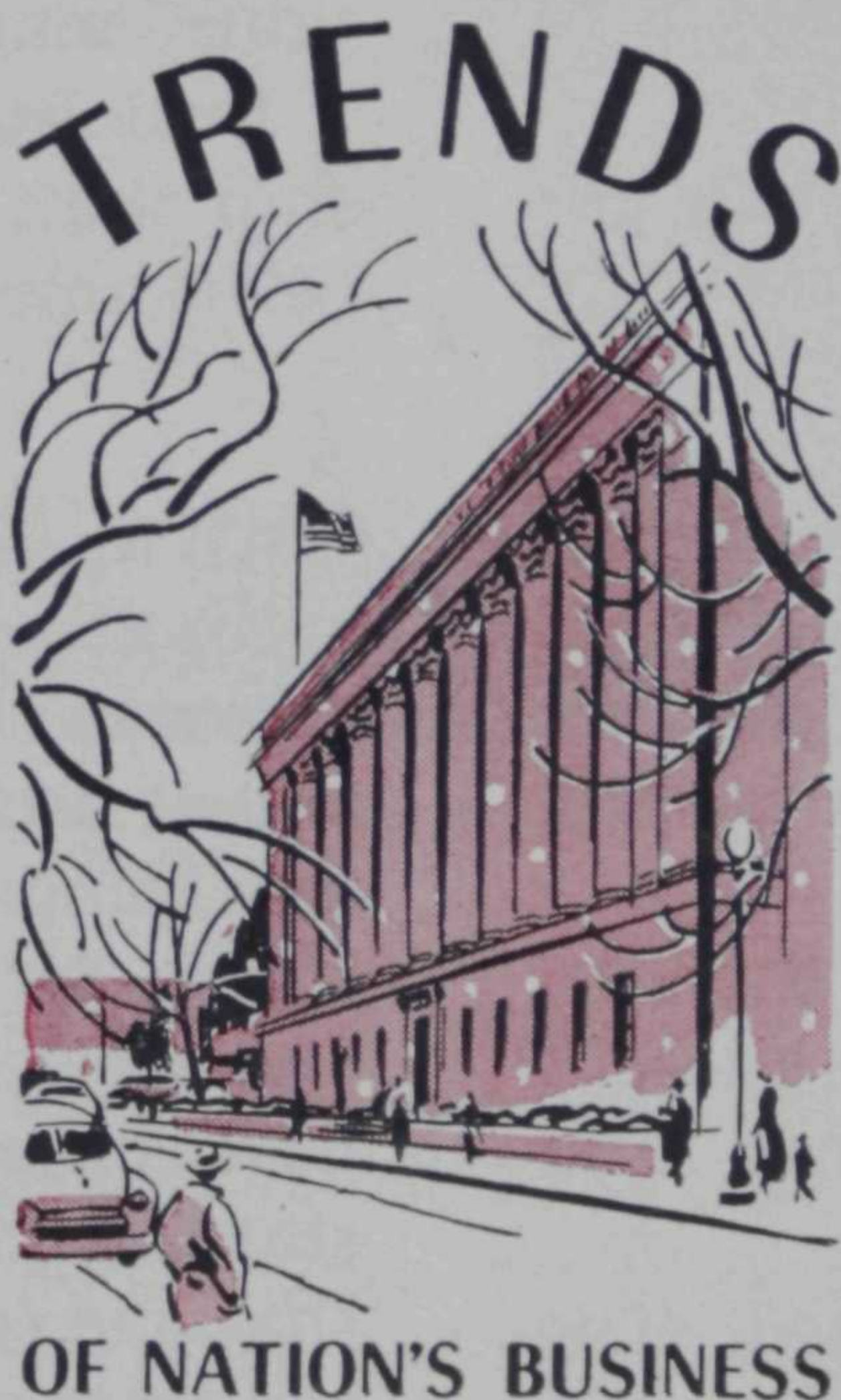
President Truman's state of the union message is regarded by the Administration as the constitution of our new garrison state. The plan is to implement that statement of principles with laws and regulations. Critics of the message say it should have been more specific in suggesting how the principles outlined should be applied.

In general terms the program outlined in the annual report of the Council of Economic Advisers seems correct, but the report pays scant attention to general credit restraints. Without such restraints the volume of money may increase as much through bank lending as it is reduced by the drain of taxes.

Mobilization is aptly described as the conversion of civilian fat into defense muscle. That process, however, is far from painless. Reallocation of resources and conversion of plants in an economy in which no slack exists involves employment problems which are expected to become serious by April or May. It is believed, however, that conversion can be accomplished without causing more than sporadic unemployment.

If you are conducting a business which makes use of mechanics you will be well advised to begin training older men, women, and the physically handicapped. In this period when maintenance of civilian mechanical equipment is of the utmost importance a sizable addition to the ranks of mechanics is a must.

—PAUL WOOTON







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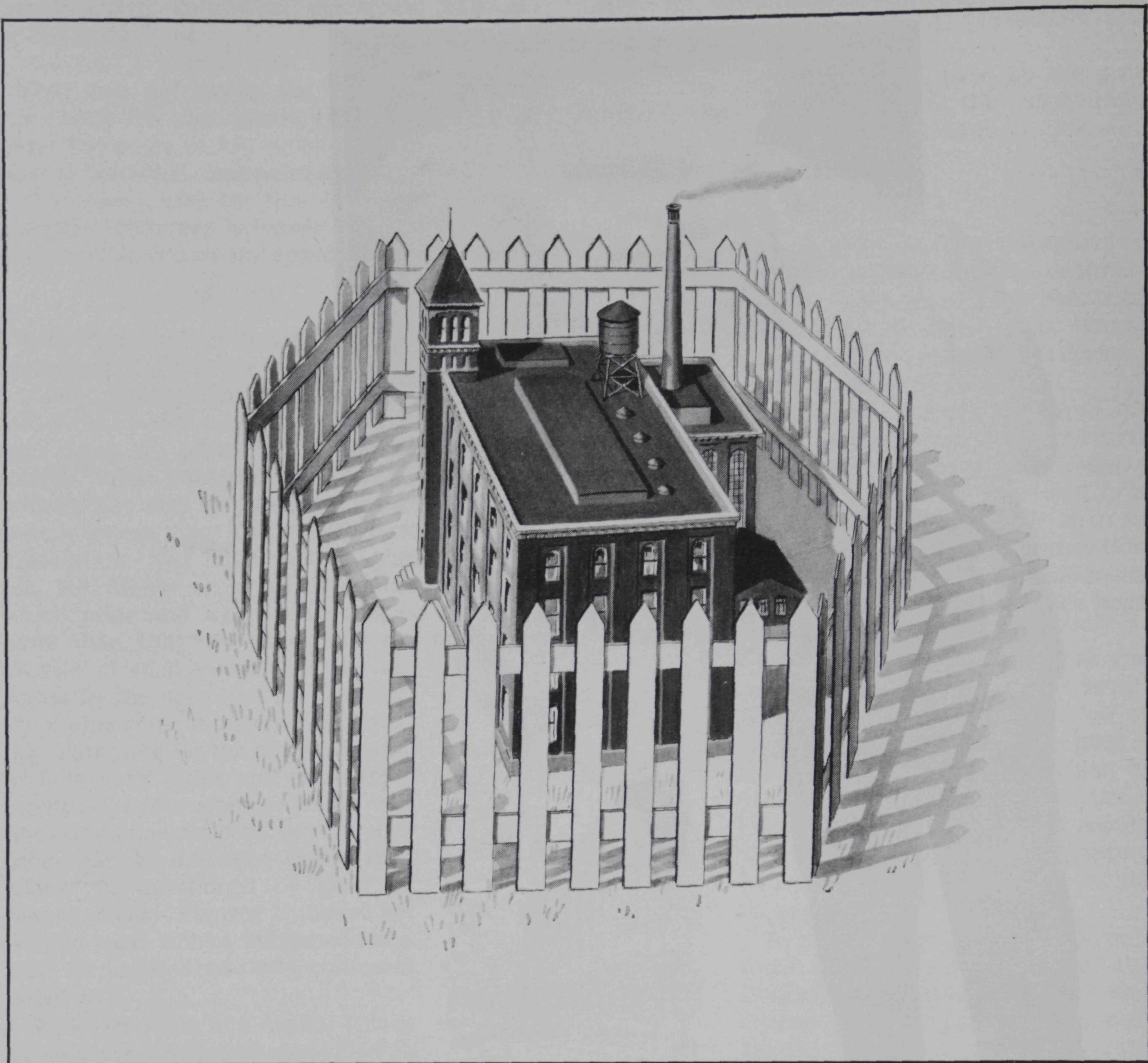
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# Washington Scenes



Edward T. Folliard

**C**HARLES E. WILSON, who stands 6-foot-2 and looks like a one-time fullback, got a torrent of mail after he came here to be director of the Office of Defense Mobilization. Apparently, it surprised him.

Talking to reporters, Wilson confessed that the letters were "heartening, and frightening, too," reminding him, as they did, of his enormous responsibility. Those who had written, most of them strangers to the ODM chief, wanted to say two things—they were happy over his appointment and confident that he could do the job.

There is about Wilson a rock-like quality that inspires confidence and makes people feel that things are going to go all right. It is the kind of feeling which, in the sports world, comes over Cleveland football fans when Lou (The Toe) Groza is called from the bench to kick a field goal. Nobody here doubts that Charlie Wilson will be a star in the drama of rearmament.

The big fellow from General Electric is, of course, just one member of a team that is taking the field here. The others, like himself, are for the most part "captains of industry," or, at the least, lieutenants or sergeants. They are men who know their way around in American industry, who know what it can do and how to get it done. Joe Stalin would swap an army corps for almost any one of them.

What is happening—and happening to a degree far greater than was the case in World War II—is that a new supergovernment is taking shape in Washington, one made up of nonpoliticians. It is being set up because it is absolutely necessary.

There just isn't anybody in the old-line government agencies who could command the \$275,000 a year in salary and bonuses that Wilson got from General Electric. Neither is there anybody who could get on a telephone and do what he can do with a few calls to business cronies in New York, Chicago, Detroit, Pittsburgh and Los Angeles.

Madison, father of the Constitution, doubtless would be puzzled by this new Washington scene. Overnight a third platoon has moved into the city, taken over posts of power, and overshadowed

Sawyer, Tobin and other members of the Truman Cabinet. But Madison also would have reason to be gratified. This new superstructure of government is a tribute to the American system, with its marvelous flexibility and adaptability. Also, it is a reminder that Americans are champions of the world when it comes to team play.

Significantly, not a word of protest arose over the tremendous, almost unprecedented powers that President Truman gave to Director Wilson. If any had arisen, Mr. Truman would have had no trouble refuting them. No man in Washington was more aware of the need of "a strong central authority" if the mobilization job was to be done right.

As a senator from Missouri in the early 1940's, and chairman of the so-called Truman Committee, he followed closely the activities of the War Production Board under Donald Nelson. He had a close-up of the infighting. He saw the confusion that developed when control of manpower was given to one commission and control of production to another. He saw Nelson surrender some of his production authority to the armed services and then have to fight to recapture it. He saw the same thing happen in the case of the "czars" who were operating in different fields.

In establishing the Office of Defense Mobilization, Mr. Truman made sure that Wilson would be the supreme boss, the works. The Presidential order laid down that he was to "control and coordinate all mobilization activities . . . including, but not limited to, production, procurement, manpower, stabilization and transportation activities." That is quite a burden, but then Wilson's massive back would seem to be equal to it.

What a lot of people want to know is: When is this production going to start rolling? Reports continue to come into Washington that the mobilization program seems to have made no appreciable dent on industry. In other words, there are as yet few signs of any great outpouring of tanks, planes, guns and other implements of war.

This will be answered in





time. But there will still remain questions that promise to disturb Americans for a long time to come. They add up to what is being reported as almost unprecedented confusion in the land.

Partly, this is due to the very human habit of trying to relate today's situation to a situation with which we are familiar. Thus, you hear the remark: "We stand now about where we stood in 1942."

This is a poor parallel. The truth is that we have never faced a situation quite like that of today. What our leaders are trying to do—but are having a hard time in explaining—is this: to head off a great war and save the peace of the world; or, failing that, to win the great war if it comes.

To a good many Americans, the spectacle of President Truman harping on "peace" while our troops are fighting and dying in Korea, is utterly paradoxical. As they see it, Korea is the opening phase of World War III. Consequently, they get a little impatient when the President refuses to acknowledge that the fighting in Korea is a "formal war," and insists that we are simply carrying out an obligation to the United Nations.

It might be that they are right, and that Korea is the beginning of World War III. Still, if you are President of the United States, and have in trust the lives of 150,000,000 of your countrymen, you just can't accept that as a fact. You hope that Korea may turn out to have the opposite effect—may arouse the free world and prompt it to build up such a collective strength that Russia won't dare to bring on World War III.

That is Mr. Truman's hope, and it is shared by Secretary of Defense Marshall and all other responsible officers in the Pentagon. These men are not sure, but they believe that Russia is not yet ready to start a great war. They reason that the deterrent, for the time being, is America's great superiority over Russia in the number and quality of atomic bombs—an advantage which they hope will give the non-Communist world time to build up a collective strength that will more than offset that of the Soviet alliance.

Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower had this in mind when he left for Europe to assume his post as supreme commander of the West Europe defense forces. He said that he hoped his mission would result in "peace, security and tranquility." After he has visited the other North Atlantic powers, and determined for himself just how much they can be relied upon, he will report back here with his findings.

Much will depend upon what Ike has to say on

his return. His judgment is unchallenged in Washington, and if he says that Europe is willing to fight and prepared to make a real effort to build up its defenses, then there will be no doubt that the United States will send additional divisions to the continent.

The speeches of Herbert Hoover and Senator Taft, insisting that Europe ought to make a greater effort in the defense field, brought a loud "Amen" from many members of Congress, including some who disagree violently with their ideas on over-all strategy. There has long been a suspicion here that the French and some others were depending altogether too much upon Uncle Sam.

There has been a suspicion, too, that the French won't fight. This, in the view of the men who ought to know, is both unfair and untrue.

Frank Dennis, assistant managing editor of *The Washington Post*, recently returned after more than a year in Europe. He had been on loan as an information officer with the Marshall Plan headquarters in Paris, and traveled 12,000 miles in Europe by plane and train.

Like every traveler newly returned from Europe, Dennis found that the question most frequently asked was: "Will the nations of Europe really fight if the Russians attack?"

His answer was "yes." Not only that, he said, but the nations of Europe were willing to make the necessary sacrifice to create a defense organization that might prevent war.

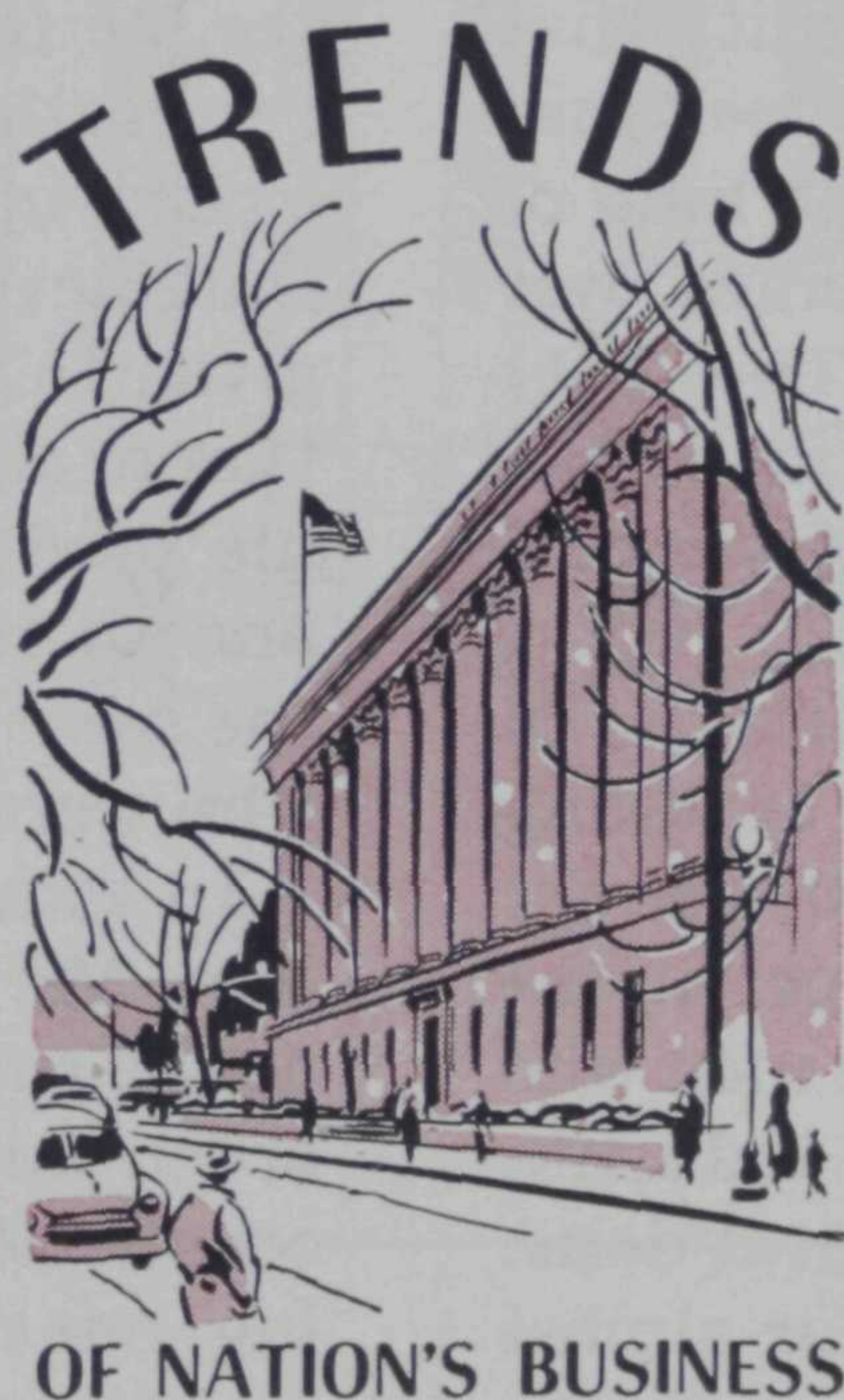
A high official here, one who has an important civilian role in the Pentagon, was asked recently if he thought a great war could be averted.

"I don't know," he said, "I like to think so, but then I begin thinking of history. So far as I can remember, there never was an aggressive nation like Russia that stopped short of war. Of course, there could always be a first time."

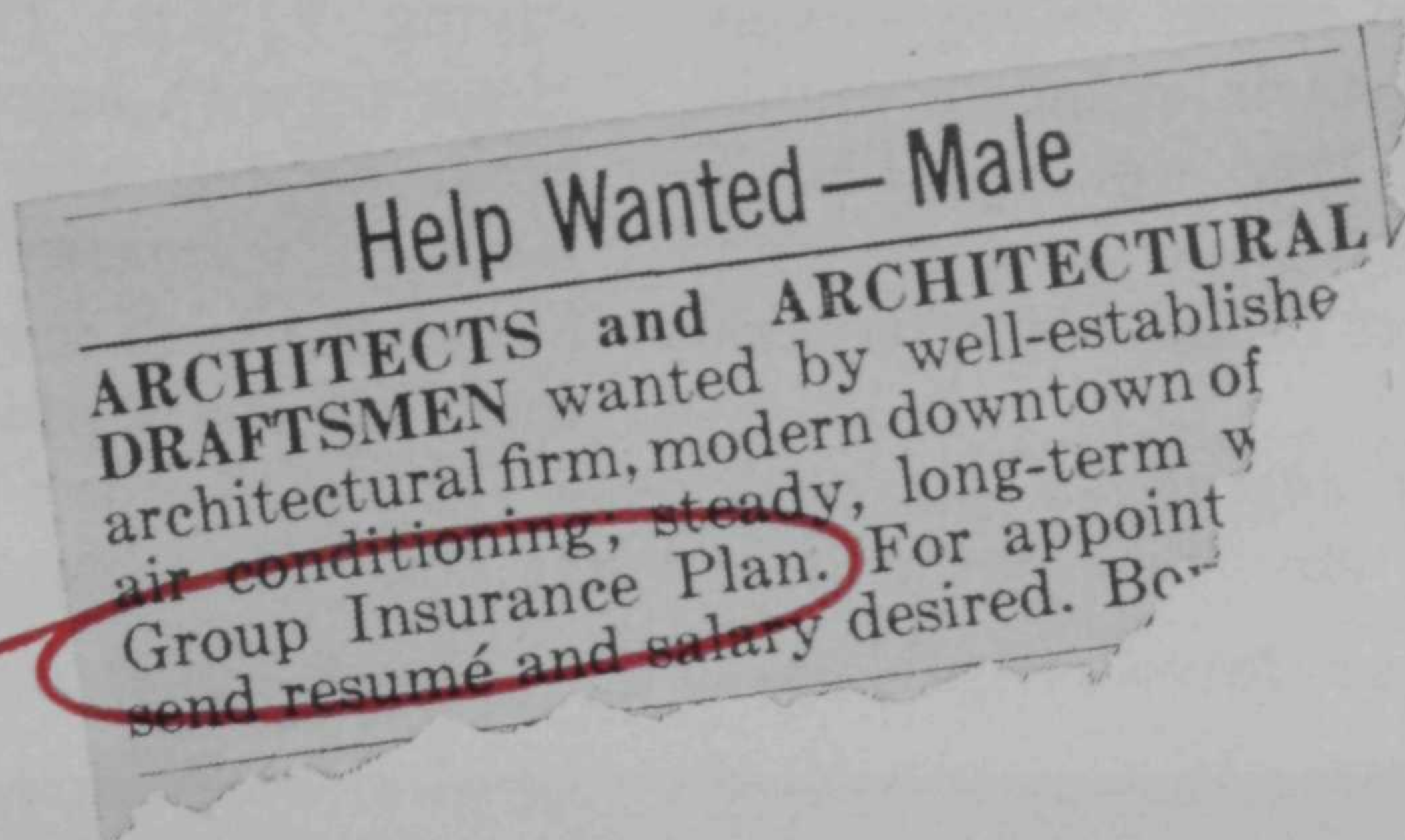
That suggests the magnitude of the task that confronts the United States and its friends. Big as that task is, however, it still is less than the one Russia has set for herself. That is to overrun the world, something that has thrown every conqueror who ever tried it.

If the effort to head off a great war should succeed, it would not only be a boon to humanity; it would be a resounding triumph of statesmanship. Russia, forced to keep the peace for fear of defeat, would hardly be able to gain much politically—not over a long period, certainly. Communism, as the Russian masses know, just doesn't make good on its promises.

—EDWARD T. FOLLIARD







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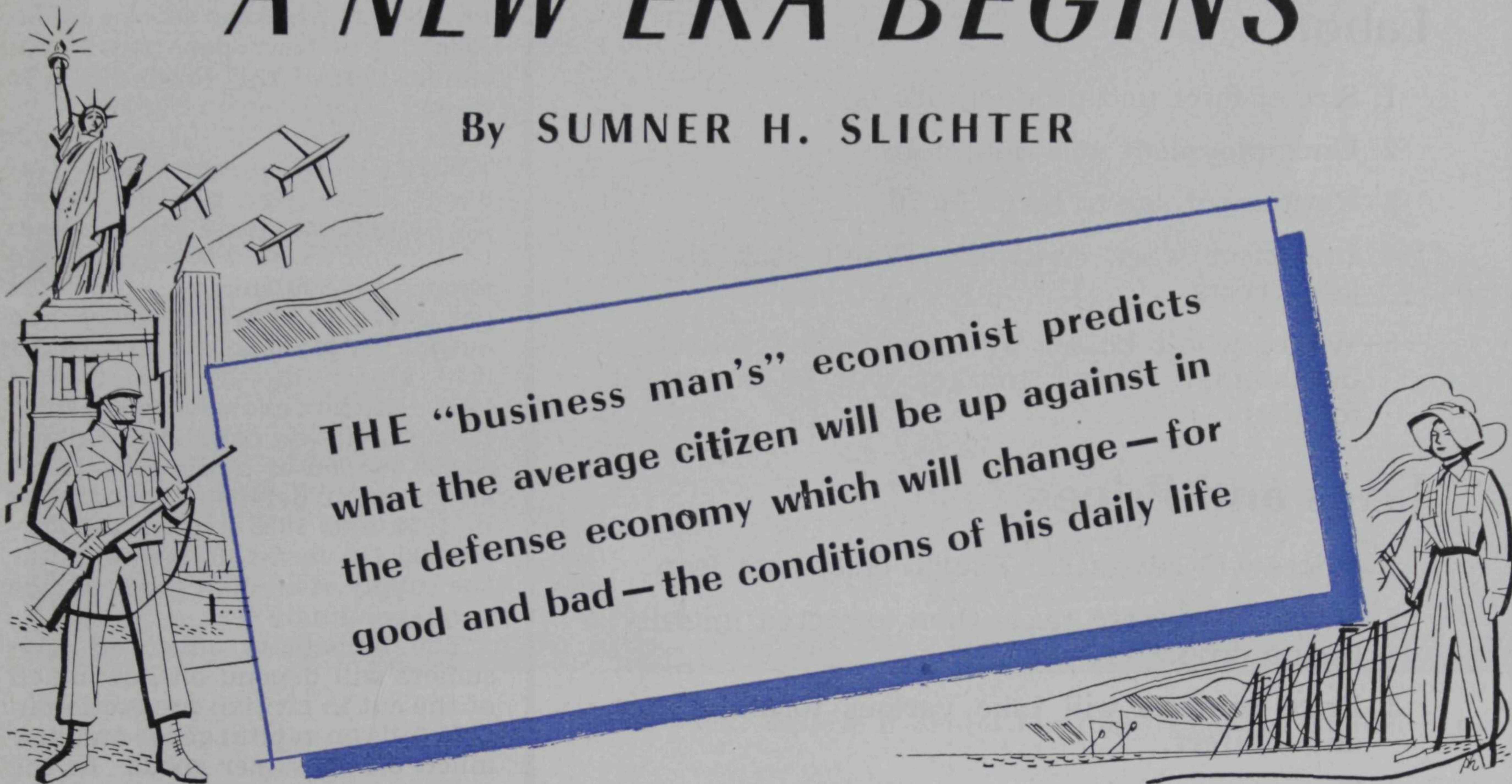




# ARMED AMERICA:

## A NEW ERA BEGINS

By SUMNER H. SLICHTER



THE QUICKENING conflict between the United States and Russia, marked by the outbreak of war in Korea last June, is compelling a basic but temporary transformation in the American economy. The best term for the new economy is "defense economy." For the first time, outside of periods of all-out war, the United States is compelled to limit the output of civilian goods to turn out more for the military. The period of substantial shortages of civilian goods may not last for more than two to four years, but the period of large demand for military goods seems destined to last for an indefinite period—perhaps ten years or even longer.

Of course, no one will be surprised if total war suddenly converts the defense economy into a war economy. During the next two or three years, when the original equipment for the enlarged military forces is being produced, defense expenditures are expected to be \$40,000,000,000 a year or more. Later, when defense production is on a replacement basis, these expenditures probably will be smaller—perhaps about \$30,000,000,000 or

\$35,000,000,000 a year in terms of 1950 dollars.

The defense economy will be the opposite in several important respects from the economy with which most business men are familiar. In the economy which most business men know, the demand for goods, even though usually growing, has not pressed too hard on supplies. There was a certain amount of slack or play in this economy and materials for a new plant or a new industry were not too difficult to find. Business men usually worried more about adequacy of demand than about the adequacy of supplies.

In the defense economy, however, these conditions will be reversed. Demand will press hard upon supplies and the adequacy of supplies will worry most business men more than the adequacy of demand.

How will this defense economy operate and how will various parts of the community fare under it? What will it do to the country's standard of living? What will it do to our production capacity—will the making of war goods slow down the increase in plant and equip-

ment, as it did during World War II? What will happen to prices? Will there be more or less continuous inflation? What will happen to our economic and political institutions and to economic liberties? Can a considerable number of direct controls—allocations, priorities, price ceilings, wage ceilings—be pretty much avoided? Or will they be needed only during a limited period—say, the next two or three years when the original equipment for the enlarged military forces is being produced? What will huge defense expenditures year after year do to the finances of the country? Will these larger expenditures eventually bankrupt us?

Before I discuss these questions, let me point out that even after more than six months of war in the Far East the United States is not yet actually in a defense economy. It is true that the civilian use of scarce metals, such as aluminum, has been cut back and that various allocations and controls are in effect. Nevertheless, defense expenditures have increased only a little and production for civilian use was greater than ever at the



# The Defense Economy

HERE'S a look at what business can reasonably expect as America rearms in the emergency period:

## Labor

1. Size of force and productivity up.
2. Unemployment at a minimum.
3. Retirement age to be 68 or 70.
4. Imperfect wage controls. Won't stop rise in labor costs.
5. Wages won't be set by uncontrolled collective bargaining. Labor market will be too tight for that.

## Taxes and Prices

1. Prices will advance. They'll creep, not leap.
2. Higher corporate taxes than expected initially, then a drop.
3. Price controls will take various forms—direct and indirect.
4. Pressure to reduce taxes will be great when initial arming is complete.

## Government

1. Public debt will increase to meet defense needs.
2. Individuals and companies will retain much say-so in business decisions.
3. Defense costs to be met in considerable part by increased worker productivity.
4. More people will realize that they have to support the Government.

## Supply and Demand

1. Supply will cause worry; demand will take care of itself.
2. Defense demands will stimulate technological change.
3. Industrial research will be stimulated by material shortages and prospect of ultimately lower taxes.
4. Two-year lag in standard of living.

year's end. But when the defense economy becomes full blown the story will be far different. Then most every phase of our national life will be affected.

**1. Standard of living:** If outlays for defense run at \$50,000,000,000 annually for two peak years (say 1952 and 1953), they will be about \$35,000,000,000—as an annual rate—above the third quarter of 1950. Enlarging the labor force and increasing output per man-hour should permit this expenditure to be met by greater production. Perhaps in the first of the peak years (1952) more output can just about meet the increased outlay for defense goods. This assumes that employment will be increased about 3,700,000, that working hours per week rise by five per cent, and output per man-hour about 2.5 per cent above the third quarter of 1950. In the following year, civilian production ought to be about \$9,000,000,000 or more above 1952. Of course if defense expenditures in 1952 and 1953 exceed \$50,000,000,000 (in terms of 1950 dollars) the supply of civilian goods will be correspondingly less.

The immediate effect on consumers will depend on how much of the cut in civilian production in 1951 falls on capital goods and how much on consumer goods. In the third quarter of 1950 expenditures on industrial plant and equipment were high by historical standards. They were 13.9 per cent of the net national product in comparison with 11.4 per cent in 1929, 11 per cent in 1947, 11.6 per cent in 1948 and 11.5 per cent in 1949.

One characteristic of the defense economy ought to be a high rate of expenditure on industrial plant and equipment. Obviously, if this outlay were to be low for several years (as it was during World War II) while the industrial strength of Russia grows, the United States would become increasingly vulnerable to attack. The expenditure on plant and equipment ought to be kept almost as high as it was during the third quarter of 1950. If it is, the impact of the defense production increase would fall almost entirely on consumer goods. On the basis of the trends assumed above, the supply of available consumer goods in 1951 would be about 2.5 to five per cent less than in the third quarter of 1950. In the next year the total supply would be roughly the same as in the third quarter of 1950, but the per capita supply would still be a little less.

*(Continued on page 76)*





PHOTOS BY FRED B. FLEMING

Man at work: Believe it or not but that's what Erl Roman is doing

# He Gets Paid to Go Fishing

By GREER WILLIAMS

**I**N A country with 15,000,000 fishermen and an increasing threat that fishermen will one day outnumber the fish, you need to learn how to fish if you wish to catch anything.

On this simple but solid foundation, Erl Roman, University of Miami instructor of angling at Coral Gables, Fla., along with perhaps a score of other sports fishermen with college faculty appointments, has raised this ancient but increasingly popular escape from care to the level of higher education.

When he was seven years old, back in Baltimore, Md., Roman hastens to explain, anyone with a hook, line and sinker could catch fish. At that age, he landed his first fish, a one-pound white perch.

Today, at 60, he affirms the fre-

quent complaint that even the open ocean contains fewer fish, due mainly to civilization's appetite for sea food.

Our continued desire to go fishing is evident, however, from the fact that we spent almost as much money on fishing tackle as on golf, tennis, baseball, football and basketball equipment combined, or nearly four times more than we did ten years ago. Fishing tackle alone is a \$120,000,000-a-year business.

If the sport is to hold its own, Roman contends, a man must be able to catch some fish for his money. In Roman's book (he does have one, called "Fishing for Fun"), there are two fishing fundamentals: keep your bait in the water, and be sure there are fish in the water.

Out of these admonitions stem

the questions of what baits for which fish, how to rig your tackle and cast it and the larger problem of finding where the fish seek shelter and food.

During the war, when he was still confining his advice on fishing to a column in the *Miami Herald*, Roman gave a Marine Corps captain a demonstration of the importance of knowing a fish's habits. The captain dropped by his office and asked the location of the best fishing around the Virgin Islands, his next station.

"I don't know anything about it," said Roman. "I've never been there."

"That's funny," said the Marine. "You're a fishing editor. I thought you would know where to fish."

Roman, a middling-sized, sandy gray man with a hooked nose, pale





Roman's students get the low-down on deep-sea trolling rods



It's in learning casting, however, that the girls really shine

cold eyes and a faint touch of arrogance, was nettled. "You bring me the charts of those waters," he said, "and I'll show you where to fish."

A week or so later, the captain was back with a roll of navigation charts, and spread them out before Roman. Scanning the markings on depth, direction of currents and type of bottom—mud, sand, rock, grass—he made notations with a pencil:

"You'll find tarpon here, and bonefish along there. Here kingfish, and here wahoo. Snapper and grouper in spots like this, and out here white marlin."

The captain listened skeptically, bundled up his charts and left. Some weeks later, he returned once more. This time he was awed.

"Damned if you weren't right!" he exclaimed. "I found all those fish exactly where you marked them on my charts."

His amazing ability to tell where the fish are, 1,200 miles away, Roman backs up with skill and luck famed among the sportsmen fishing in Miami waters.

The first time he ever trolled off Miami, in 1926, he landed a then record sailfish, measuring eight feet, four inches and weighing 78 pounds. Always inclined toward light tackle, he caught it on a six-ounce rod and a 27-pound-test line.

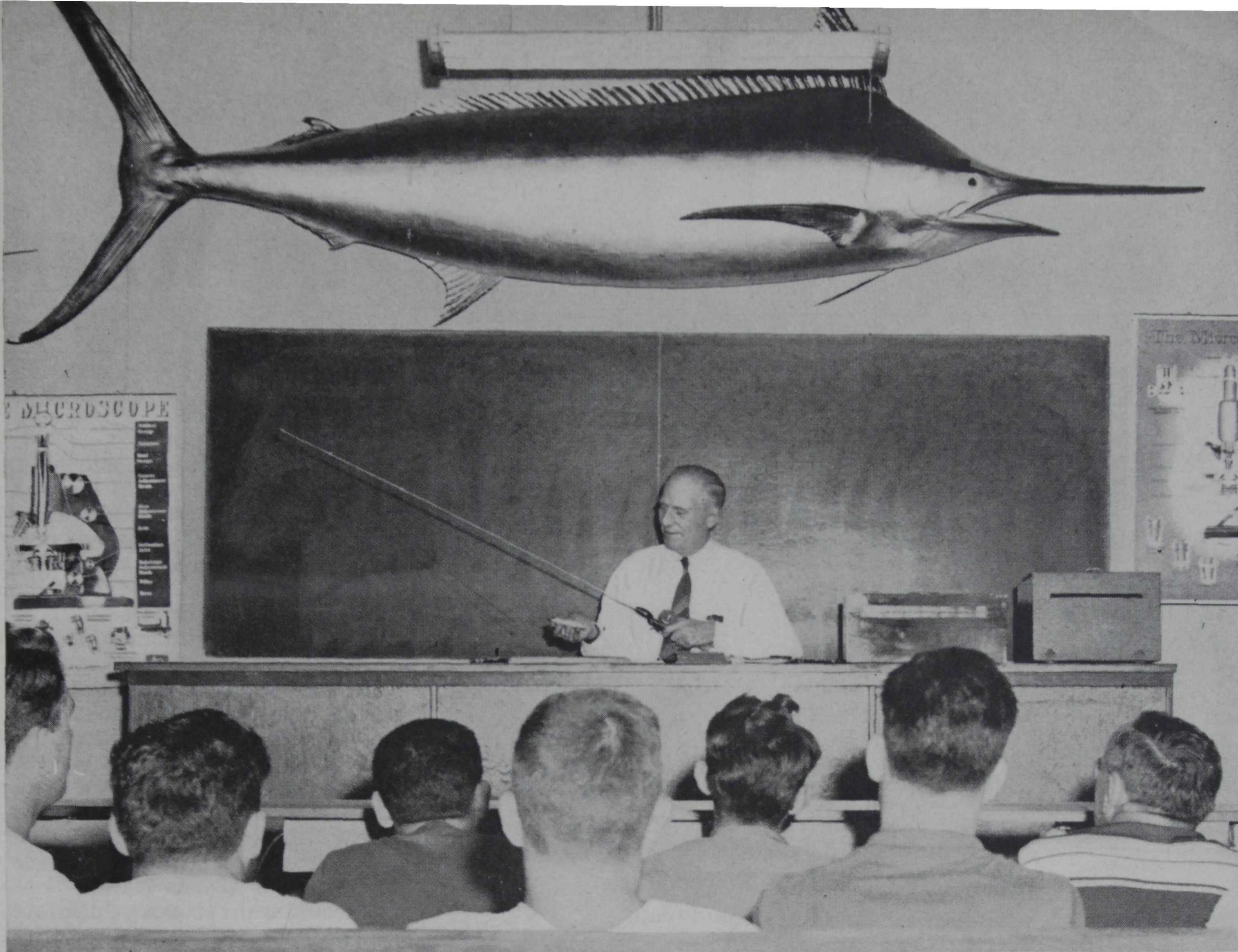
Some years later, in a tournament conducted by the Key Largo Anglers Club, he and his boat companion were trolling cut baits on ocean fly rod tackle near Pickle's Reef. A big dolphin rose and struck his bait, but broke the line in the scrap that followed.

His companion continued to troll without luck while the guide re-rigged Roman's line. It was five minutes before he had it out again. Almost immediately, he got a strike. A dolphin broke the water. Roman boated it after a fast and furious fight. It was the same big dolphin, with Roman's original hook, leader and broken line trailing from its jaw. At 28 pounds, it won the prize in its class.

But the biggest example of Roman's luck hangs in the Miami Beach Rod and Reel Club. It is a 605-pound, 13-foot blue marlin caught in a 1936 fishing tournament at Bimini.

Roman arrived a couple of days after the tournament had begun. Until then, the fishing had been slow. One of the most disturbed about it was Ernest Hemingway, the novelist. His first day out, Roman caught the 605-pounder. He followed up the next day with one weighing 321 pounds. After





The first question most students ask is: "When do we go fishing?"

that, everybody began to enjoy good fishing, even Hemingway.

Roman, for obvious reasons, is a welcome guest at such celebrated fishing haunts as Cat Cay, where millionaires congregate. He takes a two- or three-day deep-sea fishing cruise about once every two months, and does a spot of "neighborhood fishing" once every two weeks. Even so, he finds it impossible to take advantage of all the invitations he receives. Despite all this, Roman claims to enjoy himself just as much fishing on a canal bank as he does questing for half-ton tuna off a cruiser.

Either way, probably, his mere ability to catch fish is not the most remarkable thing about him. In a sport on which rich and poor alike are happy to spend their hard-earned dollars, Roman for 25 years has managed to have all the fun of fishing and to get paid for it, too.

The opportunity to do so came about in a curious way, thanks to his ability as a traveling salesman. Born and raised in Baltimore, Roman was christened "Earle" but shortened it to "Erl" out of admiration for Teddy Roosevelt and his simplified spelling. He learned selling from his father. John Roman was a uniform contractor who sold military, railroad and band

uniforms for Jacob Reed's Sons, Inc., of Philadelphia.

A successful Kansas City tire salesman and the father of one boy by the time he was 34, Roman in 1924 felt the need of a Florida vacation. He had invested in insurance and saved several thousand dollars, and there were ten acres at Delray Beach that he had bought but never seen.

He found the fishing so good when he got there that he resigned his job, just to go fishing. The burst of the Florida land bubble neither hurt nor helped him much, but it suggested to him that he'd have to go back to work some time, some way.

"I'm a sucker for buying anything new," observed Roman, recalling that during his two-year vacation he had purchased a solid, square, tapered steel casting rod, made by the American Fork and Hoe Company of Cleveland. The company had wound up World War I with several thousand fencing foils on its hands. They had been manufactured for military exercise purposes. An employe converted one into a rod, giving Fork and Hoe an idea on how it might unload the others.

While Roman fancied the rod's whippy action and rapid pick-up

of line, which required delicacy in casting, it was not selling well, tackle dealers told him. Most plug casters, accustomed to the stiffer split bamboo, didn't like it.

In 1926, Roman wrote American Fork and Hoe and proposed the company hire him to travel to various fishing centers and talk the rod up among fishermen. He received a polite reply saying, "Not at this time."

On an automobile trip back to Kansas City, his brother-in-law from Baltimore suggested they drive by way of Cleveland so Roman could make a personal plea for his idea. Eventually, Roman found himself in the office of George B. Durrell, then company president. Durrell listened to the proposition and stared at him interminably.

"In short," he said finally, "you want us to pay you to go fishing."

Roman agreed that was the general idea, and Durrell observed, "You ought to go a long way." He sent Roman to see the vice president in charge of fishing rod manufacture, who was all for it. The president still was not convinced.

"It is a peculiar proposition," he said.

Ascertaining that the company  
(Continued on page 54)



# Your

they would like to see all the modern improvements. Each likes to see his wife well dressed, and plans to send his children through college and start them on good careers or marriages of their own.


No matter what I was selling, I would think of these men as good prospects. I should think that I could easily sell them television sets, electric clothes driers, electric dishwashers or air-conditioning units. I should have no doubt that they would visit my clothing store for anywhere from two to five suits a year, numerous outfits for the children and an occasional fur coat for their wives. I know that they would want to carry adequate insurance, and if I were a broker I should think that they would be glad to invest their savings in my stocks and bonds. If these men can't become investors in business, who can?

Yet the strange thing, as I happen to know, is that Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown are broke. Flat broke.

Mr. Smith, the \$100-a-week man, got in trouble a year ago because of some big doctor bills and repairs for his house and had to take out a \$2,500 second mortgage. Out of this money he managed to save \$100 for last Christmas. He, his wife and his children agreed to pool the \$100 for a television set as a joint present—and then Mrs. Smith, the middle-class housewife, unquestionably in the top half of our society, went shopping for a secondhand set that could be bought at that price.

Mr. Jones, the \$8,000-a-year man, exhausted all his savings to make the down payment on a house. He needed a new automobile last year and had to finance all the purchase price except the trade-in value of his old car. Mr. Jones, who is among the upper twentieth in our society, will be paying \$76 a month on the automobile until October, 1952, and has no idea when he will be able to buy all the furniture he needs for his new home.

Mr. Brown, the \$11,000-a-year man, has his own peculiar kind of



RUOHOMAA FROM BLACK STAR

**The man who used to get \$60 a week now makes \$100, finds himself trapped. Costs force him to buy second hand**

## THE CLASS of people that heretofore carried the nation's economy apparently is no more. A new group is emerging to become the great buying force

**I** HAVE three friends—we can call them Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown to save them any embarrassment here—who used to be fine customers of American business. Let's take a good look at them, because they typify something amazing that is happening to the American middle class as consumers, and to business as the seller.

Mr. Smith, an office worker, used to make \$60 a week before World War II and now makes \$100 a week.

Mr. Jones, an insurance company lawyer, used to make around \$5,500 a year and now makes \$8,000.

Mr. Brown, who is in business for himself, used to earn \$8,000 and now nets \$11,000.

It so happens that all three of these men have wives and each has two children, which brings them as close to the statistically "average" household of 3.4 persons as is humanly possible. Furthermore, while the statistics are not quite

definite on this point, we can probably assume that there are about as many \$100-a-week Mr. Smiths today as there used to be \$60-a-week office workers in 1940—and the same for \$8,000-a-year Mr. Jones and \$11,000-a-year Mr. Brown.

In other words, Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown are almost typical members of our upper middle class, the traditional backbone of our economy. In the past 12 years they have done about as well as the average middle-class man, and they occupy about the same relative position in today's inflated economy as they occupied in 1939 when the dollar had a more normal value.

If I ran a business I would consider Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown the ideal customers. They all love to pay their bills on time. They have nice homes, ranging from small to quite large, in which



# Best Customer is Broke

By ERNEST HAVEMANN

trouble. After what he calls his fixed expenses—including around \$150 a month for federal and state income taxes, \$150 rent, \$81 for payments on a car, \$80 for the amount of life insurance he considers necessary to a man of his position, a big food bill and \$60 for a twice-a-week cleaning woman—he figures he has exactly \$668 a year left for tobacco, spending money, entertainment and new purchases, including Christmas presents for the children. Mr. Brown is wondering what will happen to him a year hence when his elder daughter goes off to college and starts costing him more than \$1,000 a year for room, board and tuition.

Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown, you can easily see, will not be buying much from the American business man this year. They will be good customers of the grocer and fair customers of the clothing merchant—but once they have bought these essentials they will just about be out of the market.



RUOHOMAA FROM BLACK STAR

**The man with \$11,000 a year income worries about education. He can't cut personal expenses**

In fact with taxes going up they will probably have trouble meeting their month-by-month bills.

Why?

The answer is really quite simple, although Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones, Mr. Brown and most other middle-class customers have perhaps never thought of it. Our whole prosperity during and after World War II has operated almost exclusively to the benefit of the farmer and the laboring man. The middle-class man has been by-passed completely, and in fact in most cases actually has been hurt.

Our Mr. Smith, who has nearly doubled his income from \$60 to \$100, thinks there must be something wrong with his budget when he finds himself forced to buy a secondhand television set for Christmas—but there isn't. Take off the income taxes he paid last



RUOHOMAA FROM BLACK STAR

**The man drawing down \$8,000 a year is not solvent either. His savings have been exhausted, financing gets him by**



year, translate the remainder of his \$100 a week into pre-World War II dollars, and you find that he is now making the equivalent of around \$53 in 1939. His purchasing power has not gone up but has actually declined.

Mr. Jones, despite his salary increase from \$5,500 to \$8,000 a year, has taken an even bigger jolt. Take off the taxes, translate the balance into prewar dollars, and you find that he is now no better off than he would have been on a salary of around \$4,100 in 1939. He is in the same shape today as he would have been in 1939 if his boss had suddenly told him, "Sorry, old boy, but from now on your salary is cut \$120 a month!"

Mr. Brown, who feels he should be prosperous because his business now earns \$11,000 where it once earned him only \$8,000, has suffered the biggest loss of all. His \$11,000 income is really worth only as much as a \$5,500 income in 1939. With taxes going still higher and striking hardest against men in the higher brackets, it will soon be worth still less. In terms of purchasing power, the only thing that really counts, Mr. Brown has had about 30 per cent chopped off and is going still lower this year.

If you too are an upper-middle-class man who wonders why he is broke on somewhere between \$5,000 and \$12,000 a year, try this

quick test. Just divide your present income in half. This will give you a rough figure for the equivalent income—in terms of real purchasing power—in the late 1930's.

Have you lost ground? Well, so have several hundred thousand other middle-classers.

After pondering the case of Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown, I gathered a group of other middle-class family budgets at random. The evidence seems to indicate the following facts:

1. Many middle-class families—probably a large majority—have not come anywhere near the doubling of income that they would have needed to keep the same standard of living they had in 1939.

2. A good many middle-class families, trying to keep up their old standards of living, have put their purchases on a credit basis and are carrying just about all the load they can of monthly mortgage and instalment payments. If prices and taxes go up this year as much as expected, these families can meet their bills only by drastically curtailing their "normal" purchases.

3. The best-off among the middle class today are the people who were well established by 1939 and bought their own homes and furnishings before the inflation set in. My friend Mr. Smith, for example, is lucky to be paying only \$39.50 a

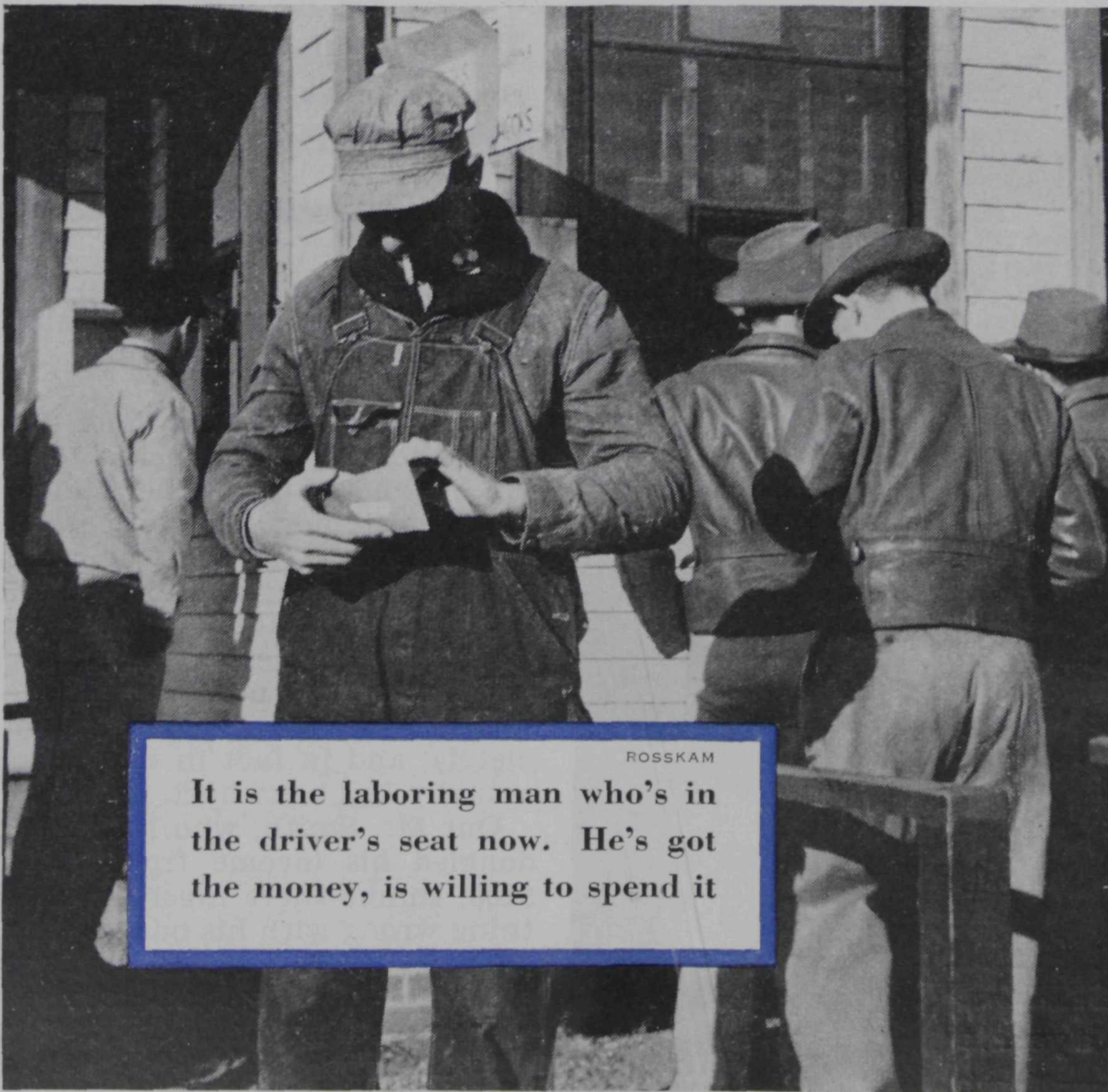
month in carrying charges and taxes on a house he picked up for \$4,000 in the good old days. Today the house is valued at \$11,000 and to buy it he would need a \$4,400 down payment and \$62.99 per month. He would be still luckier if, like many people who had a good start by 1939, he had had some substantial savings to invest in stocks or real estate. Quite a few middle-class people today are still living well because of the increased value and income from investments they made before the pinch.

4. Among the hardest hit are the young folk who had to start all over again after getting out of the Army in 1945 and 1946. Beginning without any savings to speak of, they had to buy automobiles, houses and furnishings at postwar prices and went heavily into debt on the strength of their improved salaries—not realizing how the true value of the salaries had been cut. Many of them are still staggering under the burden of debts contracted five years ago.

5. Hardest hit of all is the young man who steps out of college today into a middle-class income job, gets married and tries to establish his own household. Often he has a hard time saving up the new Regulation W down payment on an automobile, much less on a house. Unless he is extremely lucky, he will probably never own a car, a house and a savings account at the same time. In the effort to get the family on a secure footing, his bride will probably be a working wife long after she would like to be—and should be—rearing children.

6. Sending the children to college—once the pride of the middle-class family—has now become almost a nightmare for many people. In one top woman's college in the East, to which many upper-middle-class families long have aspired to send their daughters, the cost of tuition, board and room is now \$1,600 a year. Add to this clothes, travel and spending money and a year at the school becomes a major financial project. At less exclusive private schools and state universities, of course, the tuition fees are much lower and the cost of board and room is somewhat less. But sending the children to college anywhere is becoming a tough task for middle-class families that have not accumulated savings. Our younger middle-classers, those who for one reason or another did not get started in the days when it was easier to put aside savings, are going to be in

(Continued on page 59)



It is the laboring man who's in the driver's seat now. He's got the money, is willing to spend it

ROSSKAM





THE Hoover Commission reported how big, wasteful government could be reformed. That was two years ago. This is the score at present

LEO HERSHFIELD

# Holes in Our Public Purse

By EARL B. STEELE

ABOUT THREE years ago four scattered branches of the Federal Security Agency were brought together, in a handsome marble and sandstone pile in Washington. Each set up its own supply room, in the immemorial fashion of federal agencies. Somebody thought this a wasteful procedure and suggested a consolidation. FSA, nothing if not a great deliberative body, agreed a merger was desirable, but insisted that research be undertaken first.

So a year went by, then two. Top management said the idea was certainly a sound one. But there was a technical headache to be cured. The supply rooms did not adjoin! True, they were in buildings that stood cheek by jowl, but they still had two street addresses. Faced with this dilemma, FSA sought outside advice, specifically from the Bureau of the Budget and

the Bureau of Federal Supply. Researchers of these agencies studied the situation, came up with the suggestion: Why not merge the supply rooms?

More time passed. Congressional investigators dropped around last June to ask how the merger was coming on. It wasn't—and it isn't. FSA explains that it is still in the planning stage. But FSA adds proudly that it has managed to consolidate its four library services. The workers therein are housed in a single structure. The only fly in this bowl of soup is the fact that their work is not integrated.

The phrase for such situations is one with which the citizen is dolefully familiar. Government waste. This year, more aptly than ever before, the taxpayer finds himself cartooned as a beast of burden, groaning under an increasing load.

His resentment is growing, too, even though he may be less than informed or articulate about the multitudinous rat holes that riddle his house.

He may concede that he faces the hard pull. He may think it possible that every one of the federal programs, which will cost a total of \$49,000,000,000 in this fiscal year—\$327 per man, woman and child—is justifiable. But he has heard too much about the rat holes and how his dollars pour into them. He wants to know, first, where they are and, second, what to do about stopping them up.

Precise breakdown of wasteful subterfuges and practices is in the realm of Einstein mathematics and thus impossible to compile. But there is a rich sufficiency of flagrant examples, many of which have been floodlighted by the Hoover Commission. Much waste-

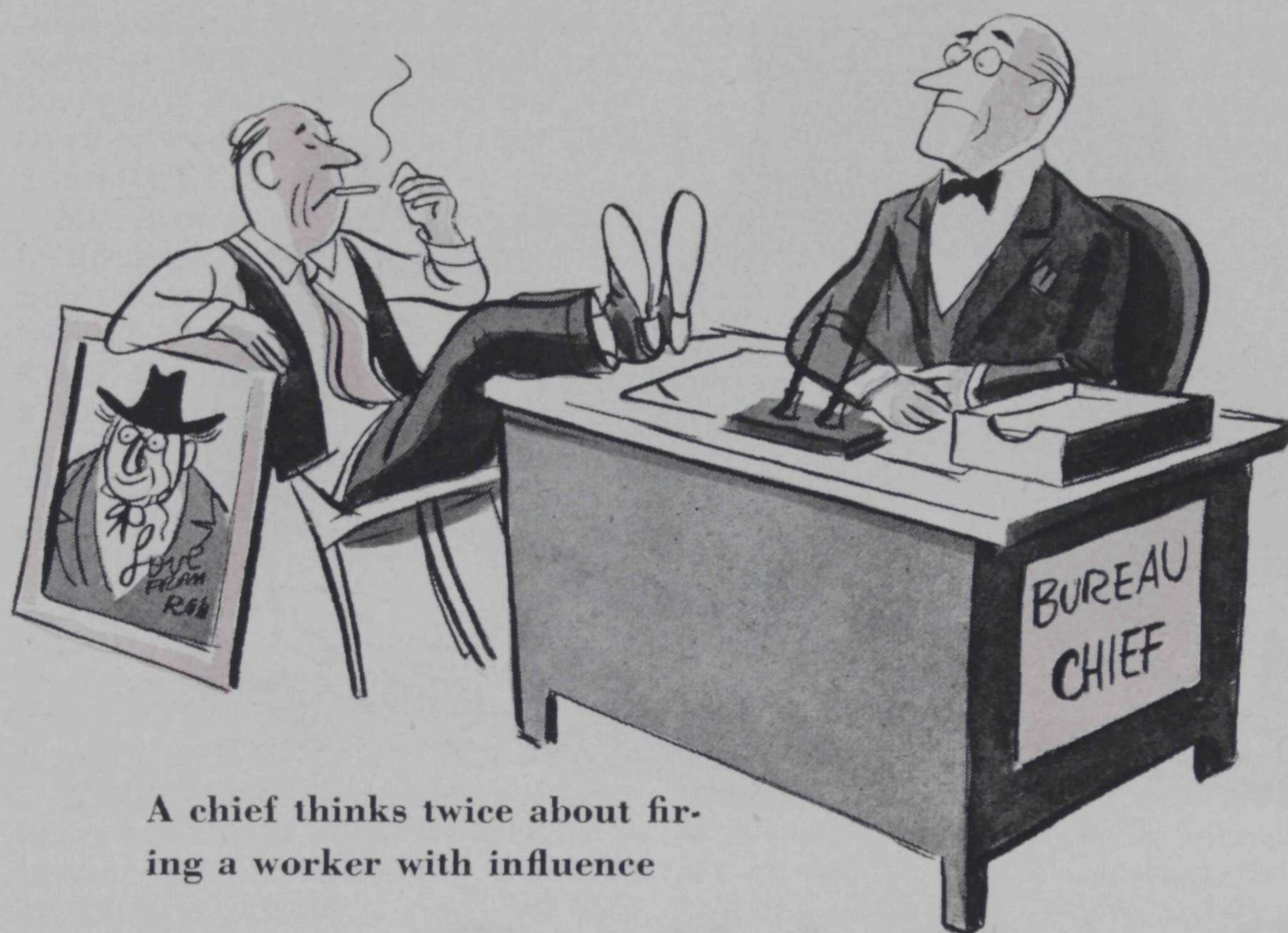


ful spending may be laid to four basic weaknesses in the structure of federal financing:

1. Money-raising techniques for projects of dubious value.

2. Hidebound agency regulations, which lead to waste because federal employees are fearful of departing from the book, even though strict obedience may run counter to economy, and often to common sense.

into action. Congress also must appropriate funds. Thus, in original presentation to a congressional committee, the Engineers can maintain that "no money whatsoever is involved here; this is merely an authorization bill." Later, equipped with the authorization, they can tell the House Appropriations Committee: "We have a mandate from Congress. We must have the money." Childlike logic, perhaps, but it works consistently.



A chief thinks twice about firing a worker with influence

3. Money - spending methods, which range from the casual to the profligate.

4. Local pressures exerted on agencies, through Congress or otherwise.

Take techniques, for example. The devices used for getting more money are often the first wasteful steps. All agencies use such simple expedients as publicizing their work and catering to Congress, but because none has surpassed the resourcefulness of the Army Engineers, they will serve as the example. The Engineers' \$618,564,650 worth of waterways and flood control work this fiscal year includes more than \$100,000,000 of spending not approved by the Bureau of the Budget, which screens all agency programs for the President.

The Engineers have three main gimmicks.

While the first one is not of their own making, they have found the loophole. Congress normally requires that each project be authorized by law in advance. Authorization is not enough, however, to send the dredges and bulldozers

Another practice is to undervalue projects at the outset. In that respect the Engineers are matched by their waterways rival, the Interior Department's Reclamation Bureau. The Engineers put the cost of Whitney Reservoir in Texas at \$8,350,000; it now is up to \$41,794,000. The Reclamation Bureau's Central Valley project in California went from an estimated \$170,000,000 to \$581,886,000.

Once they get a project started, Engineers and Reclamation Bureau officials have the upper hand. Congress can either appropriate enough to finish the job or lose the original investment.

Finally, the Engineers often are accused of exaggerating potential benefits. In furtherance of their plan to provide a nine-foot channel up the Missouri River, they estimated that traffic would be 5,700,000 tons a year from the mouth to Kansas City. Sen. Paul H. Douglas of Illinois produced evidence that traffic was only 671,172 tons in 1947—most of it consisting of sand and gravel hauled by the Engineers for their own river work.

Such techniques, while adapt-

able to public works programs, are not available to most federal agencies, but others have developed their own ways of getting more money.

Common to most of them is the practice of avoiding a surplus at the end of a fiscal year. Funds not spent or committed by June 30 revert to the Treasury and any agency head who did not consider it his obligation to spend every dollar that the law allows would still be afraid an excess might mean a smaller appropriation next year. Consequently, most agency books show heavy spending or at least splurges of firm contract commitments as the fiscal year ends.

A few days before the end of fiscal 1948, the purchase list of the Army Quartermaster's office in Chicago included nine tablecloths and three dozen napkins, \$267.45; one white rayon (woman's) slip, \$16.25; one white nylon slip, \$48; one (woman's) bathing suit, \$16.50; all for "experimental purposes."

The napery dressed tables at which high brass, of this and other countries, sampled the Quartermaster's new rations. The Army saw no incongruity in using \$267 worth of linen as a background for tasting field rations. Nor was it embarrassed that a WAC in a \$48 nylon slip would be a very well dressed WAC indeed.

Another year-end order from the same office listed \$219,646.93 for athletic equipment, including 2,624 golf clubs, 30,000 golf balls. Another purchase order was for 15 sets of fishing tackle at \$520 each.

So general is this kind of buying that the Hoover Commission estimated military and civilian supplies stored in the continental United States at \$27,000,000,000. Ten civilian agencies were overstocked an average of 70 per cent.

Unfortunately for the taxpayer, waste in the processes of getting the money is only the beginning. More important are the ways it is spent on prescribed operations.

Conditions under which agencies operate, through no fault of their own, are partly to blame.

Nothing drastic has been done to make it easier for agencies to get rid of incompetent workers since the Hoover Commission reported two years ago that red tape and rights of appeal from discharge were hampering efficiency.

Of 25 cases the Commission studied, the average time required to get rid of an employe was seven months. One stenographer, unable to take and transcribe acceptable dictation and "a chronic trouble



maker of questionable character" to boot, managed to hang on for 17 months. One agency required 21 months and 14 man-years of paper work to process a reduction from 7,000 to 5,000 employees, the cost of processing alone being \$42,000, figured at the average federal salary rate of \$3,000 a year.

Federal supervisors are discouraged otherwise from cutting down work forces. All supervisors can sympathize with the plight of a civilian section chief at the Memphis, Tenn., Army depot who devised a work-simplification formula which enabled him to get rid of 12 of his 28 employees. For his pains, he was threatened with a demotion under civil service rules on the ground that having fewer employees, his job carried less responsibility. He escaped demotion only by transferring.

Federal workers get 26 work days of vacation, 15 days of sick leave and eight paid holidays a year. Normally they are permitted to accumulate 12 weeks of vacation time, for which they are paid on leaving their jobs. During World War II, 18-week accumulations were permitted. Many present employees are holdovers from that period and are entitled to 18 weeks of pay. Further accumulations have been halted for this fiscal year only, but deferred vacations already have saddled the agencies with a hidden debt of more than \$500,000,000. If government work-

ers were reduced to 20 work days of vacation and 12 days of sick leave—allowances considered liberal in private industry—the saving could exceed \$200,000,000.

In addition to their personnel problems, agencies must deal with unbusinesslike encumbrances and restrictions from many quarters.

The Post Office Department, for instance, must handle an annual flow of 2,000,000,000 pieces of franked mail which, at three cents each, would cost private senders \$60,000,000.

Illustrating the hampering of management by inflexible rule, is the story of a Washington official who needed to communicate with a field office in Pittsburgh but found that his \$394.19 communications fund had been exhausted. His travel fund showed a \$1,916.14 surplus. So, instead of telephoning, he went to Pittsburgh and delivered his message in person. Hoover Commission reforms would enable agency heads to meet such situations by transferring funds.

Other headaches are inflicted on all agencies by the Comptroller General, entirely outside the Executive Branch and responsible only to Congress. His word as to the validity of any federal expenditure is "final and conclusive."

Fearful that his spending will be disallowed, no federal fiscal officer will approve a new item without getting an advance opinion from the Comptroller. These rulings sel-

dom take less than two months and no item is too insignificant to be pondered.

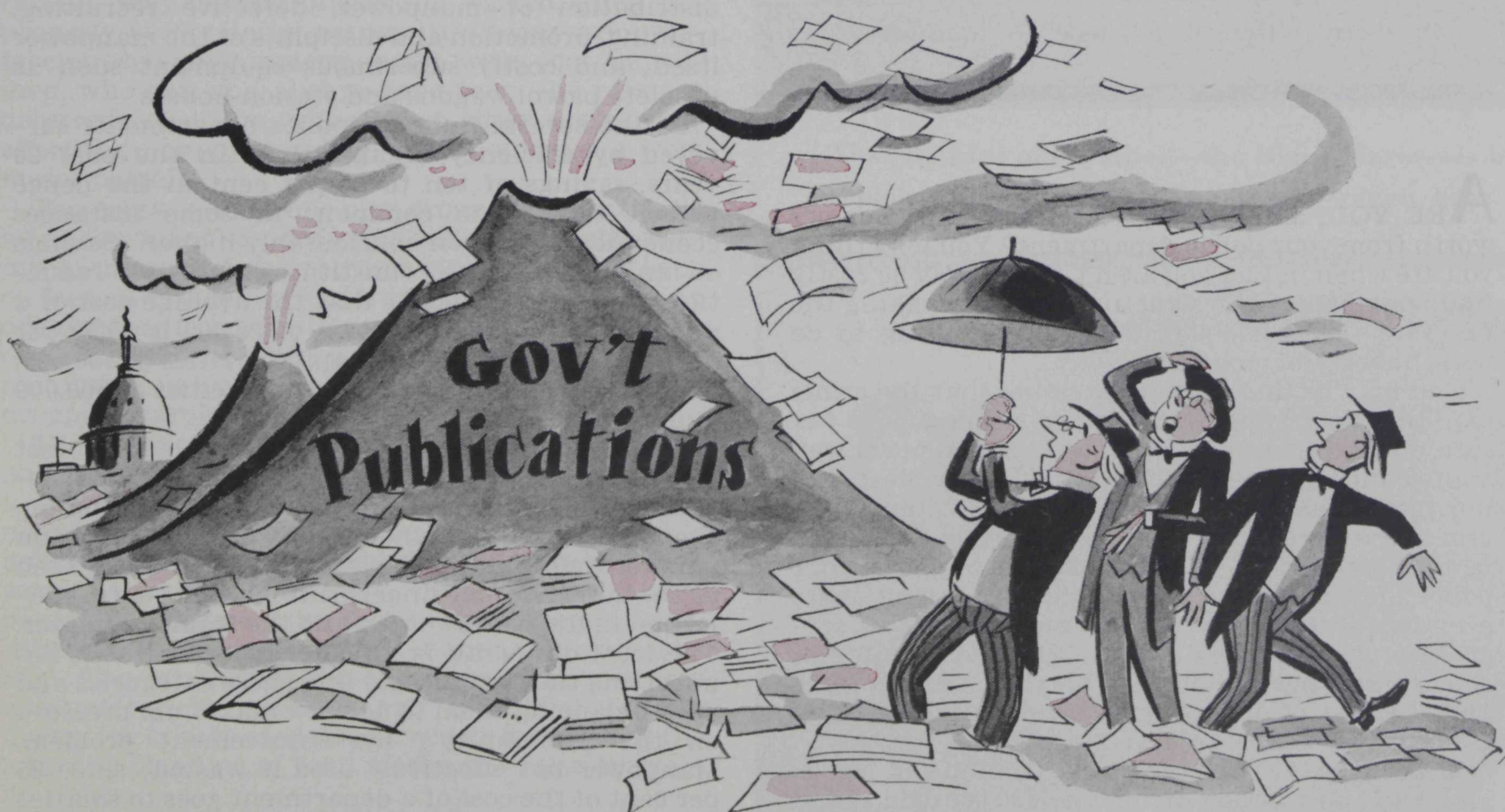
The wasteful consequence is that the Executive Branch awaits the decisions of an outside auditor who does the final bookkeeping for all agencies, who has authority to stop payments, and who has not confined himself to spot-checking for suspicious items, but has insisted on laboring over every entry.

To do all this, the Comptroller kept 10,000 employees busy in fiscal 1949 rendering 13,000 decisions; examining 61,000 money warrants; auditing 23,000,000 vouchers; examining 1,200,000 contracts; settling 563,000 claims and 389,000 fiscal officers' accounts; reconciling 459,000,000 checks; visiting 1,400 offices on inspections; submitting 22 comprehensive audits and 540 other reports to Congress.

While a federal official may deplore with a taxpayer's vehemence the wasteful conditions imposed on him from above, any economy-minded affinity between taxpayer and bureaucrat too often fails to carry over into the methods and projects which the agencies devise for themselves.

When deliberately wasteful methods are considered, pamphlet writing becomes a case in point. The Hoover Commission estimated that the production of government "intelligence" costs \$100,000,000 a year. Rep. Edward H. Rees of

(Continued on page 61)



A congressional committee checking on government publications was literally deluged



# Good Police Are Sound

By ALAN HYND



Experts say the call box system, still in use in many cities, is a waste in manpower

**A**RE YOU, as a taxpayer, getting your money's worth from your police department? You may think you are when in fact you aren't. There may be costly financial bugs in the structure that are making the tax rate feverish—bugs that have nothing to do with honesty or politics.

You may be under the impression that the crime rate in your city is low, thereby keeping your tax rate down, because your police department is well staffed and equipped with such modern crime-fighting factors as a centralized communications system and a fleet of radio prowler cars. The truth may be that your crime rate could be just as low if your police department were reorganized along more economical lines. Surveys in recent years of several hundred of the nation's 36,000 police systems consistently have indicated that the size of a force and the cost of operating it are not necessarily in ratio to the results achieved.

With 1,000,000 larcenies being committed annually, with burglaries hitting the 330,000-odd mark, with auto thefts crowding the 250,000 point, and with homicide, rape, felonious assaults and rob-

**MONEY SPENT** to improve a city's force can be a top investment. Out of it can come a reduction in crime and a saving to the local taxpayer

beries on the way to 100,000 a year, there seems to be no argument about the vital need of first-class police protection.

"A community can have no better investment," says J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, "than an alert, well trained police department. It is false economy and a flagrant disregard of society's rightful protection to reduce essential enforcement services."

The grim joker is that many a community reduces the effectiveness of its police force by figuratively cutting pennies from its budget with a fiscal knife applied to the *outside* of the department when *dollars* could be saved by putting professional efficiency experts to work *within* the department.

There are four major financial leaks in many police departments—wasted manpower, improper distribution of manpower, defective recruiting, training, promotion and discipline of the manpower itself, and costly superfluous equipment such as obsolete patrol wagons and station houses.

Of the several hundred police departments surveyed by efficiency organizations in the past 20 years, savings of ten to 20 per cent in the police budget have been common; in some instances economies have been considerably higher. Savings of ten to 20 per cent constitute impressive reductions when you consider that the average cost of a police department in a town of 25,000 is \$5.50 per capita, or \$137,500; \$6 per capita in cities of 100,000, or \$600,000; and about \$10 a head in cities of 500,000 and upward.

The basic function of a police force is to protect life and property. There are three kinds of policemen who perform this work—the foot patrolman, the mechanized cop who rides in a prowler car or on a motorcycle, and the departmental specialist, such as the detective, the fingerprint man, the safe-and-loft man, the policewoman and the traffic regulator. The trick of operating an efficient department lies in getting the right people into these categories and then balancing them to achieve maximum pressure on the community's law-enforcement problem. Manpower not effectively used is wasted; since 85 per cent of the cost of a department goes to salaries of employes, mistakes are costly.

The physical make-up of a police department



# Security

depends on the type of community it serves—whether the community is large, medium-sized or small, whether it is residential, industrial, commercial or resort; on the character of its resident population, the size and type of its floating population, and on its proximity to through traffic arteries, underworlds and other factors posing special problems.

Obviously, the make-up of a police department in a resort city, such as Miami Beach, Fla., Hot Springs, Ark., or Atlantic City, N. J., where a large percentage of the population is floating and pleasure-minded, must differ from that in an exclusive residential community such as Greenwich, Conn., or Pasadena, Calif., where costly residences, spread over large areas, are maintained by owners who are absent from town for long periods of time.

In a resort city, where large numbers of strangers are thrown into close contact with each other, accent is placed on the foot patrolman, who must make detailed observations firsthand and at close range. The accent in a community such as Greenwich, however, where considerable distances must be covered quickly in protecting unoccupied property, is obviously on the radio prowl car.

While the foot patrolman and the patrolman in the prowl car are indispensable to modern law enforcement when used to achieve maximum results, they can be practically wasted when not properly used. Hence many cities today are overmechanized and undermanned with foot patrolmen, who are, and always have been, the primary deterrent of crime, while other cities are slow to effect the manpower savings that should result from motor patrols.

The crime rate in one city dropped dramatically when several of its police cars and motorcycles were put in the garage and the motorized cops went back on foot. Another city had traffic policemen liberally distributed in residential areas without regard to established need. When these men were put on motorized patrol the burglary and assault rate dropped sharply.

The balance of foot and mechanized patrolmen and departmental specialists would not be the same in a steel town like Youngstown, Ohio, and a commercial city such as Durham, N. C. Pittsburgh's police problem is obviously different from Hollywood's; that of Portland, Me., with its stolid Yankee population, differs from that of Washington, D. C., with its international character and its Negro problem. The mixture of races, religions and cultures encountered in seaports and industrial centers makes for crimes of violence, which in turn call for a precise blending of foot, mechanized and specialist police.

In a purely commercial town, however, where white-collar workers predominate, crime is likely to



A city can be undermanned with foot patrolmen and overmechanized when it comes to costly equipment



That faithful old symbol—the Black Maria—is being replaced in some cities by station wagon type cars





assume a mental and unobserved form—surreptitious cash thefts, juggling of books, fiscal rackets of various sorts. This tends to cause a department to place emphasis on that specialist, the detective. One white-collar city, however, was, until surveyed, undermanned with sleuths and overmanned with motorcycle and traffic policemen.

The improper functioning of one branch of a department can throw extra work on another branch, making for inefficiency. If the police on the beat are not on their jobs, burglaries, stick-ups and other crimes increase and the detective division becomes so swamped with investigations that it can't get around to all of them while the evidence is still warm. This happened in one Midwest city a few years ago where a survey disclosed later too many traffic policemen and not enough foot patrolmen.

A detective investigation can be costly when it originates in a city with a large floating criminal population, since it sometimes requires a long nation-wide hunt for the wanted person. A famous resort city recently found itself swamped with such costly probes. Investigation disclosed that its beat patrolmen, who could have prevented many of the crimes, had been supervised improperly and were loafing on the job.

What type of community do you live in? Are the protective factors of your department—foot, specialized and mechanized—properly balanced? Do you think there are too many prowl cars, too many traffic cops, too many detectives on the job, and not enough foot patrolmen? Is it difficult—in your opinion—to find the policeman on the beat when you want him?

Although police problems vary in different cities so that it is often impossible to determine without a survey whether a department is balanced for efficient service, the experts do not ignore certain nation-wide averages. Towns between 25,000 and 50,000 average one and one-half policemen for every 1,000 of population, so that a town of 50,000 would have 75 police employees. The ratio is closer to one

and three-quarters policemen per 1,000 of population in cities between 100,000 and 250,000; two and one-half for cities between 500,000 and 1,000,000, and as high as three and one-half in cities of 1,000,000 or more.

Roughly one policeman out of every three is a beat patrolman, regardless of a city's size. There is a higher ratio of policemen on wheels—in patrol cars or on motorcycles—in rural districts and in small communities, where the areas to be protected are diffuse. In cities of 25,000 to 50,000, between 20 and 25 policemen out of every 100 are motorized, either in cars or on motorcycles or manning patrol wagons; in cities of 500,000 or more the average is slightly lower, and in larger cities lower still.

If the strength and distribution of the manpower in your police force varies impressively from the average, one way or the other, there may be a condition indigenous to your community—such as a unique traffic problem—to account for it. If there isn't such a condition, however, your town may be in need of a survey.

New York City's new police commissioner, Thomas F. Murphy, is supplying the city with badly needed foot patrolmen at no additional cost. Commissioner Murphy has merely removed one of the two men in many of the city's prowl cars and put them back on the beat. The same thing has been done in Milwaukee, Wis., Baltimore, Md., Birmingham, Ala., St. Louis, Mo., and other cities.

The need for two men in every prowl car has, in the opinion of qualified experts, passed. Originally, police cars did not have radios; today most of them have two-way radios. Thus, the reason for two men in a car, mutual protection and a maximum of manpower quickly at the scene of a crime, is now passé. Those cities that have put mechanized cops back on the beat claim to be getting more for their police dollar. Can your community effect a similar economy?

That faithful old symbol of the police department—the patrol wagon—may cost much more than it  
(Continued on page 70)

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**Surveys of city police departments have revealed that school traffic duties of patrolmen could be handled by other responsible men and women at a fair saving in both money and manpower**





# Making Sense of CIVIL DEFENSE

By MILTON LEHMAN

**EVERY locality, whether it is a likely target for an atomic bomb or not, has an important job to do in helping to meet such an attack. Here's a guide as to what is expected of you and your neighbors should war come to America**



**C**ONSIDER the case of the late and legendary Oscar Tergle. Tergle was the most insurance-conscious man in the world. He plunged heavily in policies for life, accident and health, with double indemnity. He invested in fire and extended coverage, including damage for sandstorm, windstorm, hailstorm, explosion and earthquake. He shored himself against holdups and aircraft damage, vandalism and malicious mischief, capsizing boilers, the backing up of sewers and smudge. Oscar Tergle was totally insured and actuarially safe. He died, unfortunately, of a heart ailment while working overtime to pay up his premiums.

Today, the nation is signing up for civil defense—the most costly, complex, extended-coverage insurance in its history. Like Oscar Tergle, it might seek total protection, plunging so heavily that it could never pay the premiums. Unlike Tergle, it might cast out all insurance agents, deciding to take its chances. Between the pressures on both flanks, you and your community must find a wise and sensible course for insurance against atomic disaster.

Charting this course calls for calmness and prudence, rather than the wild, hectic shouting we heard last year. In the midst of the Korean crisis, civil defense caused one of the loudest caterwauls ever heard in Washington. The child of nuclear fission and threat of war, civil defense was an unhappy orphan whom nobody wished to adopt. The federal Government dropped it on the doorstep of the states and cities, declaring it was their baby. The states and cities, in turn, tried to put it back on the federal stoop. All three, however, must claim it.

In last year's frantic debate, the federal Government got much the worst of it. Considering the mounting danger of war, the mayors took a startled look at their cities and descended on Washington, demanding instructions. Mayor Elmer E. Robinson of San Francisco stormed into the Joint Com-

mittee on Atomic Energy and declared that civil defense planning was "the worst buck-passing operation in history." Mayor Dennis J. Roberts of Providence, R. I., called for a forthright federal answer. "Either we are in danger of atomic attack," he announced, "or we are not in danger of atomic attack. You must make the decision."

The press was universally critical, voicing shouts of alarm at Washington's slow pace and fear for their local communities. The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* declared that civil defense was "the most loused-up and neglected of many loused-up and neglected jobs the federal Government has been doing." The *Detroit News* took strong exception to reports that federal planners considered New York, Washington and San Francisco as the most critical targets. Detroit, the *News* insisted, was obviously the No. 1 target.

And New York City, which often is chosen as a horrible example, was "bombed" by several graphic journalists to show what an atomic explosion would do in our woeful state of unreadiness. New Yorkers were rather tired of being cited for such attention, but they generally agreed with Dr. Ralph E. Lapp, a nuclear engineer, who described civil defense planning as "Operation Pussyfoot" and said: "It's so confused that Russia could bomb New York with ping-pong balls and cause horrible casualties."

Actually, the federal planners were not as confused as the cities claimed they were. The cities suddenly had discovered the urgency for civil defense and probably would have objected to any federal plans, no matter how intelligently conceived. As the federal planners pointed out, "All along, the problem has been to find a balance between apathy and scaring the



pants off people." Although the cities were scared overnight, the planners, a handful of experts, had been working out a civil defense program since the end of World War II. They hadn't received much support from the Administration nor from the grass roots in those years. But now the grass roots are quivering and President Truman, acutely sensitive to such a chorus, has taken action.

After long delay, the President finally has established a Civil Defense Administration in Washington with a permanent director, Millard F. Caldwell, Jr., former governor of Florida. Whether the CDA and its director were created

In the last days of the lame duck session, Congress approved a far-reaching civil defense program. The Civil Defense Administration has asked the new Congress for an initial budget of \$3,100,000,000 for its first three years. According to CDA's plan, 54 per cent of this budget would be borne by the states and municipalities. Under this budget, the federal Government will continue to conduct research into atomic defense. It will supply states with approved methods of organizing civil defense teams. It will publish and broadcast information to the private citizen on how to survive an atomic blast. It will help pay the cost of

about states' rights," a harried planner observed last fall. "Isn't it time we start hearing about states' responsibilities?"

At this writing, the states are starting to wrestle with their responsibility. Now, six months after Korea, 47 of the states (excepting Idaho) and three territories have appointed salaried civil defense directors. Twenty states have enacted new civil defense laws and 14 have revised World War II statutes to meet the present threat. Nine of the state legislatures have appropriated funds to carry out their programs, ranging from New York State, which has set aside \$600,000, to North Dakota, which



Civil defense is everybody's job—city dwellers and suburbanites alike. Nurses, office

at the right moment is a question of timing—the \$64 question of whether we are investing too little too late, or too much too soon. But their directives, guides and counsel to the states are based firmly on the plans worked out during these past five years of cold war.

As the planners see it, the basic concept of civil defense is calculated risk, an idea that never dawned on Oscar Tergle. Obviously, we can't achieve complete security against atomic bombs. Industrial cities in the greatest danger must receive the greatest support; safer areas must organize to help these cities whenever necessary. While our industrial centers would be much less appetizing targets if they were totally dispersed, dispersal of industry would take years and untold billions of dollars to accomplish. With only so much money to spend—whatever the amount—the vital problem is to spend it most effectively.

bomb shelters, sirens and medical stockpiles provided that the states ante up themselves. But the chief responsibility for operating civil defense organizations will be passed to the states.

This far, the federal planners have supplied the states with maps of critical target areas, urged them to pass enabling legislation and appropriate funds, encouraged them to sign mutual defense pacts with their neighboring states. As Washington sees it, the nation already has an enormous civil defense potential in its local fire, police, health, transportation and communication networks. The idea is to expand these standing organizations, under local laws, to meet the specific threat of atomic bombing.

Bloodied by last year's visiting mayors and governors, the federal officials keep urging the states to take on their assignment as quickly as possible. "We're always hearing

sees its role as handling refugees and has earmarked \$10,000.

If the A-bomb fell tomorrow, no state would be fully prepared but several are now emerging from the planning stage and might be ready the day after tomorrow. New York, like many states, sought out a retired general to get a firm grip on civil defense and is among the best prepared. Gen. Lucius D. Clay, former military governor of Germany, and now assistant to our top mobilizer, Charles E. Wilson, organized New York on a no-nonsense basis. At his first conference with fire, police, health and welfare directors, he announced crisply the scope of his program and called for regular meetings to work out details.

"Very good, sir," one of the officials replied. "I'll appoint my deputy immediately."

General Clay promptly thumped the table. "I don't want your deputy, I want you!" he thundered.



"I am not deputizing this job!"

Connecticut chose Roger Gleason, a former FBI director, as its civil defense chief and is developing one of the strongest organizations in New England. Under Gleason's direction, Connecticut has established emergency police and fire auxiliaries and the state police department now has 1,200 volunteers in training. The biggest job in civil defense, Gleason declares, is the sober education of all citizens in the role they must play.

"Up to now," he says, "we only got excited when we had a crisis. But from here on in, we've got to make civil defense work without crisis. It's got to become a part of

for shelter signs and \$533,000 for warning sirens. Considering these expenses, the city began pulling in its belt, discarding plans for a new Brooklyn City Prison and a new façade for city hall.

Other large cities, the most palatable targets, also are making spirited plans. Chicago, Seattle and Washington have staged paper exercises to determine their state of readiness, and their useful test is now being scheduled in Milwaukee, Detroit and Honolulu. Chicago is recruiting volunteers for defense teams, getting the first bold reaction from Skid Row, where 50 vagrants gathered at the Harbor Light Mission to offer their serv-

Korea, however, Washington's dispersal plan is almost as good as law and nobody in the Capitol today talks about "waffle-bottoms."

As the nation gets on speaking terms with the exacting needs of civil defense, supersalesmen are cropping up around the country with gadgets and nostrums. For the federal planners, who carefully drew their confidential maps of target areas, among the most annoying are the arm-chair strategists who have been turning out maps of their own and selling them commercially. Radiation detection devices are also big business. Today, 84 companies are competing with more than 150 models for



workers, doctors, policemen, firemen and laborers are among those who will be needed most

everybody's daily life, just like lodge night."

After belaboring the federal Government for months, the states are now turning to the cities and villages for action. While an Ohio mayor last year declared he wouldn't do anything about civil defense until Congress turned up the money, most cities realize now that the defense they get is the defense they create themselves. New York City, the favorite target of journalists, has reacted strongest of all. Along Broadway, you can see shelter signs pointing to subways and skyscraper basements and the city is busily recruiting volunteers as block wardens.

The Sherry-Netherland Hotel has advertised its engine room two stories underground for gracious atomic living and other hotels are pointing with pride to their basements. New York's most recent cost estimate calls for a \$43,000,000 appropriation, including \$50,000

ices. Boston has arranged for a \$12,000,000 loan from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to build a combined shelter-garage under Boston Common, while St. Louis announces that it has located eight potentially useful caves within city limits.

In Washington, acutely conscious of its target appeal, the National Security Resources Board last year released a "Plan for the Security of the Nation's Capital" and President Truman called for \$139,000,000 to disperse government offices to nearby Frederick and LaPlata, Md., and Warrenton, Va. The capital's dispersal plan at first brought a rash of caustic oratory from Congress. Sen. Guy Cordon of Oregon called it "fantastic—born of hysteria," and Rep. A. L. Miller of Nebraska declared: "This seems to be another boondoggling project to protect some of the waffle-bottoms in Washington."

Since the Red Chinese drive into

an \$8,000,000 trade. Many of these devices will record radium on a watch dial, but would be virtually useless during an atomic blast. Even so, the mayor of one southern town spent his entire civil defense appropriation — \$12,500 — on useless detectors. Before buying such gadgets, the best advice is to consult the Civil Defense Administration.

The mayor of a New England city was more alert when approached by the glib salesman of a medical supply house. The salesman offered a blanket delivery of all the bandages and medical stores the city might need for atomic disaster. The mayor estimated that it would take 24 Liberty ships to move these supplies into his harbor, that the shipment would take all his civil defense funds. He placed an order for a much more modest stockpile.

The private citizen, vulnerable to atomic fears, also is being as-

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# A SKELETON NAMED LILY

By EVERETT RHODES CASTLE

I LIKED going to my Aunt Winifred's house because I always hoped that something would happen and I would get a chance to look for the skeleton she and Uncle Frank kept in one of their closets.

It was a skeleton named Lily.

Aunt Winifred was not my real aunt. We only lived next door to her for a long time and I called her aunt the way I called all Mom's friends my aunt. Then we moved to a house with a garage on a different street. Aunt Winifred was a lot older than Mom, more than 50 even, and she and Uncle Frank didn't own an automobile and their lawn mower was so old that it wouldn't cut the grass hardly at all. It just bent it over.

I guess they were pretty poor.

Uncle Frank was blind. He was an old war veteran who got blinded in a French town with a long name before I was born. Maybe that was what made him seem so far away even when you were standing real close to him. Before he went to war he was studying to be a minister.

I guess that is what made him so religious.

My Dad said he was a throwback to the early Pilgrim Fathers but I guess he was exaggerating, the way Mom says he is always doing, because he wore the same kind of clothes my Dad did except they were darker and shinier.

I liked Aunt Winifred an awful lot. I liked her an awful lot even before I heard she had a skeleton locked up in her closet. She did sewing for other people and her parlor was filled with pictures of people and little pieces of china sitting around everywhere. She was little and wore spectacles that pinched a bulge in the middle of her nose instead of going around behind her ears and she made

apple pies without any top on them, just nothing but little hunks of apple sticking up everywhere.

The way I found out there was a skeleton in Aunt Winifred's closet was because the first time I cut her grass she wanted to give me ten cents. This was what my Mom was afraid would happen. I told her it was only a little piece of grass and it hardly took me any time to cut it and I would rather have a cookie or a piece of pie.

Aunt Winifred smiled and kept holding out the dime and then she said, "I am afraid that was a little white lie, Grover."

My name is Grover.

I said I liked her pie very much.

"What is playing down at the Globe Saturday?" she asked me.

"The Masked Rider of the Purple Sage and cartoons," I told her.

"There, you see?" she said.

So I ate the piece of pie and took the dime.

But I only took the dime after she asked me how old I was and I told her I was eight going on nine.

"Then you know what self-respect is, don't you?" she said.

"Yes ma'am," I told her.

When I got home I asked Mom what keeping yourself clean in mind and body, being a good American and doing unto others as you would have them do unto you had to do with my taking a dime from Aunt Winifred. I knew it had something to do with it because of the way she looked.

Dad was home fixing a hole in the screen door and said, "For God's sake what are you talking about now?"

"Mind your language," Mom told him. Then she asked me what I meant and I told her what Aunt Winifred said.

It made her sad.

It made my Dad mad. He gets mad very easy.

"That poor woman!" he said. "Every time I think of that ungrateful little tramp——"

"Dan!" Mom said. She looked at me. Before I went to school she used to spell things out. "It is seven years. She may be dead."

"I just hope I never have that kind of a skeleton in any of our closets," my Dad said.

"Has Aunt Winifred got the skeleton of a tramp in a closet?" I asked.

"You see?" Mom said.

Dad yanked the screen right out of the door. "Can't a man use a figure of speech in his own house?" he said very loud. Then he looked at me and said: "Of course, Mrs. McKibben has no skeleton in her closet. Go get me that box of tacks from the garage."

The next time I cut the grass for Aunt Winifred I went into the house to get a drink of water before I cut the back yard. Aunt Winifred was getting Uncle Frank fixed on the front porch.

There was a closet beside the stairs that went to the cellar from the kitchen. I opened the door and looked in. Nothing was there but a tin pail and some old brooms and things.

I thought maybe they kept the skeleton in the closet under the front stairs.

I got a chance to look in it one day when Mom sent me over to Aunt Winifred's with an old dress that needed to be fixed or something.

Uncle Frank was sitting on the porch reading a book with his fingers and looking like he wasn't even there. He told me to take the dress to the kitchen where Aunt Winifred was.





Aunt Winifred wasn't in the kitchen.

I put the dress on the kitchen table and went back and opened the hall closet. The ceiling slanted down and it was dark inside but it seemed just like our own front hall closet with rubbers and coats and umbrellas and no skeleton.

I reached way in to make sure and didn't hear Aunt Winifred coming until she was almost down the stairs.

If I tried to get away she would see me and I didn't want that. So I closed the door and waited.

She came down very slow. It was dark and hot in the closet. I wanted to sneeze but I didn't. I put my nose in an old raincoat and shoved. I guess I was in such a hurry that I didn't get the closet door closed because when I looked I could see a little part of the hall.

While I was looking I could suddenly see Aunt Winifred. She was

**It was dark inside but it was just like our own front door closet with rubbers and coats**



crying without making any noise. I saw Mr. Whitehouse cry the same way when he told about his son getting sunk in the Pacific Ocean. Mr. Whitehouse is our mailman and he was telling Mom about it when he suddenly started crying without making any noise.

Aunt Winifred had a handkerchief in her hand and she stopped right where I could see her. She didn't have her spectacles on and her nose looked different because it wasn't bunched up in the middle.

That was when I found out the skeleton was named Lily.

"Lily," Aunt Winifred kept whispering. "Lily, Lily."

Then she covered her mouth with her handkerchief and started for the kitchen. I came out of the closet. I felt so ashamed that I went away without giving Aunt Winifred the note Mom sent along with the sewing.

When I got home Mom wanted to know what Aunt Winifred said about whether there was enough material in the hem to lower the skirt. I had to tell her about being

in the closet and forgetting the note and hearing Aunt Winifred crying without making any noise.

"What in the world were you doing in the closet in the first place?" Mom wanted to know.

"I was looking for something," I had to tell her.

"Looking? Looking for what?" she said.

"Just something," I said.

"Grover Anderson!" Mom said.

"Answer me this minute."

So I had to tell her.

She was astonished.

"A skeleton!" she said. "What skeleton? Where did you ever get such a silly notion?"

Then she remembered and said she was certainly glad Aunt Winifred had not seen me in the closet because it would have been terrible. After that she explained that a skeleton in a closet wasn't a skeleton at all but a cross that some people had to bear. "It is a kind of trouble they don't like to talk about," she went on saying. "It makes them ashamed and terribly hurt inside."

"Yes ma'am," I said. "I never heard of a man named Lily, though. Lily is a girl's name."

"Lily?" Mom said, "Where did you pick that name up?"

I explained about Aunt Winifred crying it into her handkerchief.

"What made you think Lily was a man?" Mom asked me.

"Dad said Aunt Winifred was a poor woman on account of an ungrateful tramp," I told her. "Don't you remember?"

"I could wring your father's neck," Mom said. She really didn't mean she could wring his neck, it was just something she always said when he dropped cigar ashes on the rug or put a hot coffee cup down on the bare table.

Then she took me into the parlor. When Mom has something very important to say she always takes me into the parlor. First she said that the way my mind worked frightened her but she supposed all boys were alike. Then she said I was getting to be a big boy and she was sure I could be trusted with a secret.

After that she told me Lily was Aunt Winifred's and Uncle Frank's only child.

Aunt Winifred and Uncle Frank adored the very ground she walked on. She was the apple of their eye.

She was very pretty. She ran away from home when she was 18 years old.

"That was seven years ago this month," Mom went on. "That is probably why Aunt Winifred was crying. It was a sort of anniversary."

"Why did Lily run away?" I asked her.

Mom coughed.

Then she said Lily was a wild, headstrong girl.

"Where did she go when she ran away?" I asked.

Mom coughed again and said she didn't know.

"Did they try to find her?" I asked.

"Don't you ever run out of questions?" Mom wanted to know. Then she shook her head. "I don't know whether they did or not. They never spoke about her to the neighbors after she left."

I had a lot of other questions I wanted to ask but Mom suddenly put the corner of her finger under my chin, the way she does when she wants to look me straight in the eye, and made me promise I wouldn't try to get into any more of Aunt Winifred's closets.

Then she kissed me.

She gave me a quarter.

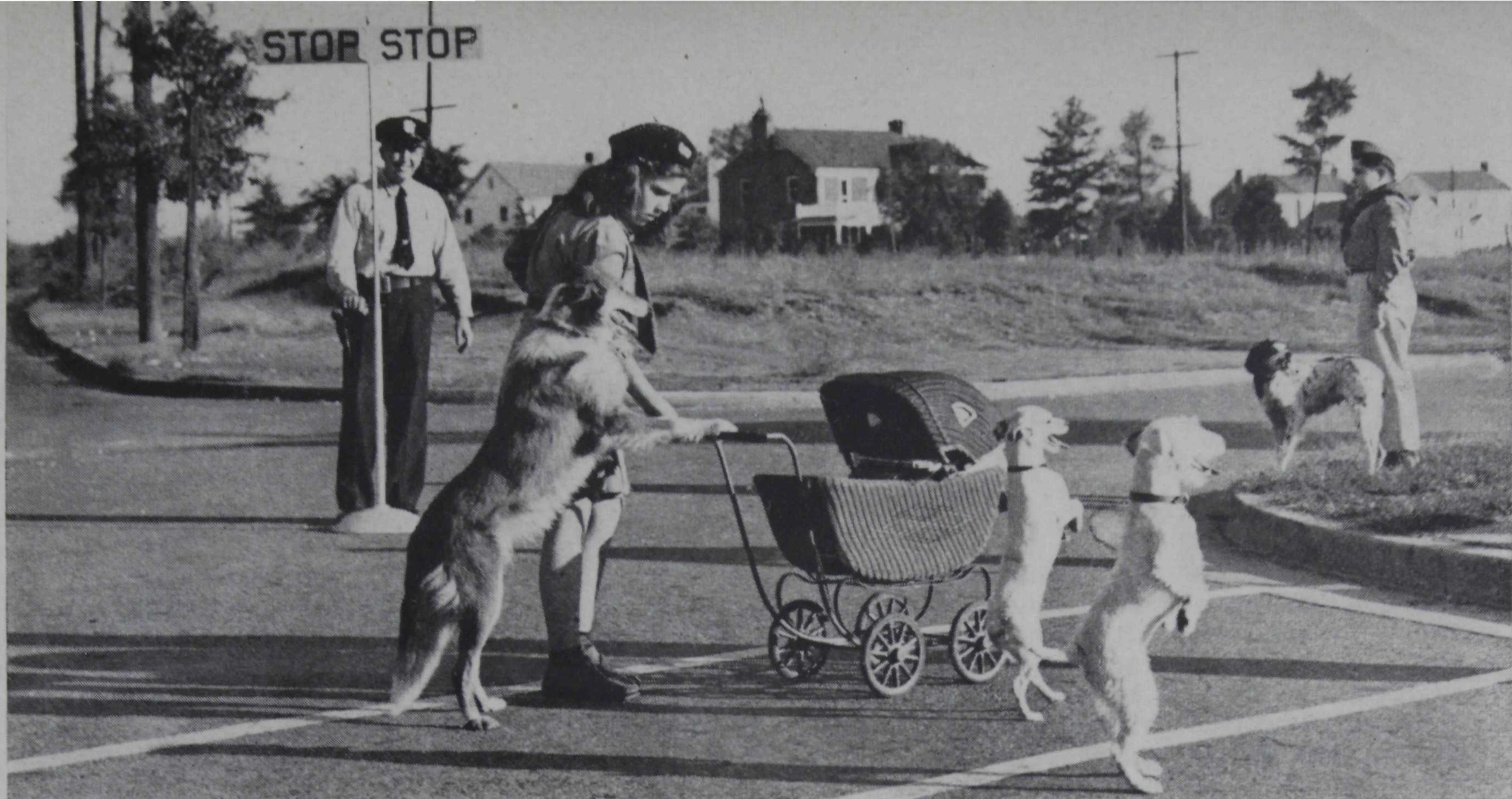
There was a new picture at the

(Continued on page 80)



You look like a smart kid. How'd you like to make five dollars?





## A Pooch Shall Lead Them

SEVERAL YEARS ago an enterprising policeman, then serving as traffic cop on the Charlotte, N. C., force, became so alarmed over the constant stream of youthful accident victims in the area under his supervision that he determined to do something about it.

From his own professional experience and knowledge of child psychology, Ernest Pressley was convinced that the biggest percentage of traffic accidents among school children, and youngsters in general, resulted primarily from carelessness or ignorance of the fundamental rules of safety.

These accidents usually occur while youngsters are boarding or leaving buses on their way to and from school, as well as in crossing streets and highways. Pressley reasoned that, despite the attention of police and trained school-boy patrols, the situation called for more educational measures.

Children are naturally impressed and influenced by the dramatic and the unusual, he felt, and anything that appeals to these inherent attributes automatically enlists their enthusiastic support.

It was on this premise that Pressley, an expert trainer of dogs and an inveterate hunter, laid the foundation for his now famous troupe of educated canines. Through them he demonstrates the elementary and advanced phases of traffic safety so effectively that he and his pooches are credited with having measurably protected the lives of thousands of school youngsters.

Pressley chose dogs as his medium because a pooch is the one animal with which kids are most familiar. He remembered, too, the avid interest neighborhood children had manifested when he used to put his favorite hunting dog, a pedigreed Llewellyn setter named Lady, through a complicated repertoire of tricks in his backyard, during vacations.

Pressley trained Lady and his wife's pedigreed collie, Lassie, to act out, as a team, the basic principles of safe conduct in traffic, then presented them as a show before one of Charlotte's largest school audiences. The show scored a tremendous hit. Result: A drop of 25 per cent in traffic casualties among the city's school population.

During the ensuing six years he has enlarged the show, which now employs eight dogs and four Shetland ponies. In addition to Lady and Lassie, there are Elmer, a pedigreed wirehair, the clown of the act, and five other supporting pooches of uncertain ancestry.

Pressley's Safety Circus, as the show is billed, boasts all the glamor and fanfare of the big top. It consists of the dogs riding the ponies and intricate canine acrobatics, all streamlined to dramatize and interpret traffic safety and good citizenship.

Directed at adult and juvenile audiences alike, Pressley ringmasters the acts with the precision and nonchalance of the professional, and the animals perform with the ease and aplomb of seasoned veterans.

Endorsed and sponsored by senior and junior chambers of commerce, educational authorities and parent-teacher associations, national and state humane societies, national and state safety councils, the International Association of Chiefs of Police, the F.B.I., press, radio and television, and honored by many of these groups in cities and towns where the show has played, Pressley's gospel of safety has been carried to more than 2,500,000 school children in 15 states. More than 600,000 youngsters have been enrolled in his Junior Traffic Safety Legion—which consolidates the work initiated by the troupe after it leaves each town.

Declines in traffic accidents following the show's appearance are ascertained by checking with local police before and after performances. Reductions reportedly range from ten to 75 per cent. It was such irrefutable evidence of the effectiveness of his work that caused Pressley to devote his entire time to his safety circus.

Pressley has refused many offers to commercialize his project, insisting that it is an educational undertaking. Although he is justifiably proud of his record of never having missed an engagement, he admits that once, while hurrying his troupe to appear before a small Ohio town school audience, an irate traffic cop gave him a ticket for speeding.

"Those things," he says somewhat sheepishly, "happen to the best of us." —BERTRAM ROBINSON



The National Desertion Bureau goes  
all out when reports reach it of

# Husbands Who Leave Home

By M. R. WERNER

**T**HE URGE to get away from it all is probably as ancient as man. Adam may have felt it after Eve got him put out of the Garden of Eden. Be that as it may, scholars have found some twelfth century rules on public support of abandoned wives, and in 1651 a treatise was published in Salonika dealing exclusively with the problem. Coming down to date, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt tells in her autobiography, "This I Remember," that one of F.D.R.'s "favorite little games was trying to figure out ways you could disappear with \$50,000." He never tried it, but

comes over them, their minds aren't likely to be entirely on their work, and they sometimes put their hands in the till before leaving.

The problem of desertion began to loom large in the United States during the early 1900's when immigration was heavy. Charitable organizations got numerous requests from Europe to find husbands who had decided that in the New World they wanted to change not only their way of life but with whom they lived it, leaving abandoned wives in the old country. In 1905 the United Hebrew Charities in New York set up the National

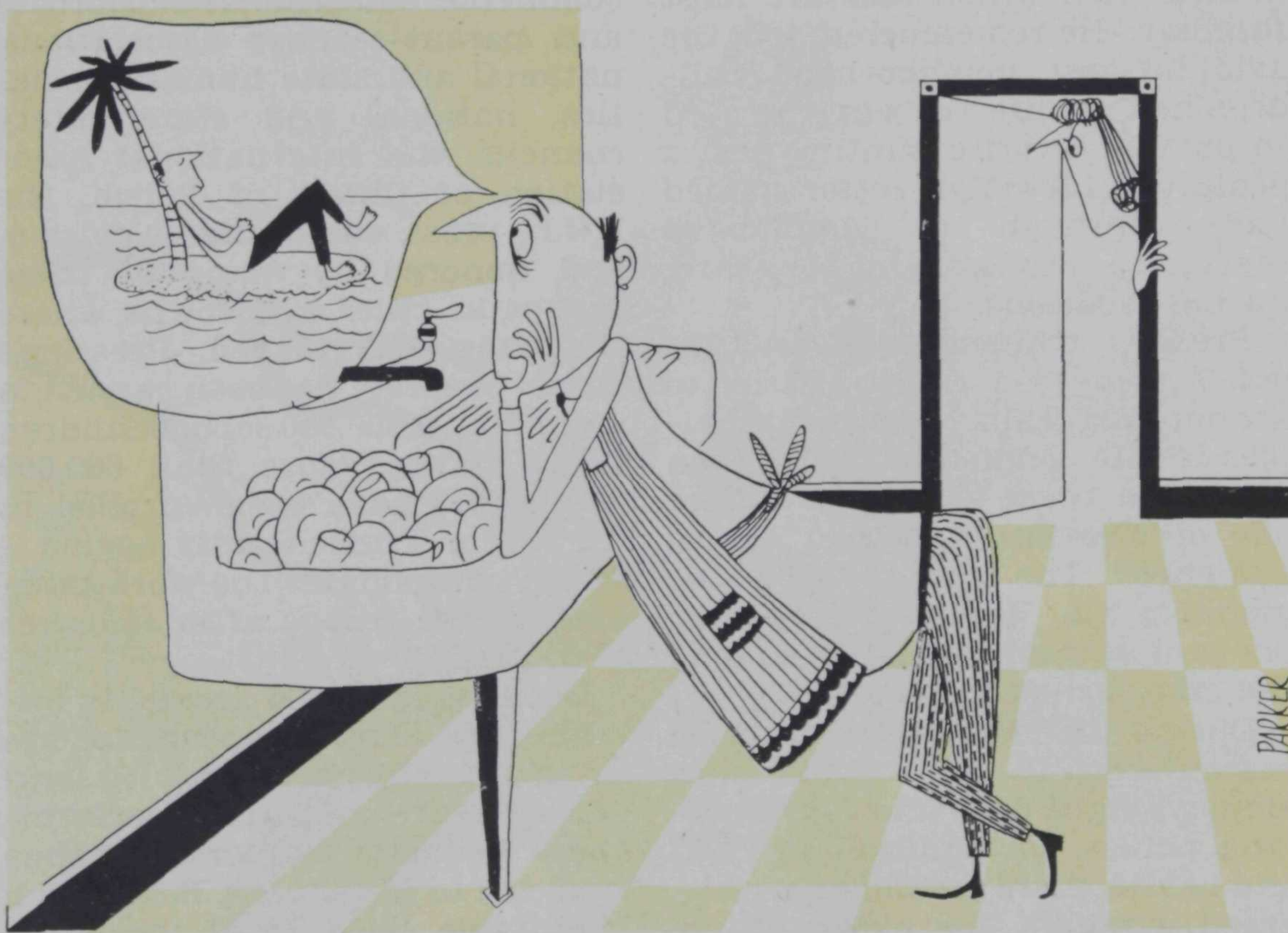
deserter. The National Desertion Bureau is the only organization in the world that specializes in why men leave home and how to get them back, or at least compel them to support their families.

No one knows how many family deserters there are in the United States. That he is a deserter from the family fire is information a man is not likely to give the census taker or even to close friends in the community to which he has fled. Working from statistics of federal aid to dependent families of deserters, the National Desertion Bureau claims that a conservative estimate is 1,000,000 American deserters. From the same statistics it figures that about 75,000 to 100,000 new ones try it each year.

Occasionally the children of deserters become famous, and sometimes the deserter himself makes notorious news.

Last April an aircraft engineer put an incendiary time bomb on an airliner at Los Angeles airport in an effort to kill his wife and two children and collect the \$25,000 insurance he had taken out on them for the trip. He told police that he had been driven crazy by debts which started when he had to pay for support of his baby by a woman in New York whom he had abandoned. When he failed to pay the \$10 every week, which a court in Long Island City assessed for support of the child, a warrant was issued for his arrest, but California authorities had refused to extradite him. The National Desertion Bureau has many cases of refusal of local authorities to extradite deserters, though none in which the deserter went to similar extremes to get out of a jam.

The 4,574 cases the Bureau was able to handle in 1949 were only a drop in the desertion bucket. The Bureau can't afford to handle all the cases it is asked to take. It charges no fees and is largely supported by contributions from the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies. Total contributions in 1949 were \$58,661.30, and it had a \$5.44 deficit. If clients can afford it, they



While thousands obey the urge to skip, few are executives

there probably were quite a few people who would have put up the money.

If this feeling of wanting to get away from it all sometimes creeps over you, there isn't much danger that you will give in to it. Business men in executive positions don't often desert. They have more to lose by clearing out than men in less responsible positions. But still they have an interest in the large national desertion problem. Harassed employees often are tempted to desert; when that impulse

Desertion Bureau to handle its cases. That Bureau, now nonsectarian, has in its 45-year history gone after deserters of every race, creed, color and previous condition of servitude in all the states and territories of the United States and in 18 foreign countries.

Its filing cabinets contain dossiers on more than 50,000 men and women who have run away. Fifteen men and women caseworkers and clerks, under the direction of Jacob T. Zukerman, a young lawyer, are tireless in their efforts to get their



pay any extraordinary court or travel expenses. Cases are referred to the Bureau from public and private relief agencies, courts, lawyers and the police. People who have heard about the Bureau from friends or read about it in their local newspapers drift in with their troubles. The newspapers have been of great help in finding family deserters.

For many years the Bureau ran a feature in the *Jewish Daily Forward* called "Gallery of Missing Men." Under that heading it published photographs and descriptions of deserters. A surprising number of people recognized their neighbors as deserters and sent tips to the Bureau. Today big city journals, small town dailies and country weeklies are used. Contacts are maintained with social workers and with family agencies throughout the country and in some European countries.

The Bureau works on the theory that a man, especially an older man, will go into the trade he practiced when he left home, and it has contacts with labor unions and trade associations as well as fraternal orders. It informs the friends and relatives of deserters that a husband is at large and might turn up. These contacts are not only useful in finding deserters but in talking things over with them once they are located.

The National Desertion Bureau has three functions: It locates family deserters; tries to reconcile them with their families; tries to get them to send some money home. In locating deserters it never gives up until it gets reliable information that the deserter is dead. In reconciliation it is frequently compelled to give up, for its social workers realize that it is often impossible to bring husband and wife into accord and that a temporary patch-up job will too often prove only a prelude to a new attempt to escape. But in making deserters support their families, the Bureau uses all the legal aids available and is promoting new ones.

One case took 30 years to settle. A woman in New York was deserted by her husband in 1920. It hurt her feelings, and she kept turning up at the National Desertion Bureau at least once a month. Finally, last year, the husband was located in a city in the South through his photograph sent out by the Bureau. When a family agency worker in the southern city went to see him about the matter of his wife in New York, he said simply: "I think it's about time I go home." The man

*Find out  
for yourself!*

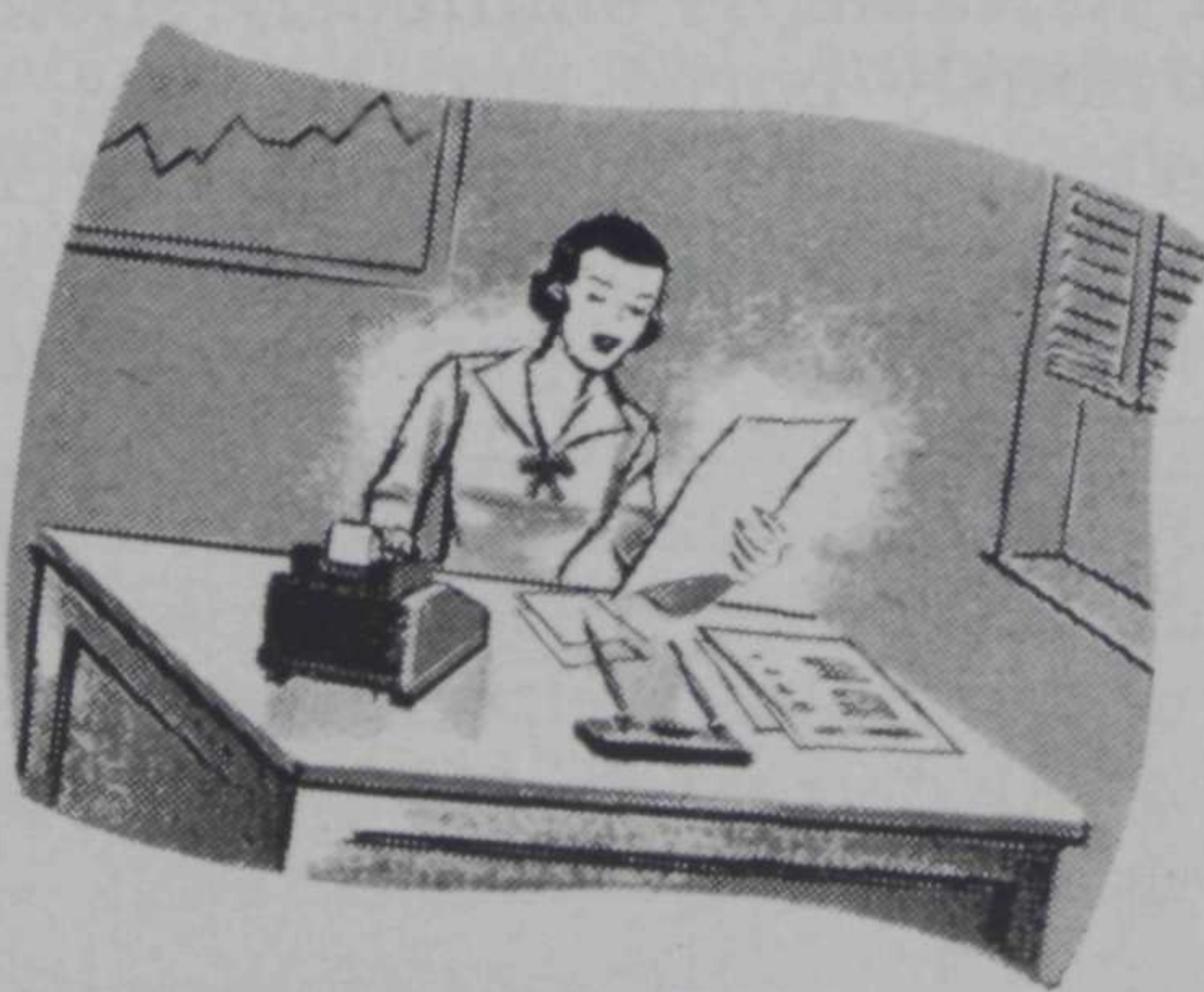


*Electric Adding-Subtracting Machine. Other electric and hand-operated models with narrow or wide carriages, in a variety of totaling capacities.*

*Look...  
touch...  
listen...  
compare this  
superb new  
Burroughs  
Adding  
Machine*

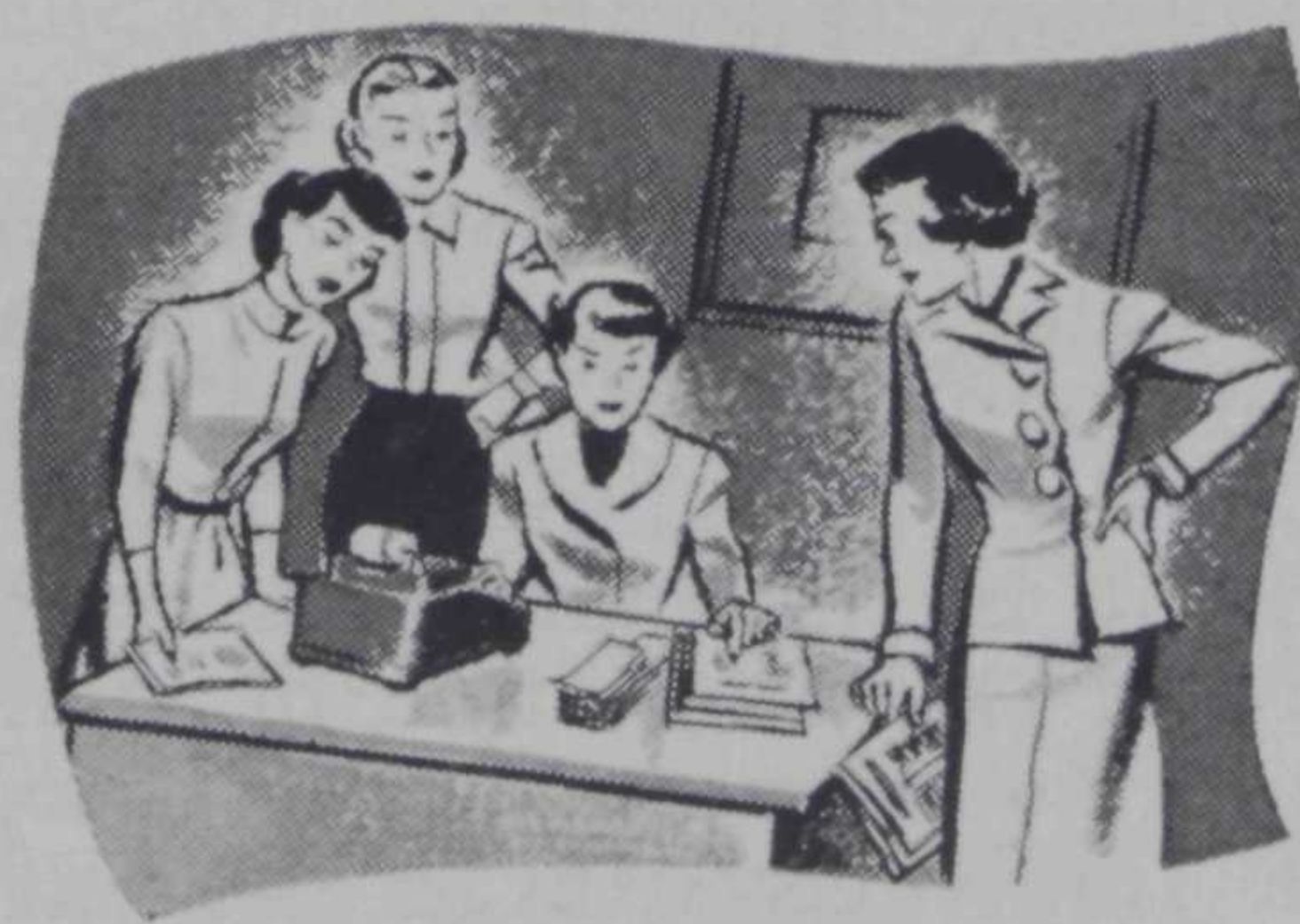
Try a Burroughs . . . feel the sureness of its finger-contoured keys, its velvet-smooth action—two reasons for its outstanding speed. Look at it . . . take in its smart, functional design, its easy-on-the-eyes color harmony, its non-glare keyboard. Listen to it . . . hear the solid sound of a well-made, long-lasting machine.

Yes, look, try and listen—and you'll agree—you'll do better with a Burroughs . . . for appearance, for ease and speed of operation, for long, trouble-free service.



**More Time for Other Tasks**

A Burroughs on her desk saves time on figuring . . . gives her more time for her other work.

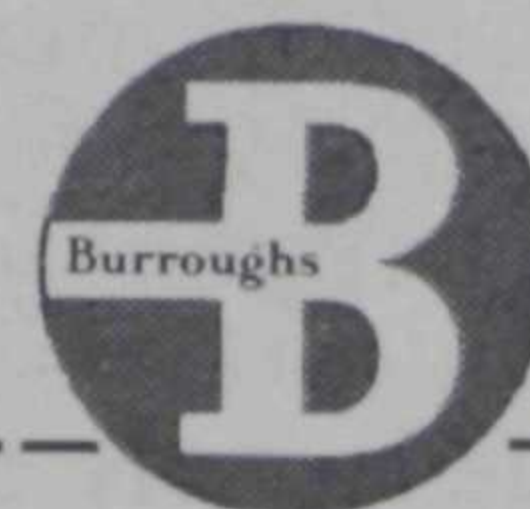


**Shared Machines Shipwreck Production**

A waiting girl is a time-waster. Give each girl her own Burroughs. Cut down time waste.

WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S

**Burroughs**



BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY, DETROIT 32, MICHIGAN

☐ Please send 'me descriptive folder and prices on Burroughs adding machines.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

☐ I would like to see a demonstration at my place of business.

COMPANY \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

NB-7



was getting old, getting religion and needed someone to take care of him. He went to New York, met the wife he had left 30 years before, and she agreed to go south to live with him.

The National Desertion Bureau once stopped a marriage in Massachusetts which would have added up to bigamy. A neighbor saw the picture of the prospective bridegroom sent to the local newspaper by the Bureau. He tipped off the Bureau about the forthcoming wedding. An agent flew to Boston, swore out a warrant for the errant husband's arrest and arrived just

Still other causes why men leave home are drink, gambling, because they can't face their financial responsibilities, or resent family life because their wives are fussy and nagging, the interference of relatives and the presence of children by former marriages. The housing shortage has been responsible for a lot of desertion.

Shotgun marriages often lead to desertion, and the bridegroom frequently leaves immediately after the ceremony.

Wives sometimes come to the Bureau and tell caseworkers that they have a feeling their husbands

Men around 45, the Desertion Bureau people find, begin to wonder whether they are still attractive to women, and they make field trips to experiment. They get to like the study and leave their wives for good. Sometimes they leave after wives find out about their experiments and make scenes. Some men urged to take a hobby after they grow older make women their hobby.

Men often have been too busy making good in business or other professions during their 20's and 30's to get around to deserting, even though they are not happily married. After they have established themselves and their children have grown up, some of them go to Reno, if they can afford it. Others just leave home, for desertion aptly has been called "the poor man's divorce."

To curb the increasing desertion problem in the United States, those directly concerned with it advocate much more premarital education and more effective laws.

The Bureau has been trying since 1925 to get an abandonment law out of Congress, giving federal courts jurisdiction in desertion cases. Several such laws are reposing in congressional committees. One of them would enable the federal courts to order payment of support by a husband or father without compelling his return for criminal process, which is costly and in most cases impossible to accomplish because local authorities haven't the means to send officers after runaway husbands.

Also, there isn't much advantage in putting a man with a job in jail, thus making him as well as his family a ward of the community.

Many husbands are encouraged to desert because they know how difficult it is to bring them back after they have crossed state lines or to compel them to support their dependents. Eleven states, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands have reciprocal laws for enforcing support of dependents of deserters by civil suits rather than criminal proceedings.

Desertion authorities feel that, if Congress finally gets around to passing a federal law, men who are toying with the idea of deserting will think at least twice. They will realize that then the FBI will be able to help the local sheriff find them and make them face their responsibilities; they will be more likely to save up for legal separations and divorces with provisions for support of dependents rather than flee and make their millions of dependents public charges.



One almost-bride fainted when her man turned out a deserter

in time to prevent the preacher from tying an illegal knot. The almost-bride fainted, but the people at the Bureau feel that it was better that she should have fainted before bigamy than after.

There are many causes for desertion, but "cherchez la femme" is the right slogan in most cases, both old and young. With women it is often a case of a change of heart. Usually it is the man who runs away, and the proportion of men deserters to women in 1949 was 15 to 1. Immediately after the war women began to desert their husbands and children in a proportion of one in six cases. Many of these women were "allotment wives," who had married a blue government check rather than a man. Others were women who had gone to work in war plants and won hitherto undreamed of financial independence and social, cultural and matrimonial opportunities. Some of them had been dissatisfied with their husbands for a long time but had never before realized that they could get jobs or other men.

are getting ready to desert. They get that feeling because the husband has been unusually critical or irritable, is ominously silent or obviously bored and restless. Desertion Bureau people in New York and family agency advisers elsewhere often can persuade wives to stop fussing and nagging, to become more careful houseworkers and husbands to stop drinking and shouting and thus choke off a potential desertion. All some people need is an outsider to tell their troubles to. The causes usually described by the wife are so different from those related by the husband that social workers sometimes rub their eyes and wonder.

There is no special age at which men are most likely to desert, but in desertion circles they pay a lot of attention to the adage, "a man more than 40 ought to be watched." The mean average of 400 cases studied in 1949 was 33.5 years as the age of desertion, but that doesn't mean much. The most men among those 400 samples deserted at the age of 38.



Here's an exporter who's built a business by giving a new twist to the expression

## "Ring Around the Nosy"

**H**OTTENTOTS love them. Zulus cry for them. And for 60 years they've been made by the million in a factory at Newark, N. J.

What are they? The shiny, gold-plated rings worn in ears and noses by the inhabitants of some tropical countries. Heyeck & Company, in 1950 alone, manufactured enough rings to make more than 200,000 customers happy.

If it were up to the manager of the firm, Walter H. Martine, he'd lead everyone in the world around by a ring in his nose—so long as it was one of his firm's rings. Martine also would like to see the spread of one African fashion: the habit of wearing not just one pair of earrings, but as many as four or five.

"I think we've got a monopoly in Africa," Martine says. "The company has agents from Johannesburg to the Belgian Congo. Right now, African import regulations are cutting into our African sales, but we're hoping for a change after this year's elections there."

Meanwhile, the rings are being distributed in South America, Cuba and Haiti.

"We tried fancy rings in Africa a few years ago," Martine says. "Wouldn't sell. Natives like 'em plain."

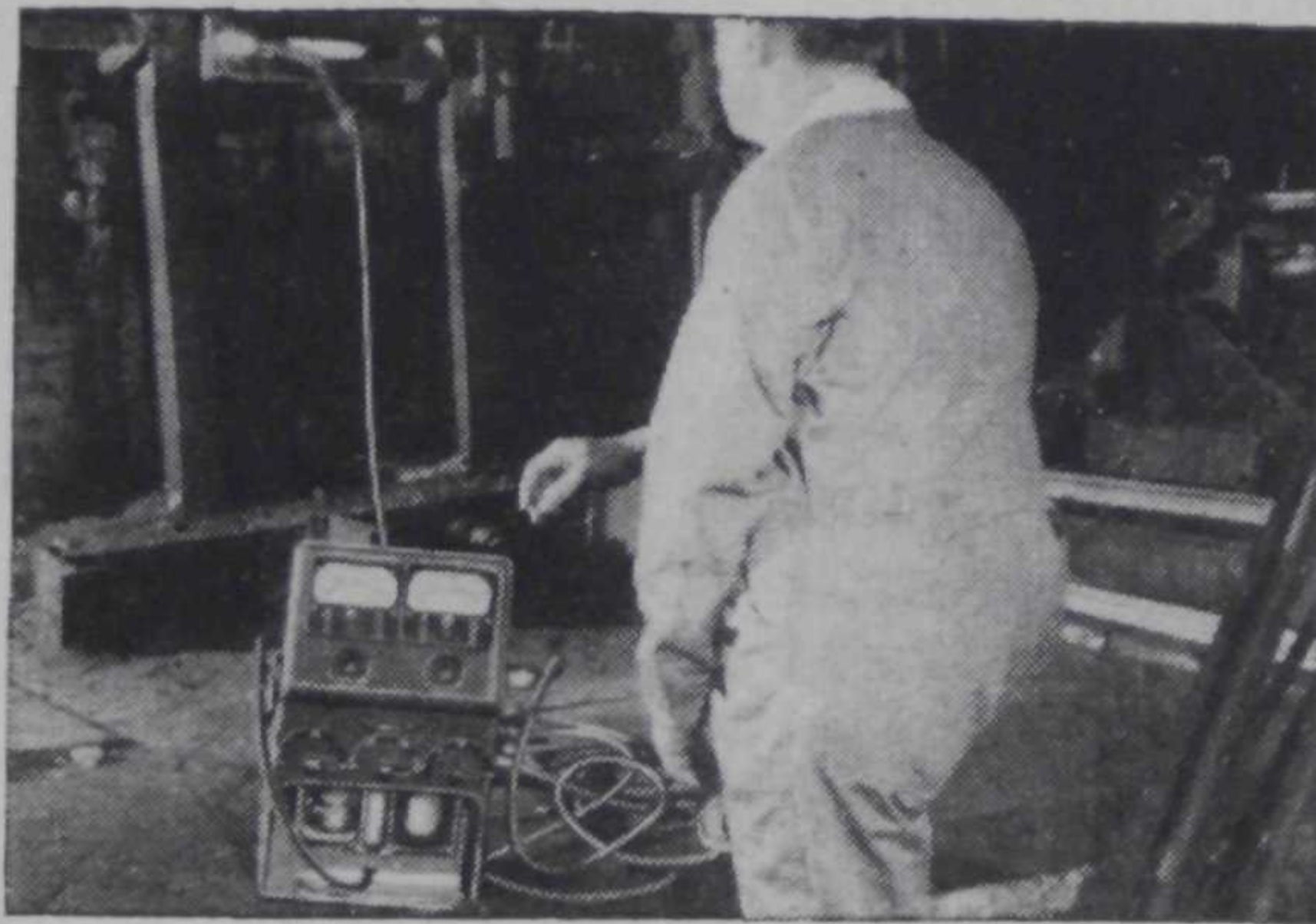
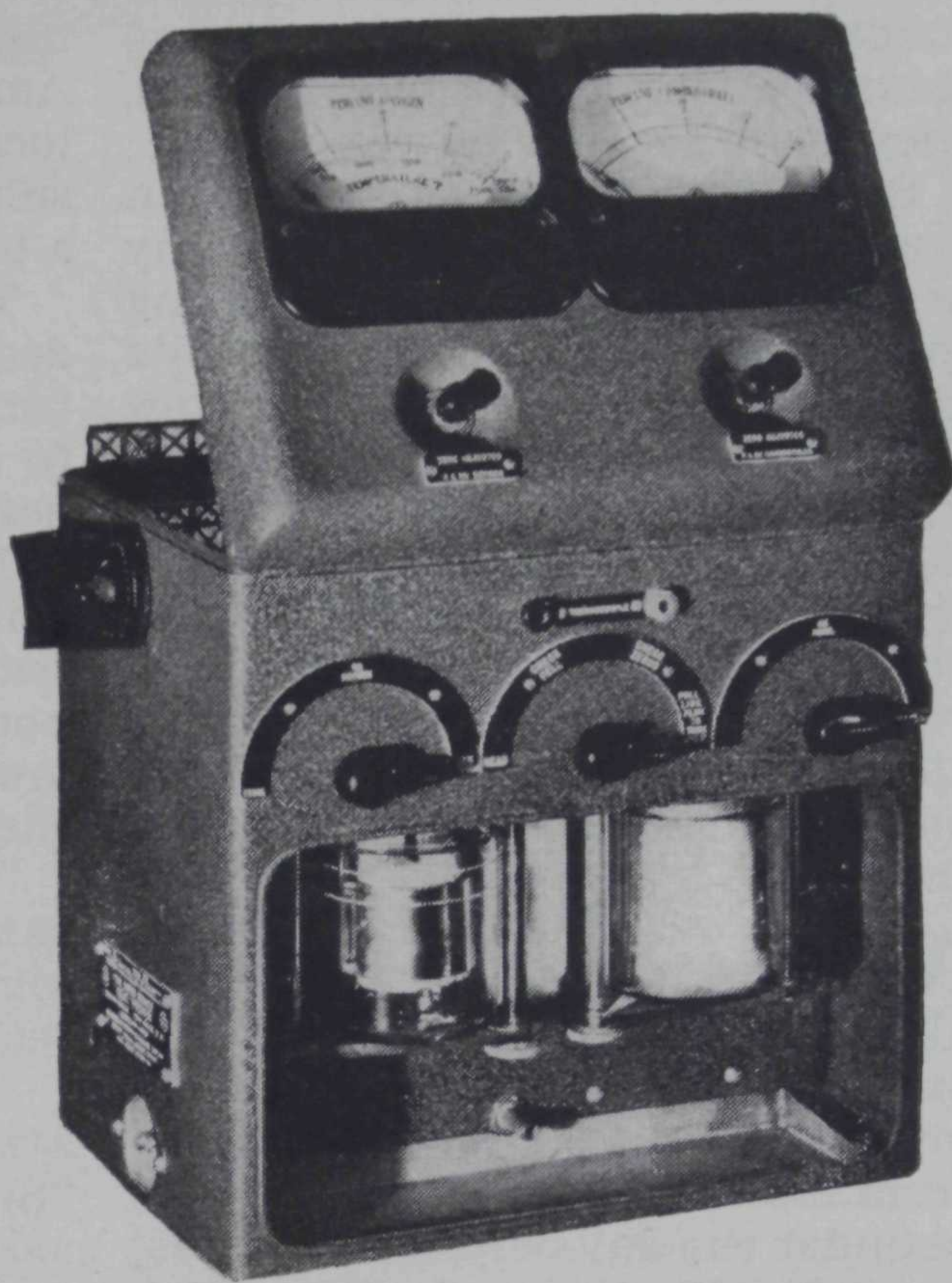
The significance of the ring, worn in either nose or ear, varies among the primitive peoples who use the adornments. Some tribesmen wear rings simply because they like 'em. Others use them to denote marital state, tribal rank or as religious symbols. Still others—notably in Africa—wear earrings of increasing heaviness from boyhood on, so that the ear lobes will be of properly impressive length (as in the cocker spaniel) by maturity.

The company buys its gold-plated metal in the form of wire strips which are chopped into appropriate lengths and bent into rings. The firm makes just a few different styles.

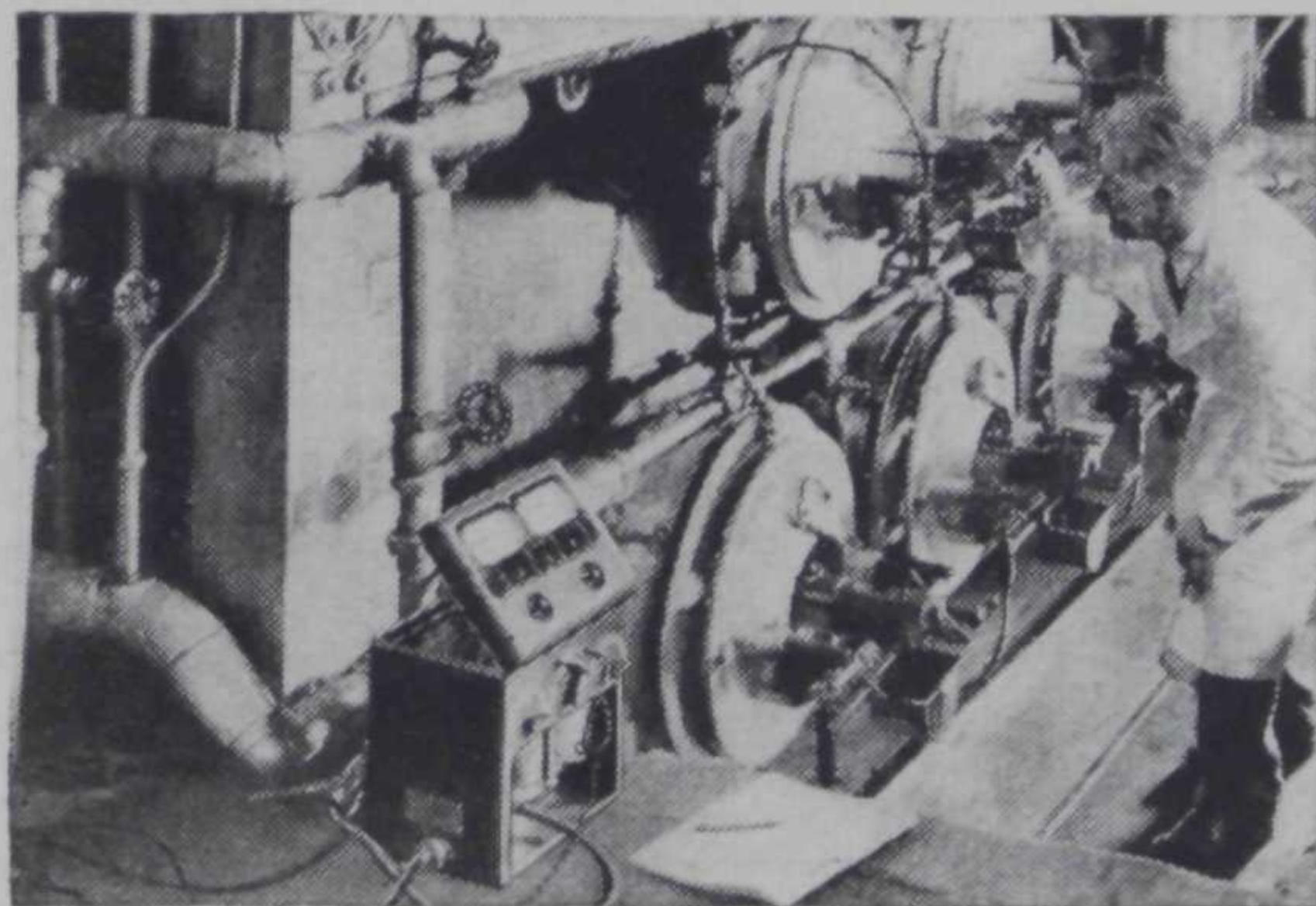
"We make the rings and ship them out," says Martine. "No complaints ever from anyone. The business runs along nice and smooth just as if it were meant to go that way." —JERRY KLEIN

# This Miraculous Instrument Tells All!

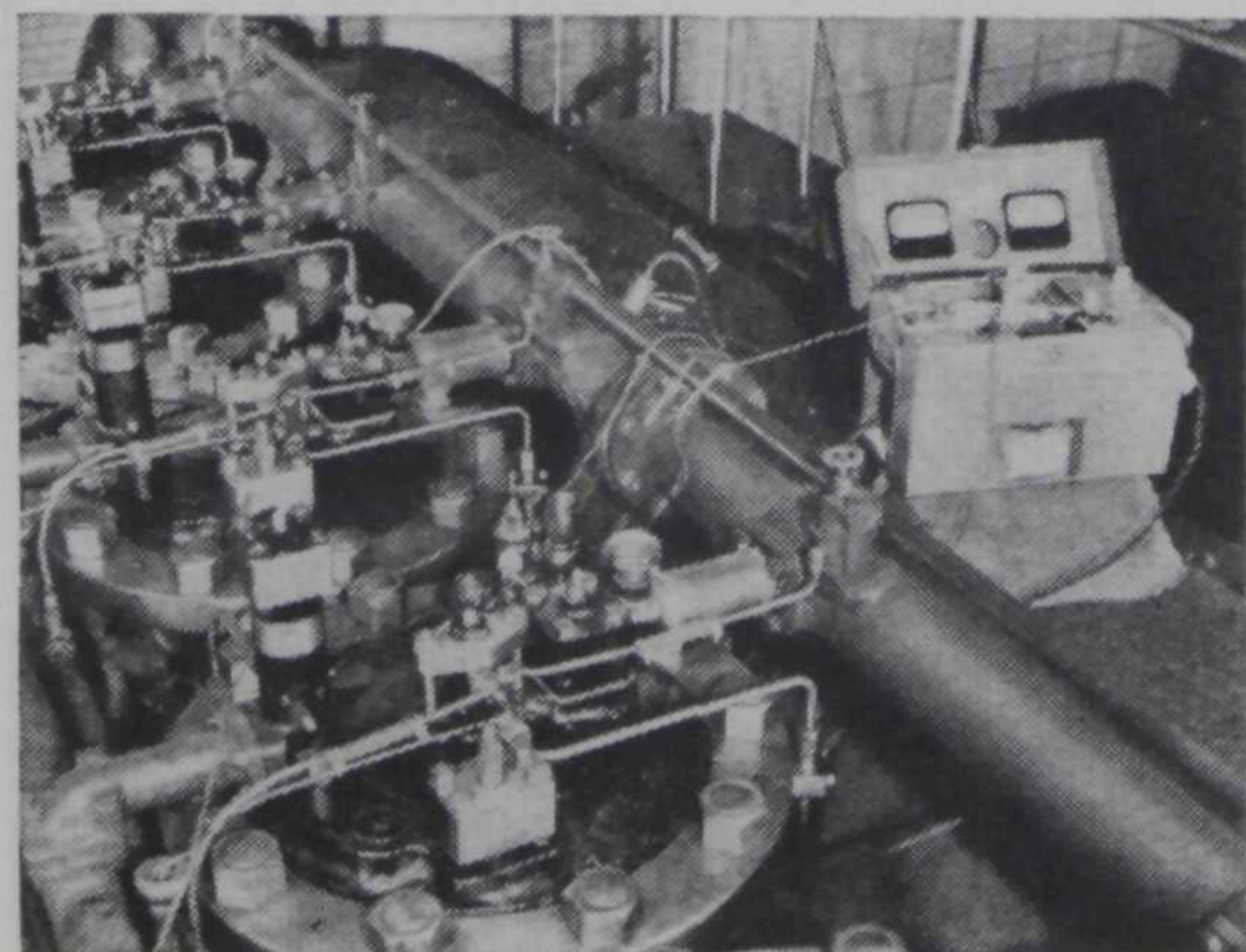
**Yes, the Cities Service Heat Prover tells all you want to know about the combustion efficiency of gas and Diesel engines . . . and industrial furnaces of all types.**



**1. Hundreds of Industrial Firms**—including leading steel, locomotive, truck, automobile, aircraft, tool, instrument manufacturers and others, are profiting from this unique service. Above shows use on Open Hearth Steel furnace.



**2. Immediate Production Increases**—are realized by fast control of furnace atmospheres. The Heat Prover quickly and accurately registers both excess oxygen and unburned fuel being wasted on this industrial boiler.



**3. Gas and Diesel Exhaust Analysis**—here being made on a large 4-cycle Diesel. This remarkable instrument gives a continuous record of what percentage of the fuel entering the combustion chamber is converted into productive energy.

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## He Gets Paid to Go Fishing

(Continued from page 33)

paid its salesmen about \$700 a month in traveling expenses, Roman offered to travel in his sports roadster for half that. He asked no salary. After a six months' trial, they could see how he was doing.

By the end of the year, American Fork and Hoe was selling so many of its old fencing foils as fishing rods that it built an addition to its plant at Geneva, Ohio, and put Roman on a salary and full traveling expenses. He not only promoted the rod in fishing clubs and resorts from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but sought out the local "bell ringers," or champion anglers, and fished with them. Usually, he out-fished or out-lucked them.

AT Venice, Fla., in the 1927 International Tarpon Tournament, for instance, he took the first four prizes, boating tarpon ranging from 118 to 127 pounds (plus a 162-pounder the day before the contest opened). He did it all with a Fork and Hoe rod, using a seven-ounce tip and a 27-pound-test line against the nine-ounce rods and 54-pound-test lines used by other professionals in the tournament.

Such a clean sweep of the \$500 prize money by a man who had the nerve to register himself from California (Roman was then resid-

ing in Los Angeles) was not calculated to make him popular among Florida anglers, however much they envied him. To soften the blow, Roman gave \$250 to the local American Legion post, \$100 to the local chamber of commerce and split the rest among his guides, as a bonus.

They had taught him a great deal, such as how to tell when a tarpon was under his bait and how to detect the presence of a shark before it shows itself.

The fishing was conducted from skiffs that were anchored in protected waters, with a mullet-baited hook suspended five or six feet below a bobber about 50 feet out from the boat.

"There's a tarpon under your bait now," Rollie Wiggins, a guide, told Roman at one point. "Get ready for a strike."

After Roman landed the fish, he asked how Wiggins had known. "See those bubbles on the water?" asked the guide. Roman saw them, but suggested such bubbles were not unusual. The next time a tarpon came around Wiggins was able to demonstrate that they were, some of them. Among the plain, ordinary bubbles appeared iridescent ones, filmed with oil given off by the tarpon!

On another occasion, when Roman was tussling with a tarpon, a

guide named Uncle Joe told him to hurry up. "I smell a shark," he said. A moment later, Roman's line slackened and the tarpon quit fighting. Reeling in, he found half of it had been amputated by a shark, leaving him the tarpon's head.

"I told you," said Uncle Joe. "A shark has a sweet, musty smell."

By 1929, Roman, deciding that salt water fishing around Los Angeles was "not so hot," resigned his job and returned to Miami. By now, American Fork and Hoe had two other traveling men like him, one in the New England states and another in Wisconsin.

Roman soon sold the city editor of the Miami *Herald* on letting him do a fishing column. For this Roman was paid \$3 a column. Later, he received a small salary.

A fishing editor for 17 years and still a regular contributor to outdoor magazines, he left the *Herald* in 1946. A long-time crusader for conservation of Florida's wildlife and natural resources, Roman was a winner of the State Gold Conservation medal and the Baxter National Conservation award.

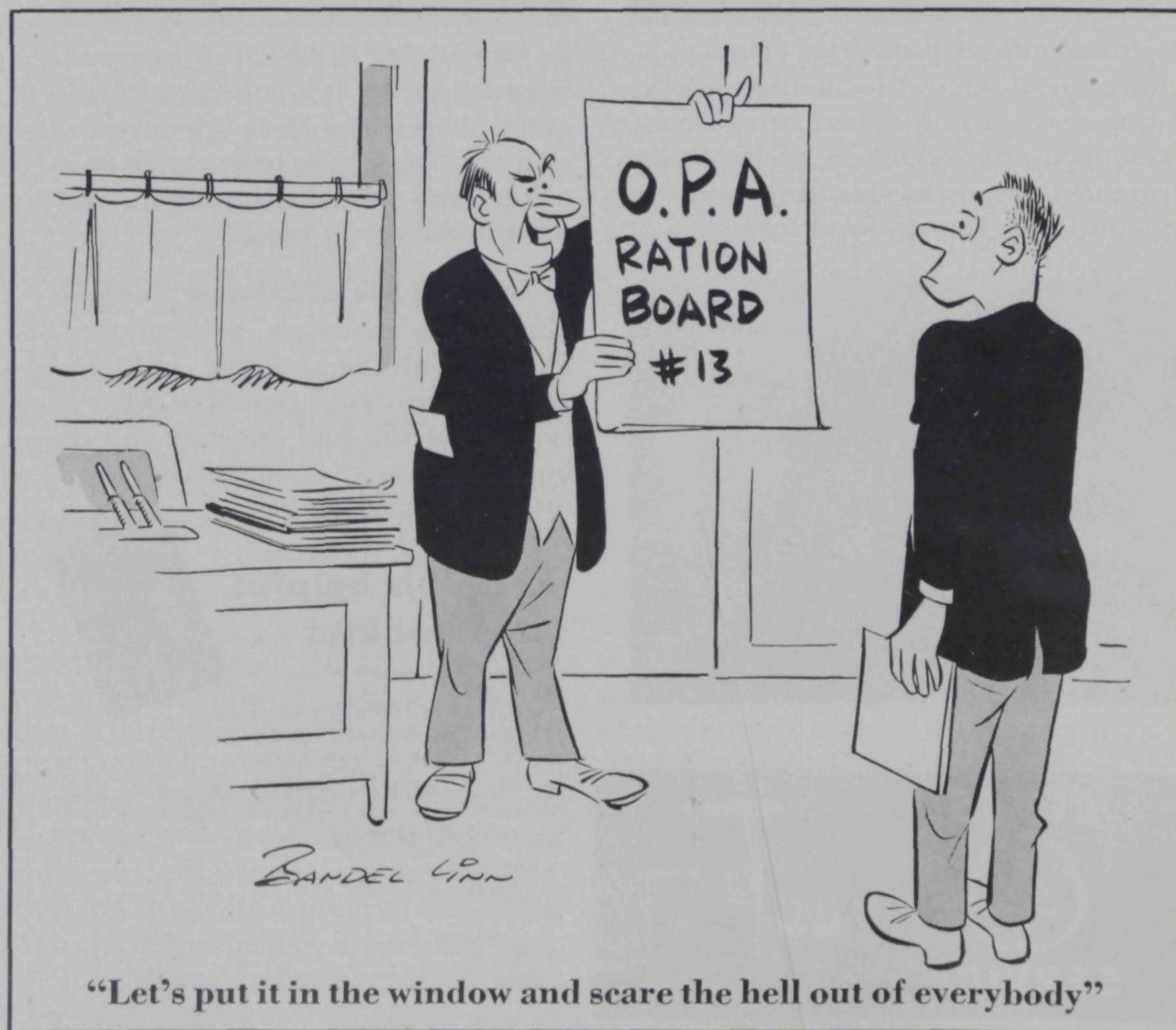
ROMAN never has made any vast sum of money from fishing. His earnings from his University work and his writing barely exceed \$6,000 a year. On the other hand, it is a good deal to expect a man who has had \$100,000 worth of fishing enjoyment to pile up a fortune besides.

Roman is content to live modestly but comfortably in a "Florida bungalow," as he calls his white stucco, red-tile-roofed house. The house is just a block from the Coral Gables waterways.

He is one man, furthermore, who has solved the problem of what to do with your wife when you want to go fishing. Maybelle Roman goes right along, and does almost as well as Erl, except for his luck on the big ones.

Roman's classes are just about evenly divided between men and women. Homer Rhode, one of his two assistant instructors, who teaches fly casting, claims that women learn much more easily than do men.

You can find Fresh and Salt Water Fishing, like any course, listed in the University's bulletin, as a part of the health and physical education program of the School of Education. Instruction is offered in trolling, plug casting, fly casting, surf casting, spinning and bottom fishing. The course is given four times each college year, over a period of 16 weeks for under-





graduates and eight weeks for adults. Tuition is \$35.

This is one class in which the students keep the teacher after school. Their first question is, "When do we go fishing?" Roman always answers the question the same way: "When you know enough about it to go fishing."

In addition to one lecture a week, the class gets a field trip every other Saturday to such fishing grounds as Card Sound, Key Largo, Shark River and Lake Okeechobee. The course winds up with a deep-sea trip aboard the University's fishing cruiser.

At last the students have a chance to troll for the "gamesters," as Roman calls the big ones. One student, a war veteran who never had fished before in his life, hooked and landed his sailfish. Like most, he wanted to have this beautiful ichthyological specimen mounted. He was dismayed to learn it would cost him more than \$100. Roman arranged with Miami's famed taxidermist, Al Pflueger, to give the veteran a bargain rate.

For some veterans, who have their wives and children on the campus and struggle along under G.I. benefits, the class has provided a practical answer to the problem of eating. An eight-pound grouper will feed a couple nearly a week.

A retired Fort Lauderdale real estate man and his wife last fall drove 60 miles back and forth to attend classes on the main campus in Coral Gables. His doctor had told him he'd better start taking things easy, so he and the missus set out to study clinch knots, star drags and the remarkable movements of such plugs as the Sea Witch, Bebop and Leaping Lena.

Long-haired academicians may snort and his fishing pals may call him "the piscatorial professor," but Roman's class turns 'em away. He teaches close to 150 a year.

Most students majoring in "Phys Ed" take the course, having discovered that the sport is not only one that serves you all your life but that skill in it increases an athletic or recreational director's prestige at summer camps.

Besides, it's good for two easy credits.

Picking my way across the campus in a slightly tardy search for the Thursday evening lecture, I came upon a sun tanned little coed who asked directions of me.

"Why are you taking fishing?" I inquired as we strolled along the path toward Fresh and Salt Water Fishing.

"Oh," she said quickly, "I need the credit to graduate."

A ROUND TRIP TICKET

To everywhere?



"Sure, I'm going to Calgary, Calcutta and Connecticut . . . to Pittsburgh, Paris and Peterborough . . . and all points in between! And I'll be back home in a few days!"

Magic carpet? Super jet propulsion? No! He's going to the Canadian International Trade Fair at Toronto. There he'll see things of interest from around the world . . . and from just around the corner.

No matter what business you are in, it will pay you to attend the 1951 Trade Fair. Ask your nearest Canadian Government Representative, or write for an informative illustrated booklet to the Administrator, Canadian International Trade Fair, Toronto.

There's something for **YOU** at the

**CANADIAN INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR**

TORONTO MAY 28 - JUNE 8, 1951



DEDICATED TO THE PROMOTION OF INTERNATIONAL TRADE BY

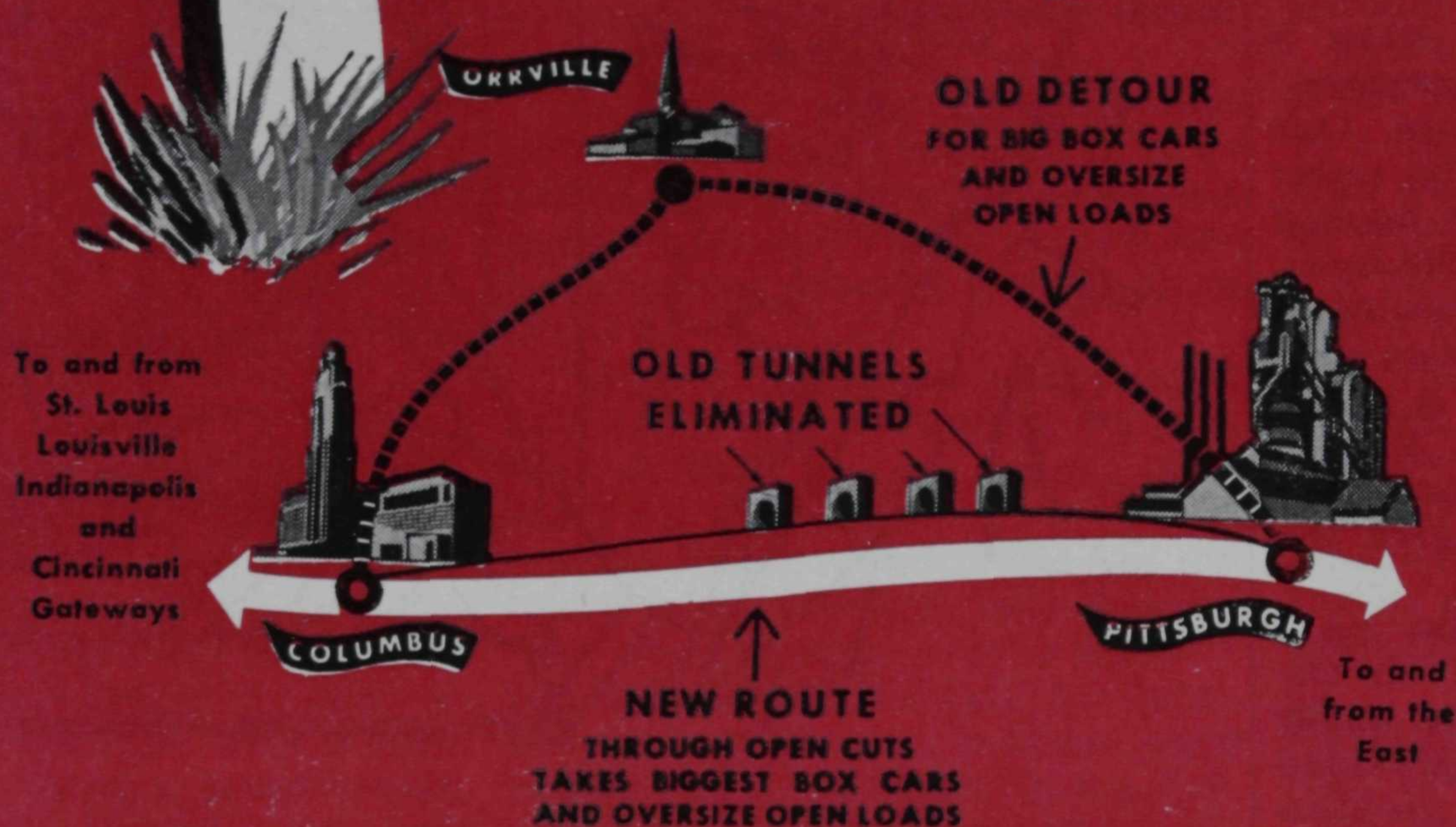
**THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA**





Between the East, West,  
South and Southwest...

**NO MORE**



Replacement of four old tunnels with wide open cuts through the hills near Steubenville, Ohio, on the Pennsylvania's Panhandle Division, opens this short, direct rail route between the East, West, South and Southwest for straight-through movement of the biggest modern box cars and the extra-size open loads. These big cars and loads now keep their place in the regular through trains. No more detours, no delays! A great saving in time and money for shippers!

Elimination of these Panhandle tunnels is an important part of the Pennsylvania's \$81,000,000 program to modernize and improve its facilities between Pittsburgh and St. Louis.

Now, more than ever, it will pay you to ship via Pennsylvania.

**PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD**





*DETOURS for  
EXTRA SIZE BOX CARS  
and HIGH and WIDE  
OPEN LOADS*







Part of the miniature village that annually attracts thousands

## Gulliver in Reading

THE sheriff's men had carried off most of Laurence Gieringer's possessions to satisfy his creditors. Now the sheriff himself was nosing around to see if anything had been missed. He pointed to a box bulging with beautifully made miniature houses, stores and buildings. "Guess nobody'd ever want that junk," he said. "You can keep your playthings, Gieringer."

Gieringer, in 1928 a journeyman printer of Reading, Pa., was accustomed to people sneering at his "playthings." He humbly thanked the sheriff. Today, the laugh is on Gieringer's lips.

The miniatures in that packing box proved to be the nucleus of what Gieringer calls "Roadside America—The World's Greatest Indoor Miniature Village."

Last year 57,000 persons stopped off on Route 22, the through highway from New York to Pittsburgh, at a point about 32 miles west of Allentown, to see his "playthings." In 1949 alone, 42,000 paid 50 cents apiece to see the results of Gieringer's 45-year-old hobby; the other 15,000 were school kids, admitted free. Gieringer's gross for 1949 was around \$21,000, a rather respectable return for worthless junk.

The exhibit is advertised as a history of America in miniature. There are more than 275 buildings, including a settlement of frontier cabins, a colonial statehouse, a cathedral with tiny stained-glass windows and an organ, a town of 100 years ago, a modern city complete with factories and stores, Henry Ford's first workshop, Ben Franklin's printing establishment, a sawmill and a blacksmith shop.

More than 10,000 little trees and shrubs are scattered about the landscape, which is marked by bridge-spanned rivers, lakes, brooks and waterfalls. Thirty-one locomotives pull 145 cars over 1,428 feet of track.

The population of Gieringer's Lilliputian world numbers around 4,000. Most of the tiny citizens are shown in action: square dancing, playing baseball, riding to the hounds. Music accompanies their activities, coming from ten amplifiers controlled by Gieringer's wife, Dora, a calm, pleasant-faced lady who sits at a panel controlling 100 or more switches. From time to time she lowers the overhead lights to simulate dusk and turns on 513 lights in the buildings and along the streets.

Gieringer, a friendly, substantial

Pennsylvania Dutchman who has described himself in print as "Reading's own Johnathan [sic] Swift," is almost as impressed by his village as are his audiences. With the hyperbole of a Barnum, he has called it "the most unique and detailed masterpiece ever evolved by the ingenuity of man."

Roadside America may be said to have begun when Reading's own Swift was nine. He and his brother Paul climbed to the top of Mt. Penn, overlooking Reading. At that height the houses looked like toys. "Say, Paul," Laurence now says that he said, "wouldn't it be swell to make little houses the way they appear from up here?" They went home, wheedled tools from their father, and set to work.

Paul abandoned the hobby when he went off to study for the priesthood.

Nothing — not even the depression, when the sheriff came — stopped Laurence. Whenever he saw a building that interested him, he sketched it and filed the drawing for future reference. He used any materials that came to hand: old furniture, porch screens, cigar boxes, tin cans, odd bits of cloth. His scale was, and is, three-eighths inch to the foot.

Gieringer first set up his village for his children. Neighbors got wind of it and came in droves. Soon the word spread, and before long some Reading firemen asked him to put it up in their hall to raise money for a local charity.

There it drew such crowds that Mrs. Gieringer urged her husband to begin operating the exhibit commercially.

Somewhat dubiously, Gieringer opened the present Roadside America in 1941. He didn't dare hope that the public would be interested. But his fears were soon put to rest. More than 1,000,000 people have seen the exhibit. They haven't interrupted Gieringer's work: he's still busy making new houses.

The collection as it now stands is only two thirds of the total, but a new pavilion to house the whole was an early goal.

Gieringer can remember only one bad moment out of the 45 years he's been at his hobby. Once his wife bought a beautiful black walnut dining table. Gieringer couldn't keep his eyes off the auxiliary middle boards, and finally the temptation was too much. He sawed them up and built miniatures.

"You know," he says, "she wasn't what you might call pleased."

—RICHARD B. GEHMAN



# Your Best Customer is Broke

(Continued from page 36)

serious trouble when they suddenly find themselves with one, two or three children of college age.

American business men, by and large, have not yet realized what is happening to our best customer. For one thing, the middle-class man has continued his tradition of paying his bills, even when it hurts. In one way or another he has continued to meet his payments, keep his head above water and avoid any unpleasantness with the credit manager. Even in the wave of scare buying when the Korean war began last summer, the middle-class man did not assume more obligations than he could meet.

It was generally expected by credit managers that collections would slow down after the summer buying splurge, but in a good middle-class city like St. Louis, Mo., one department store found that collections at the end of 1950 were only one or two per cent, an insignificant amount, below the previous year. It would appear that the typical middle-classer, instead of getting into trouble, has just tightened his belt.

For another thing, as the middle-class man has dropped out of the market, his place has been taken by the millions of people who have been the real beneficiaries of the boom. There has been no lack of customers—as the sales statistics show—and nobody has paid much attention to the way the type of customer has changed.

The retail boom which began in World War II has had many things to feed on. The farmers, thanks both to the natural high prices of wartime and to government price supports, have increased their annual cash income by a matter of billions—and have been among the nation's biggest purchasers of household equipment, machinery and automobiles, not to mention savings bonds and other securities. The successful farmer, in fact, has rapidly been assuming the elite position that the urban middle-class man used to enjoy. Go to any Midwest university town, note the number of farmers' daughters and sons who are getting their degrees and driving their own convertibles, and you will get a rough idea of the financial revolution that has taken place in the farm belt.

The laboring man, thanks partly to the great demand for manpower

and partly to his union (and the help his union got from the Government in enforcing its wage demands), has had a good increase in real purchasing power. The average weekly factory wage has more than doubled since 1939, and seasonal unemployment has practically disappeared. The man just below the upper middle-class category has been upgraded steadily throughout the boom and has become a much better customer than ever before. For example, in 1949, the last year for which figures are available, families making less than \$5,000 bought more than half of all the new automobiles that were sold.

Another thing that has obscured the plight of the middle-class man is the fact that the number of customers has been growing by leaps and bounds. In the past ten years we have added about 8,500,000 American households due partly to the normal growth of population, and partly to an increased availability of jobs which has enabled more of our young people to marry and strike out on their own.

Unemployment has been at a minimum, and people who once would never have thought of looking for jobs—young housewives, the young daughter waiting to marry, the boy who would ordinarily have helped his father run the farm—have not only sought them but found them.

The question, of course, is whether the American economy can really survive without a prosperous middle class. Our national policy for a good many years has been to channel a greater proportion of our wealth to the farmer and the laboring man, while depending more and more on the middle-class man for our taxes. Presumably the same policy will be followed in the present world crisis—the politicians have already promised to protect the standard of living enjoyed by the farmer and the laboring man, and already are planning to pile more taxes on the \$5,000-and-up group.

If the middle class is really our backbone, as most of us have always assumed, then we may soon reach the point where we will have a hard time standing up straight. The backbone hasn't been getting much attention lately; it is beginning to bend and creak, and one of these days—unless we start taking care of it—it may break in two.



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# They Put Dirt in Its Place

**T**HE MOTORIST jammed on his brakes for the umpteenth time in less than a block. "Now, just look at that!" he exclaimed, gripping the wheel in exasperation. "Gas company men tearing up one side of the street and telephone men the other. Why can't they use a little coordination?"

In big, sprawling Los Angeles, Calif., they do.

The results have proved so beneficial that other cities—Seattle, Montreal and Pasadena, to name three—are copying the Los Angeles system of repair, maintenance and extension of underground utilities with minimum traffic interference.

It was, perhaps, inevitable that Los Angeles, with a population that has doubled in each of three successive decades, and a motor vehicle for each two inhabitants, should be a proving ground for this public theory: Both the utilities and the motor vehicle can use the streets without crippling either.

Reconciliation of traffic and utility needs became acute when V-J Day made available adequate supplies of pipe, wire, conduits and the equipment to install them. The utilities began ripping up streets at a great rate. They were bent on meeting, as fast as they could, the pent-up demand for services.

By 1948, helter-skelter digging up of pavement had brought such a deluge of complaints that Mayor Fletcher Bowron summoned representatives of the Southern California Gas Company, Pacific Telephone and Telegraph, Western Union, the city-owned water and power department, and others.

"I have bad news for you fellows," the mayor said.

The City Council, he told them, was framing an ordinance which would limit street work to nights, holidays and week ends.

"Why," the mayor demanded, "do you fellows—say you gas company and telephone company men—both start repair jobs on oppo-

site sides of the street in the same block, cutting traffic down to two or sometimes even one lane of travel?"

The problem was thrown into the lap of the Substructure Committee for Los Angeles, a consultative group formed in 1926. Its original purpose was to see that utilities were installed in new streets before paving.

William Henderson of the gas company suggested staggering schedules, as a first step. Secondly, he urged that workmen be trained to cut the time their equipment would be on the street, and to block no traffic lane except in cases of absolute necessity.

Committee members prepared a manual for workmen, "Surface Traffic Interference." In words and pictures, this booklet described the best known procedures. Supervisors and foremen undertook the workmen's training, and then watched to see that the procedures were followed. Here are some of them:

Under normal conditions, earth dug from a street excavation will assume about a 45-degree slope. If this "spoil" is piled too high, its base must spread until more than one traffic lane is obstructed.

Installation of toe-boards or bins now confines the spoil to one lane.

At intersections, the spoil is hauled away—even when it must be hauled back to refill the hole. When work is suspended, holes are covered with heavy steel plates.

When the excavation is in the curb lane, the spoil is dumped into a sidewalk bin instead of the next outer lane.

Repair equipment is spotted for least interference with traffic. Equipment not active is removed to side streets.

Barricades are placed to warn and protect with minimum obstruction to traffic.

And, only one job may go forward in any single block.

The Substructure Committee, currently headed by Lyle Pardee, deputy city engineer, coordinates all projects. When a big job is on the contractor consults beforehand with all the utilities concerned. Forewarned, two or even more services can do their jobs before resurfacing begins.

—TOM CAMERON



By using bins to confine spoil during street repairs, Los Angeles reduces traffic interference to a minimum



## Holes in Our Public Purse

(Continued from page 39)

Kansas puts the cost at \$200,000,000. In 1948, when the Senate Appropriations Committee requested one copy of every publication issued by every federal agency during fiscal 1947, Rees checked the results and reported:

"The Committee actually received 83,723 different publications before giving up for lack of space. One bureau was ready to send up a stack of publications, one copy of each, estimated to be 52 feet high. Another bureau would have required seven file cabinets of four drawers each to accommodate one copy of each of its publications for the year."

Federal offices outside Washington and exclusive of buildings on military reservations occupy 72,300,000 square feet, a space equivalent to 33 Empire State buildings. Much of the space is taken up by \$154,000,000 worth of filing equipment. The Hoover Commission said 50 per cent of the records of the average agency could be moved to storehouses, at a saving of \$27 for every file cabinet so removed.

**M**OST large agencies maintain field offices. (Armstrong County, S. D., with a population of 42, is the only one of the 3,069 counties in which no federal employees are assigned.)

While considerable field work is undoubtedly necessary, congressional investigators a few months ago found 30 different sections of the Federal Security Agency maintaining forces in the field, duplicating much of the work done in Washington.

The explanation: they were "helpful in making speeches and acquiring radio time" to promote agency programs.

The same investigation turned up this additional information about FSA:

There was one personnel worker for every 63 of the 34,063 employees.

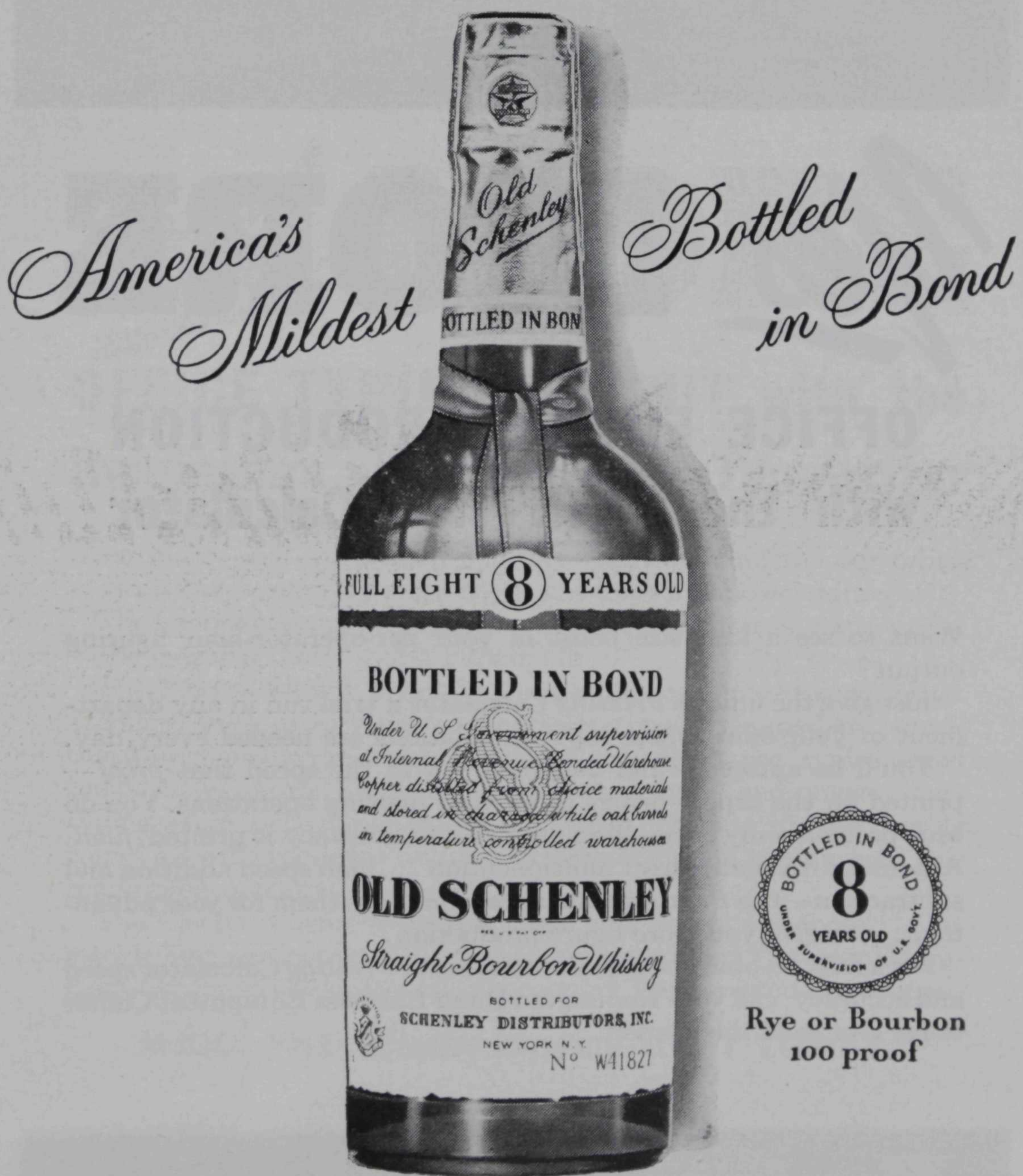
Drawing combined salaries of \$1,463,350 a year were 292 management-improvement experts, scattered at 29 points, each group working within its own office and concerning itself with detailed manual or machine operations instead of agency-wide problems.

Purchasing department employees were handling an average

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of 2.4 orders a day, half of which were for less than \$20.

Employees were permitted to demand their biweekly pay in cash, necessitating the preparation of individual envelopes. Almost 100 employees were found lined along a hallway before one pay table, disrupting work in adjacent offices.

That is the story of just one of 21 major departments, agencies and commissions.

Wasteful consequences of farm price supports and various federal welfare programs frequently are dramatized, as in cases where surplus government potatoes are dyed blue. But these are mostly inevitable flaws in broad policy undertakings, and the taxpayer cannot attack the method without opposing the underlying policy.

Even so, there are instances where policy is stretched wastefully.

The Farm Credit Administration has some \$300,000,000 out on interest-free loans and has permitted borrowers to invest some of it in government bonds. This is equivalent to a grocer borrowing money from a bank at interest for his petty cash, lending the money to customers interest free, and borrowing back from the customers at interest again.

**N**OR is it possible to rationalize such incidents as occurred recently in Cleveland, involving a surplus World War II bomber plant. The Air Force leased the plant to National Terminals Corporation, a private concern, for \$25,000 a year. National Terminals found a quick tenant, the Government's Commodity Credit Corporation, which needed a place to store 309 carloads of surplus dried beans and was willing to pay \$117,000 a year for use of a building that the Government had let go for \$25,000. Then came the war in Korea.

The Government went to court and voided National Terminals' lease so that the building could be turned over to the Cadillac Division of General Motors for tank production.

CCC had to clear out its 24,000,000 pounds of beans, at an additional moving cost.

While the Army Engineers and Reclamation Bureau excel in fabulous spending that is both deliberate and unnecessary, there are plenty of other agencies whose money burns holes in their pockets.

When defending themselves, all agencies claim to be tools of public demand.

To whatever extent they have not deliberately inspired local agi-



tation for their plans, the defense is valid. And therein lies another powerful factor in government waste—pressures.

All agencies are under pressure in such matters as conforming with political policy, dealing with organized federal workers and responding to inquiries, requests and complaints of individual members of Congress. Any bureau chief, saddled with an incompetent assistant who has a friend in Congress, knows that the wisest course is to leave such an employe on the payroll and hire someone else to do the work.

The farm influence is felt all the way up from the level of the county agent, who is paid partially and indirectly with federal funds, to the top strata of government where it has been a decisive factor in congressional and Presidential elections.

Farm pressures emanate from two directions. Farmers constantly demand more federal services so that they can keep stride with scientific progress and cope more easily with the changes dictated by peacetime and wartime economy. And government policymakers, with votes constantly in mind, are adept at improvising new forms of benefits.

Caught between these two pressures, the Agriculture Department has been squeezed into what the Hoover Commission called "a loose confederation of independent bureaus and agencies," whose conservation, extension, credit, elec-

The United Nations is our United Nations, its strength derives in the last analysis from all the peoples of the world who are united in hatred of war and in hope for a better life for everyone, everywhere.

—Trygve Lie

trification, research, insurance, marketing and other services wastefully overlap, and which pays a multitude of farmers' committees to advise on various activities, whereas one such committee in each county would suffice.

Of all the pressures exerted on Washington, the taxpayer will find few which have his interest primarily at heart.

Neither will he find much encouragement in the progress made during the past two years on the Hoover Commission's program for reforming big, wasteful government.



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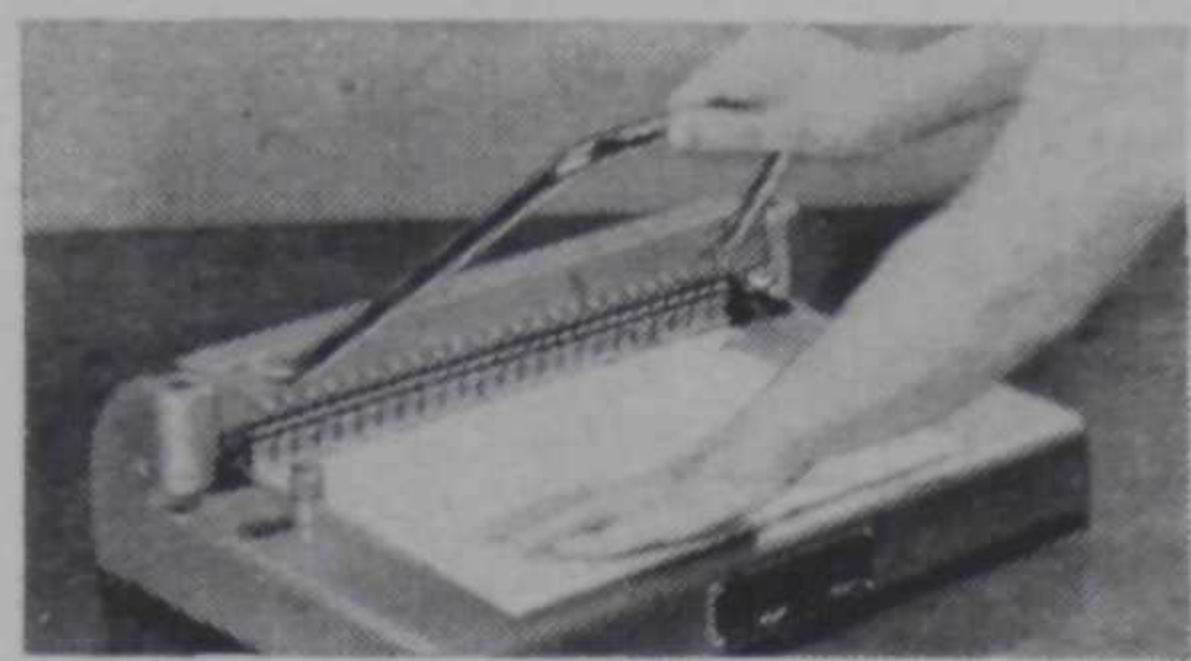
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## Making Sense of Civil Defense

(Continued from page 45)

saulted by promoters. Last year, he barely escaped one operator who had produced a nostrum called V-236, designed for atomic distress. According to the Public Health Service, which exposed him, the potion contained table salt, bicarbonate of soda and water. Other fast operators are beginning to hawk lead girdles designed to protect the spleen against radiation and lead suits for civilian wear. Radiation experts, however, point out that such a suit would need to be four inches thick to afford much protection. It would also immobilize the wearer.

Despite the sound and fury, the private citizen and his city are at last hearing the facts of atomic life. While the federal Government has little but paper work to show for its efforts, the paper work is sound. The states and cities now have a solid guide for action and their action will assure the nation its only reasonable and effective defense against atomic bombing. The following checklist, based on the reasoned judgment of defense experts, may provide the citizen with a means of scoring the preparedness of his state and his city.

1. The basic operating responsibility for civil defense lies with the individual citizen and his local government. The federal Government will not operate state and local civil defense systems. It will deal directly with state defense directors, but not with cities. Federal responsibility is to establish the national plan, to provide training facilities for defense directors, to coordinate interstate operations, to stockpile certain critical supplies and to support state bomb shelter programs.

2. The operating chain of command starts at the state level. The federal Government has determined the areas of the country most likely to be attacked and notified the states. Communities within the states should organize themselves around these critical areas, making mutual-aid agreements with neighboring communities. States should sign mutual-aid pacts with neighboring states. If a community is overpowered by a disaster, the state will supply additional mobile support units and call on neighboring states for added support.

3. Civil defense will require great numbers of volunteers throughout the country as auxiliaries to local fire, health, welfare and law enforcement departments. Volunteers should be selected and trained with care. They should be under the direction of legally constituted local authorities.

4. Mobile support and aid are the keys to civil defense. They make full and economic use of the nation's existing defense resources. They assure each community of the vital support of its neighbors, since the disastrous nature of any atom bomb would cripple quickly the capacities of any one city.

5. Sixty per cent of the nation's people live within the 250 critical target areas cited by Washington. These areas will require the bulk of the country's medical stockpiles and bombproof shelters. Under any reasonable plan of calculated risk, it would be unwise to pour funds and precious supplies into unlikely target areas. Resist the temptation to see your own foxhole as the first target or to pressure your congressman into giving you more protection than you need. At the same time, recognize that your community, however safe, is part of the nation's civil defense.

6. The prime targets of any enemy attack would be the nation's biggest industrial centers. Corporations planning large new plants would be wise to build outside these centers for their own and the nation's protection. Busi-

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"But, dear, when I fill in the stubs, that makes you angry, too"



nesses both large and small within the industrial centers should form sensible civil defense organizations. They should consider their own need for these elements of internal civil defense: personnel bomb shelters, including supplies and equipment; fire prevention and control measures; protection of stocks and records; internal warning system for large plants; emergency medical supplies; first aid instruction to employees; arrangements for mutual aid with neighboring firms; contact and coordination with the city civil defense organization.

7. The private citizen will discover that the terror of the atomic bomb has been slightly exaggerated, although still terrifying. But it is not as bad as it seemed to the sailor at Bikini whose imagination was better stocked than his reason. A few hours after the experimental bomb exploded above the lagoon, he accidentally fell into the water. When his companions dragged him out, he went into a state of shock. It took plenty of scrubbing and reassurance to bring him around. The A-bomb isn't quite as bad as that.

If the bomb falls and you are directly under it, you won't need to read further. If you are within one-half mile of the center of explosion, your chance of survival is about one out of ten. If you are one mile away, you have a 50-50 chance and as the distance increases, so do your chances. But this is a philosophic approach. In a practical way, you can increase those chances through these survival secrets for atomic attacks:

Try to get shielded: get down in a basement or subway if there's time; if not, seek shelter alongside a building, jump in a handy ditch or gutter, or simply hit the dirt.

Bury your face in your arms, hiding your eyes in the crook of your elbows to protect your face from flash burns and to keep flying objects out of your eyes.

Don't rush outside immediately after the bombing. Wait a few minutes, then go to help fight fires; after ground or water bursts, wait an hour to give lingering radiation time to die down.

Don't take chances with food or water in open containers, if there's reason to believe them contaminated—stick to canned or bottled things if possible.

Don't start rumors, because a single rumor might touch off a panic.

Don't try to stampede out of town, because your services will be needed in fighting the disaster.

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# His Customers Were Right

By ROGER BURLINGAME

ONE day a young boy went into a jewelry store to buy his mother a present. He spent a long time in trying to decide on the best gift his few saved-up dollars would buy. The boy felt the jeweler's impatience at his delay. Finally he chose and the jeweler began wrapping the little piece. Suddenly the boy saw something in one of the cases which pleased him more.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I've changed my mind. I'll take this one instead."

"No," said the jeweler, "it's too late. You've bought the first piece and you must keep it."

Embarrassed by this severity, the boy took the package but as he left the shop he made a resolve.

"When I have a store of my own the people shall have what they want."

Some ten years later the boy fulfilled his confident promise. At 23, John Wanamaker began a revolution in retail trade. In another ten years his was the largest store of its kind in the United States. It operated on principles without parallel in its day. One of them was expressed later in the slogan: "The customer is always right."

The son of a brickmaker, Wanamaker lived on the fringe of Philadelphia. He was born in a frame cottage surrounded by the odd combination of a brickyard and a truck garden.

The Bible and "Robinson Crusoe" helped John to learn to read. Sun-

day School gave him the bulk of his formal education. This religious training stuck by him through life. Church work was his constant avocation. Until he came of age, the question, "Minister or merchant?" was never far from his mind.

He got his first job at 14 as errand boy for a bookstore. To reach it, he walked barefoot to keep his shoes "clean for the customers." After a few months at \$1.25 a week, he said good-bye to the boss and entered his life business as stock boy for a men's clothier. The merchandise fascinated him but it was the customers he studied and the methods of selling. On the side he read the advertising of rivals. Most exciting of all was that of Tower Hall, Philadelphia's largest clothing store. It was in rhyme.

Whether the jingles or the fabulous salary of \$6 a week was the lure, he switched to Tower Hall. He stayed there until he was 19 when, suddenly, his health broke and with it, apparently, his ambition. Overwork and confinement had brought the threat of tuberculosis.

We know that he had saved enough for an extended western trip—walking, riding and traveling on river boats, as far as Minnesota. When he returned to Philadelphia late in 1857, he took a job as the first paid secretary of the Y.M.C.A.

His marriage in 1860 brought back the boy's itch for a store of his own. He pooled his savings with those of his brother-in-law, Nathan Brown. These combined amounted to \$3,900. In February, 1861, "Oak Hall," the men's clothing establishment of Wanamaker and Brown opened on the corner of Sixth and Market. By all signs it was a poor time to start a business.

"Before long," said George Stuart, John's Y.M.C.A. boss, "grass will be growing in the streets of Philadelphia." Neither this grim prediction nor the Civil War which broke two months later deterred the young men. They rented their two floors cheap. Wanamaker and Brown spent their first profits (\$24) on an announcement in the



Wanamaker wanted a happy customer more than a sale

*Public Ledger* that, "having purchased their goods under the pressure of the times at very low rates will sell them accordingly. Whole suits for \$3."

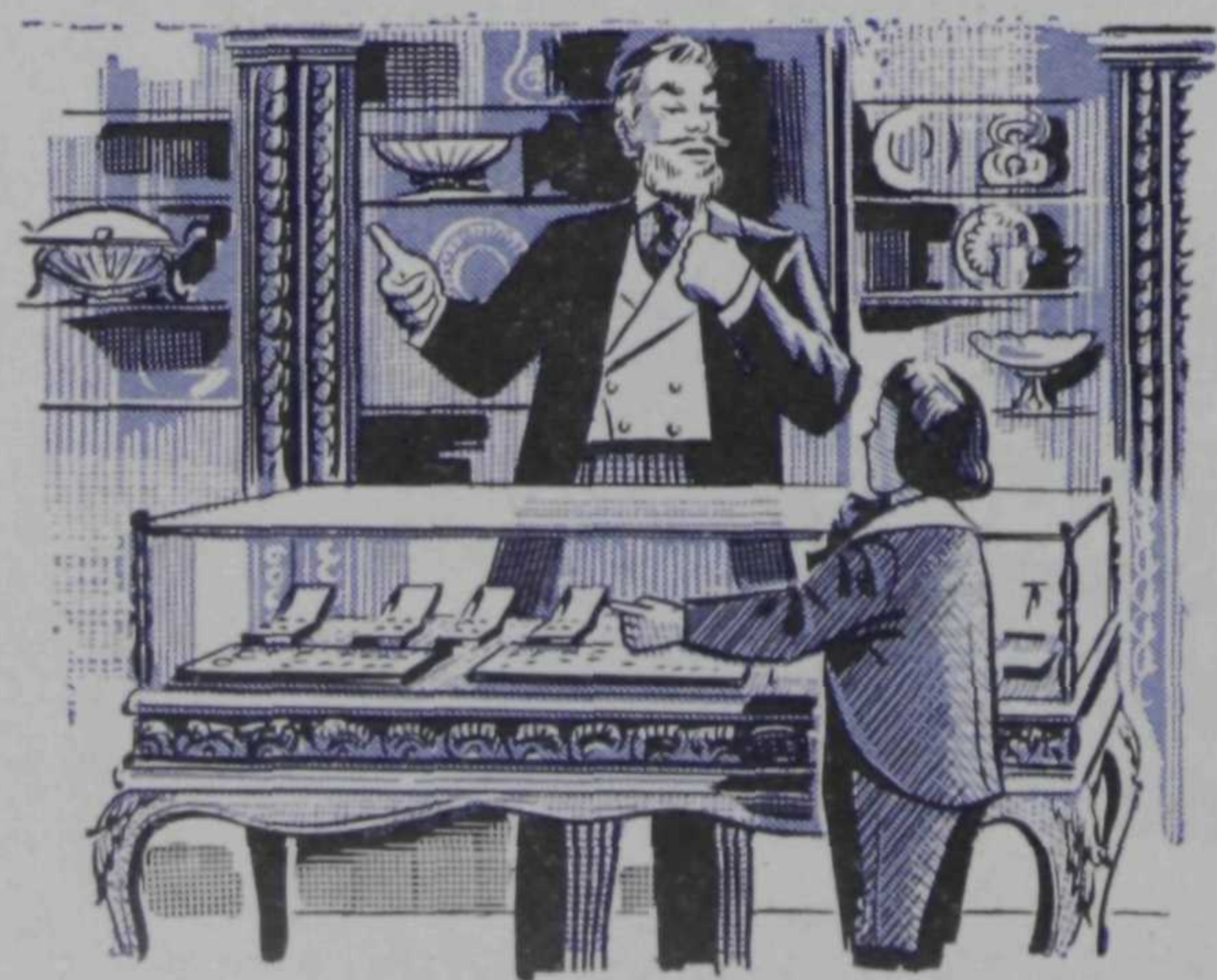
We must understand the customs of the times to know why the practices John Wanamaker introduced into this first store were so revolutionary. They are commonplace today. But even as late as the '60's, haggling over price—a habit inherited from frontier Indian trading—was the rule. Wanamaker, at the start, announced "fair prices for everything to everybody alike without hidden reservations or concessions."

This was radical enough. But he implemented this principle with a practice undreamed of in his time—a money-back guarantee to dissatisfied customers. Third, he promised truth in advertising. Finally he attacked long-term credit and established cash sales in his stores.

In his lifelong campaign to keep these principles active, Wanamaker probably did more than any other American to reverse the early relations of seller and buyer. When other merchants were frightened or out-sold into following his example, the cynical Latin slogan *caveat emptor*—"buyer beware"—disappeared from the retail trade field. "A store," he said, "should not be a trap to catch something from each who enters it."

Every nickel that could be spared went into advertising. Wanamaker wanted his publicity to entertain, to surprise, to build up a genial body of customers. He startled

PACE MAKERS  
OF INDUSTRY



A jeweler's severity led to a resolve that never died



Philadelphians with billboards, launched flocks of huge balloons and he had four-horse tallyho coaches driven through the streets. His newspaper ads seem primitive today, but they caught the public fancy. What most lured the public and sent competitors into tailspins was this one:

"Any article that does not fit well, is not the proper color or quality, does not please the folks at home, or for any reason is not satisfactory, should be brought back at once, and if it is returned as purchased within ten days, we will refund the money."

"Pleasing the folks at home" clinched it. Undoubtedly he had the women in mind. After he had their approval of the men's purchases, he branched out into the women's realm. In 1875, he bought the Pennsylvania Railroad's Grand Depot at Market and Thirteenth—then obsolete as a station. A year and a half later he opened it as a full dry-goods department store. Then he sent his son, Rodman, to Paris as a fashion detective.

By 1880, he had three Philadelphia stores. In 1896, he bought the celebrated A. T. Stewart's in New York and Wanamaker's there became known as if it had been a street or square: the name is still on bus signs along with Fifth Avenue and Central Park.

The striking characteristic of all the Wanamaker stores was constant change. Reading their morning papers, Philadelphians and New Yorkers always found surprises in the Wanamaker advertising. One day would come the opening of a restaurant for busy customers; another, an exhibition of world-famous paintings in a new art gallery. Huge auditoriums offered lectures and concerts. Enormous crowds came for the shows and stayed to buy. Behind the scenes, Wanamaker developed schools for clerks and ideas for employee welfare.

In person, John Wanamaker was tall, heavy, gray-eyed, sandy-haired, and with a smile that his biographers have called "cherubic—at times." These "times" rarely occurred, evidently, in the presence of a photographer. That he was the unmitigated saint and hero that certain authors have made of him is difficult and certainly unnecessary to believe. But that he was a true revolutionist in business is history. His insistence on a few basic pioneering principles—one price, money back, cash sales for buyer economy, and truth in advertising—has changed the face of American retail trade.

## PARTNERSHIP BUSINESS

# How to keep a moving ahead

A successful partnership usually runs smoothly because the partners complement each other in their personalities, their abilities, and their specialized functions in the business.

In the event of the death of a partner, the business is in trouble. Then the survivor must liquidate, or share the management with heirs or unknown outsiders—unless adequate arrangements have been made to meet the contingency.

One of the best arrangements is a *buy-and-sell* agreement made while the partnership is still intact. A Penn Mutual Underwriter will be glad to show you how easily you can set up a self-completing sinking fund to implement this agreement. Under the protection of this fund, the event that creates the *need* for cash also creates the *cash*.

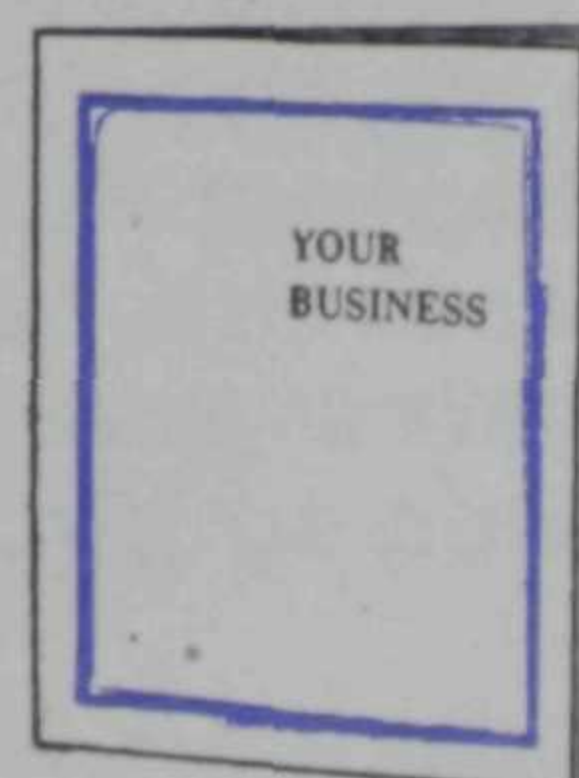


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# ACORNS OF INDUSTRY



## From Pikes to Highways

**T**HE TOLLMAN pushed his tri-cornered hat to the back of his head, stood up to admire his handiwork. The rough oak pole hanging across the road at waist height had become a dazzling whirligig of red, white and blue stripes.

It should make a fine impression on the superintendent when he came through next day for the monthly collections. It might even temper his wrath when he learned of the three pigs, now tied securely behind the office, accepted in lieu of cash from the Ohio hogward. He nodded and reached forward to daub another touch of blue at the tip of the pole. A most pleasing effect... appropriate for a tollgate on the new National Pike.

A thin jangle of bells sounded behind him. He put the cowtail brush back in its pot and turned to

arches of small bells on the hames jingling.

It was 1816. The war with England was over. Now young America could give full attention to trade and settlement in the vast new territories west of the Ohio forest. Moreover, for the first time in 200 years of English settlement, it was possible to travel and ship goods by highway from Maine to Georgia or across the Alleghenies to Wheeling, on the Ohio River.

Boston was only a four-day journey from Philadelphia. Freight could be shipped from Baltimore to Pittsburgh for \$100 a ton. Cattle and hogs raised in the lush pastures of Ohio's Scioto Valley, and fattened en route on the wastes from Pennsylvania whisky distilleries, were on sale every day in New York City.

1,500 miles in New York State in little more than a decade did not get under way until 1797. Then a group of Philadelphia business men pioneered the pattern by incorporating to build a 62-mile road between Philadelphia and Lancaster. For hundreds of years, England's sovereigns financed highway construction, and reaped large profits as well, by establishing tollgates every six or eight miles along a right of way. The original toll collectors were soldiers armed with pikes. When the fee was paid, the soldier lifted his pike, or lance, and permitted the traveler to continue his journey. Thus, in time, toll roads were given the nickname of turnpikes.

This was the system adopted by the Philadelphians in construction of the Lancaster-Philadelphia pike, with toll collectors and rough wooden gates replacing the pikemen. So, as the surge of pioneers and wagon trains rumbled west and livestock and grains flowed east, hundreds of local corporations were formed in imitation of the Lancaster pike pattern. Before 1811, Pennsylvania had 86 turnpike companies, New York 70, and New England, 180.

In 1806, the influence of Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury, caused Congress to appropriate \$7,000,000 for construction and maintenance of a "National Pike" between Cumberland, Md., and Vandalia, Ill. Work got under way in 1811. Transmountain connections with the Ohio River at Wheeling were reached about 1817. From there the route pushed overland through Ohio, Indiana and southern Illinois. Zanesville, Columbus, Richmond, Indianapolis and Terre Haute grew up around the overnight inns of the coach lines. By 1840, the National Pike connected Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Richmond, Va., with St. Louis, the Illinois prairie towns and the great western plains.

Vehicular traffic was dominated by the Concord and the Conestoga. The former was a passenger and mail coach invented by wagon-makers in Concord, N. H., and manufactured principally there



stare down off the brown line of highway twisting through the Virginia foothills. Two clouds of dust spun above the treetops at the second bend. "A Concord and a Conestoga" he said aloud to himself.

Even as he spoke, a coach drawn by four horses galloped around the bend. Behind it appeared the lead team of a Conestoga wagon, the

Up to and through the Revolution, overland travel in America was limited to rivers and horseback. Rough woods trails connected even the cities of populous New England. Finally, in 1785, Virginia enacted legislation for the nation's first intercity highway.

But the feverish construction that was to build 2,200 miles of "turnpike" in Pennsylvania and



and in Albany and Troy, N. Y. The picturesque Overland coaches later operated between Missouri and San Francisco by the two New York State express deliverymen, Henry Wells and William Fargo, were adaptations of the Concord. The box body, suspended above the wheels on leather straps, held eight or ten passengers. Coaches averaged 40 miles a day during the summer, 25 miles a day in winter. Fares averaged five cents a mile.

The Conestoga wagon, more familiarly known as the "prairie schooner," supposedly was invented by blacksmiths living along the Conestoga River, near Lancaster, Pa., for use in the wagon trains of Braddock's expedition against Fort Duquesne during the French and Indian Wars. The Conestogas were huge boat-shaped affairs, tilted at each end so that the load wouldn't shift on hills. A similar dip in the homespun cloth awning gave a peculiar, but weather-wise poke-bonnet appearance at each end.

Conestogas could carry a five-ton load and averaged 20 miles per day. They used six-horse teams. The driver rode the left wheel horse, hence kept his vehicle to the right side of the road, rather than to the left, in the English tradition.

Here, then, on the narrow brown ribbon of America's first highways fruited many of the seeds of our traditions. The railroads appeared during the 1830's. Within three decades, they had left the roads to slumber through a century until the automobile awoke them. But in their half century the pioneer roads gave birth to scores of phrases and words.

"Pike" was here to stay as the term for the main highways. So was the Conestoga driver's rule of "Keep to the Right." The Conestoga gave the name "Stogie" to the cigars rolled in Pittsburgh and peddled along the highways by wagon drivers. The original turnpike bar was taken over, too, by the railroads for grade crossings.

Most important, the pikes in those formative years of the republic created initial channels of supply and distribution between city and farm, factory and consumer and firmly fixed the pattern of our industrial and social growth for the next hundred years.

The Concord pulled up to the red, white and blue pole mentioned earlier. The driver leaned down, flipped a two-bit piece to the tollman and grinned. "Right nice day, Henry," he drawled. "Open 'er up. We got a long ways to go."

—ROBERT WEST HOWARD



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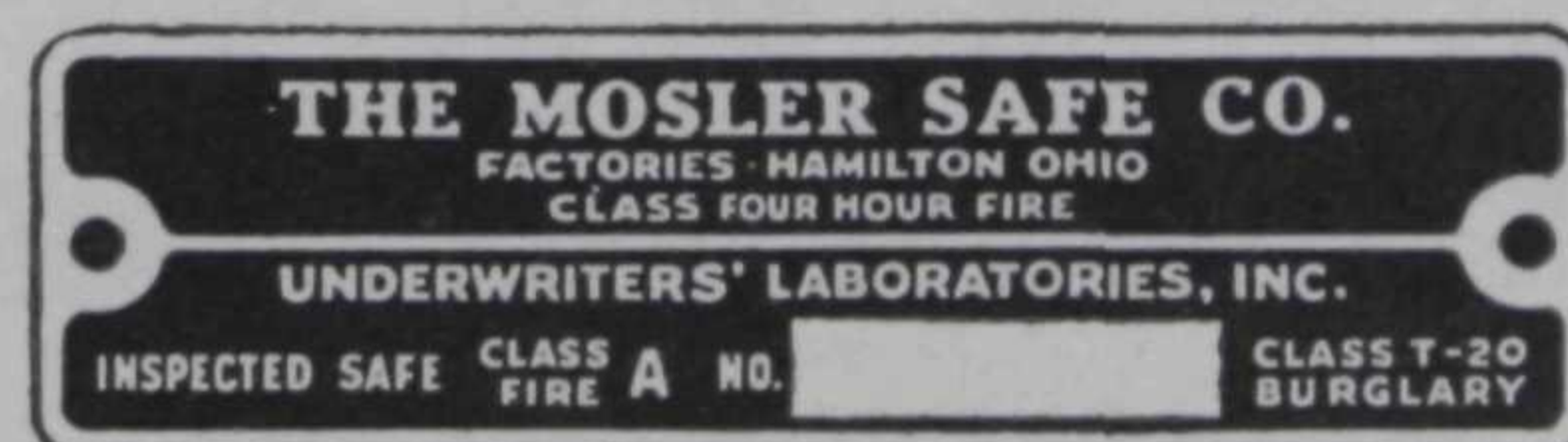
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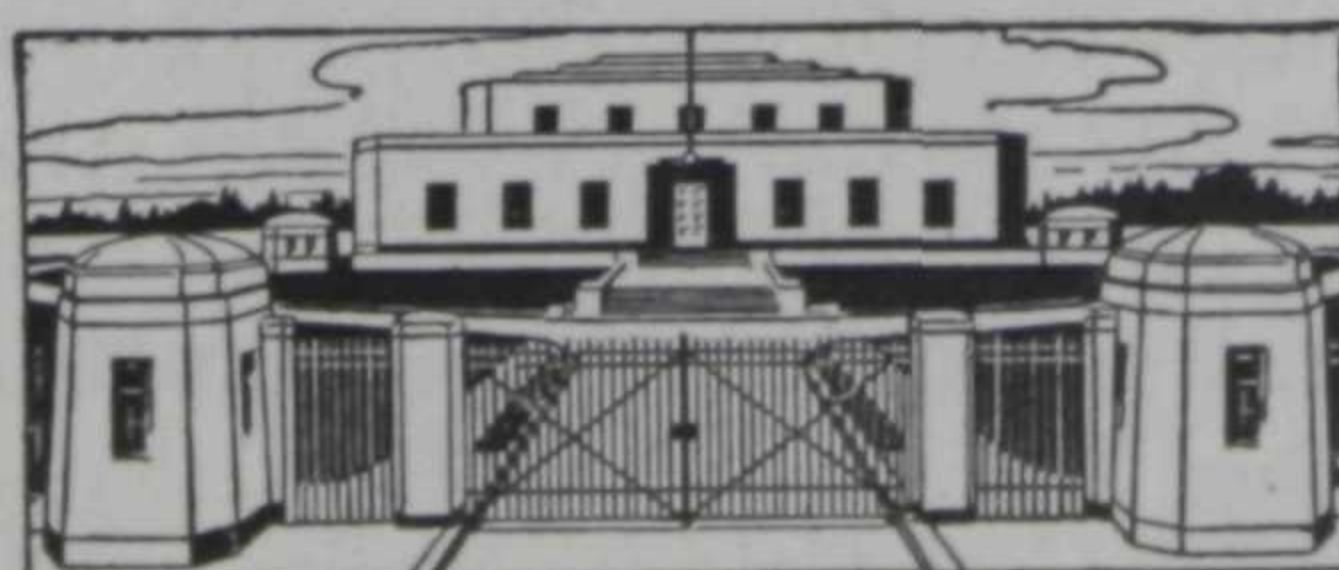
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## Good Police Are Sound Security

(Continued from page 42)

is worth. Efficiency experts frequently have found that a patrol wagon travels only a few hundred miles in the course of a year, yet requires three constant shifts of one or more men to stand by for emergency duty. Cincinnati has done away with the Black Marias in some outlying districts and replaced them with station wagon type prowl cars that have lock-ups behind the drivers. Moreover, a patrol wagon is frequently remote from the scene of a disturbance while a prowl car is often in the immediate vicinity.

Several cities have effected economies by consolidating their police districts and closing up unneeded station houses. Miles and minutes are the factors that should determine the location of a station house. In horse-and-buggy days when policemen were all on foot and patrol wagons were drawn by horses more station houses were needed than in the present motor-radio era. Yet many of the old buildings are still in use. The heating, lighting and maintenance, and the capital investment of a police building is a sizable item of expense.

The mere physical presence of a station house can add as many as 20 policemen to the payroll. The trend toward abandoning obsolete station houses has been spearheaded by such cities as San Francisco, Calif., Philadelphia, Pa., St. Louis, Mo., Cincinnati, Ohio, and New Orleans, La. More policemen are thus available for other duties, at no added cost.

The communications systems of many departments are obsolete. In the old days, policemen on the beat used call boxes to communicate with their station houses at regular intervals. This system, still in use in many cities, involves a costly waste in manpower. The calls from the boxes require the presence in the station house of a policeman who spends only a fraction of his time receiving them but who must stand by for emergencies. This is not only manpower waste but bad for morale; the officer who receives the calls often has a soft job and his brother officers who pound the beat in all kinds of weather often resent it.

Defenders of this system point to the expense of installing a centralized setup. Such an installation is expensive. Cost sheets show,

however, that in several cities where the centralized system has replaced the old—notably in Chicago, Ill., Cincinnati, Ohio, and Baltimore, Md.—savings effected have paid for the improvement in a comparatively short time, sometimes in a year.

Experts who survey police departments are agreed that the practice of assigning patrolmen to schools and other points to guide children through traffic is unnecessarily costly. Bruce Smith, police consultant of the Institute of Public Administration in New York, who has surveyed more than 100 police departments in the past 20 years, maintains that the training and skill of a policeman is not always necessary for the safety of school children, as vital as that safety is. Responsible men and women in other walks of life can, Smith has proved, do the work under police supervision and be paid by the hour.

Cincinnati enjoys low police costs in part because some 40 to 50 part-time guards at school crossings release an equal number of trained policemen for more exacting duties. Chicago estimates that a similar plan which it now has under consideration will cost one-third or less of present outlays for school child protection. Philadelphia estimates the cost of crossing guards at only \$600 per year. Los Angeles, Cleveland and Pittsburgh as well as smaller cities appear to be well satisfied with their experiments along these lines.

Since the average median pay of a patrolman is around \$50 a week he draws that much for what breaks down to a 15-hour week. Non-policemen trained for school children work average \$1 to \$1.25 an hour. Thus, for 15 hours' work, they receive less than \$20 compared to the policeman's \$50 or more.

Assigning policemen to school work has another disadvantage. Not only does it concentrate the police force during those hours when the city is almost self-policing, but criminals can plan crimes for hours when a city will be predictably and largely immobilized; in fact they are known to have done so in a number of cities.

The average police force is run by a man who is a specialist in law enforcement, not business administration. Thus sound business practices, with resultant economies, are often unknown to depart-



ments. Effort is duplicated, waste is inherent in desk work and the keeping of records. Most police forces have sprung from small beginnings, as Bruce Smith points out, and only gradually have acquired complex structural features. Various stopgap and temporary devices have come to be accepted parts of police organism.

In the final analysis, no police department is better than the men who make it up. J. Edgar Hoover calls patrolmen's salaries—which range from an entrance average of \$1,800 in small towns to a maximum average of \$4,375 in the big cities—scandalously low.

But better pay alone will not bring better men into police work.

Local civil service regulations could be modernized, as they have been in Portland, Ore., Pontiac, Mich., Berkeley, Calif., Seattle, Wash., and other cities.

Wichita, Kans., has one of the most progressive police departments in the country partly due to a recruiting program instituted back in 1935. The Wichita department worked out a training course for cadet policemen with the University of Kansas. Studying at college gave new weight and dignity to law enforcement as a career.

Promotions within many departments would be more rapid and still within the budgetary framework if pension-age officers who are partially disabled but who still hold full-time jobs, retired regardless of their personal inclinations. Many departments are saddled with men sitting around station houses drawing full-time pay for doing practically nothing. Morale is affected all down the line.

In addition to the three largest survey organizations—the Institute of Public Administration in New York and the Public Administration Service and Griffenhagen & Associates, both in Chicago—there are several smaller organizations and individuals who do just as efficient work. The cost of a survey is small compared to the savings it frequently effects. In a town of 10,000 a survey takes from two weeks to a month and costs from \$1,000 upward. In a city of 100,000 it runs anywhere from \$5,000 up. A city of 1,000,000 or thereabouts can be surveyed for from \$20,000 up.

You can't lose. An efficient police department must be measured not only in terms of money but in terms of human life. In these days, when the slightest relaxation of professional vigilance may be a threat to our very survival, an efficient police department can be a priceless asset.

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PHOTOS BY JACK GORMAN

# Most Polite Man

By C. H. GARRIGUES



**FRANK MOORE, tollgate collector on the San Francisco-Oakland bay bridge, has said "thank you" more than 4,000,000 times. But more than courtesy is involved**

**M**RS. FRANK MOORE will tell you that her husband is the politest man in the world. Since 1940 he has stood at the eastern end of the San Francisco-Oakland bay bridge and said "thank you" more than 4,000,000 times. On a busy day he may say it as often as 4,200 times and during rush hours—morning and evening, Monday through Friday—will repeat the courteous expression once every three seconds.

Between times he collects quarters—and nickels and dimes, halves and dollars and \$20 bills. He has collected more than \$1,200,000 in the past ten years; has made change more than 2,000,000 times with an error average of considerably less than one in 10,000. He has helped to apprehend automobile thieves, bandits, counterfeiters and dope peddlers. But all these feats and achievements pale into insignificance for Frank against thank you's said 4,000 times a day to 4,000 hands stuck out of 4,000 automobiles.

The thank you is an inviolable rule imposed on him and the 79 other collectors by Toll Captain M. L. Silvey, who administers the gates.

"We are proud of lots of things about the bridge," Silvey says. "We are proud that it is the biggest bridge in the world, that more traffic moves across it than across any comparable structure in the world and at a higher rate per lane than through any other tollgate in the world. And we are proud of the thank you's. We are proud to say that with 80,000 thank you's said here every day, this is probably the politest place in the world."

There is more behind the thank you than simple courtesy, however. Originally the rule was imposed partly because Californians are not accustomed to tollgates. The authorities hoped that a little extra courtesy might help to soothe the savage public breast. The toll captain soon found, however, that the thank you did



more than that: it made better collectors of the men at the gate. It reduced errors in the cash turn-in and helped to speed the flow of traffic to a record rate per lane.

Imagine six lanes of cars jammed almost bumper to bumper across the vast arch of a man-made, sodium-lighted rainbow in the sky. Bumper to bumper and fender to fender—5,000 automobiles hurrying eastward or westward: women hurrying back from shopping to get their husbands' dinners; women hurrying back from work to get their husbands' dinners; husbands hurrying from work to eat their dinners; women hurrying to hospitals to have babies.

It is a vast assembly line that can move only as Frank and his fellow-collectors move it, standing outside their little sentry-boxes, their left hands outstretched, their right hands palming a quarter and a half dollar.

The motorist slides to a stop, waving a dollar bill. Like a mechanical man, Frank takes the dollar in his left hand and drops it into the till of the cash register; automatically his right hand presses the quarter and a half into the hands of the motorist (closing his fingers about them so he cannot possibly scatter them on the pavement). Automatically, too, his right hand punches the 25 cent key on the register; says "Thank you."

It is a simple operation: a second for the motorist to come to a stop; a second to make change and ring up the toll; a half second to get the motorist on his way. It is an operation so simple that, by sheer monotony the collector would probably gum up the works, if the thank you were not added to complete the pattern of automatic actions.

"You would think that a simple action, repeated over and over, would become so automatic that there would never be a failure," Captain Silvey says. "The contrary, however, is the case. There seems to be a tendency for the human mechanism to short-cut—to leave out one phase of the operation where that phase is not essential to the successful completion of the pattern. The pattern starts with the toll taker reaching out his left hand to take the money; it ends with him pressing the change into the motorist's hand and seeing him drive away. Between is the essential action of dropping the toll into the box. No one of these simple actions can be omitted without interrupting the pattern.

"But punching the key—ringing up the toll—that is another matter. The collector can forget; after you have rung up 499 fares in 30 or 40 minutes, you can never be sure that you have rung up the five-hundredth. And so, when you say 'thank you' to a motorist, you are saying more than 'thank you.' You are saying 'I rang up that fare!' And if you say it, you do it. You won't omit the key-punching if you don't omit the thank you. And you are only one tenth as likely to omit a double operation as a single one."

Thus courtesy pays off, in a different sense than that expressed in the copybooks.

"As a result," Captain Silvey says, "we are able to hold our error in cash turn-in to less than 25 cents in a thousand dollars. That is, a collector is allowed only one mistake in four thousand. That, we think, is something of a world record, too."

"But the thank you pays off in another way, too," Frank Moore says. "It keeps you from blowing your top. It keeps you from getting ulcers. It's like this. . . ."

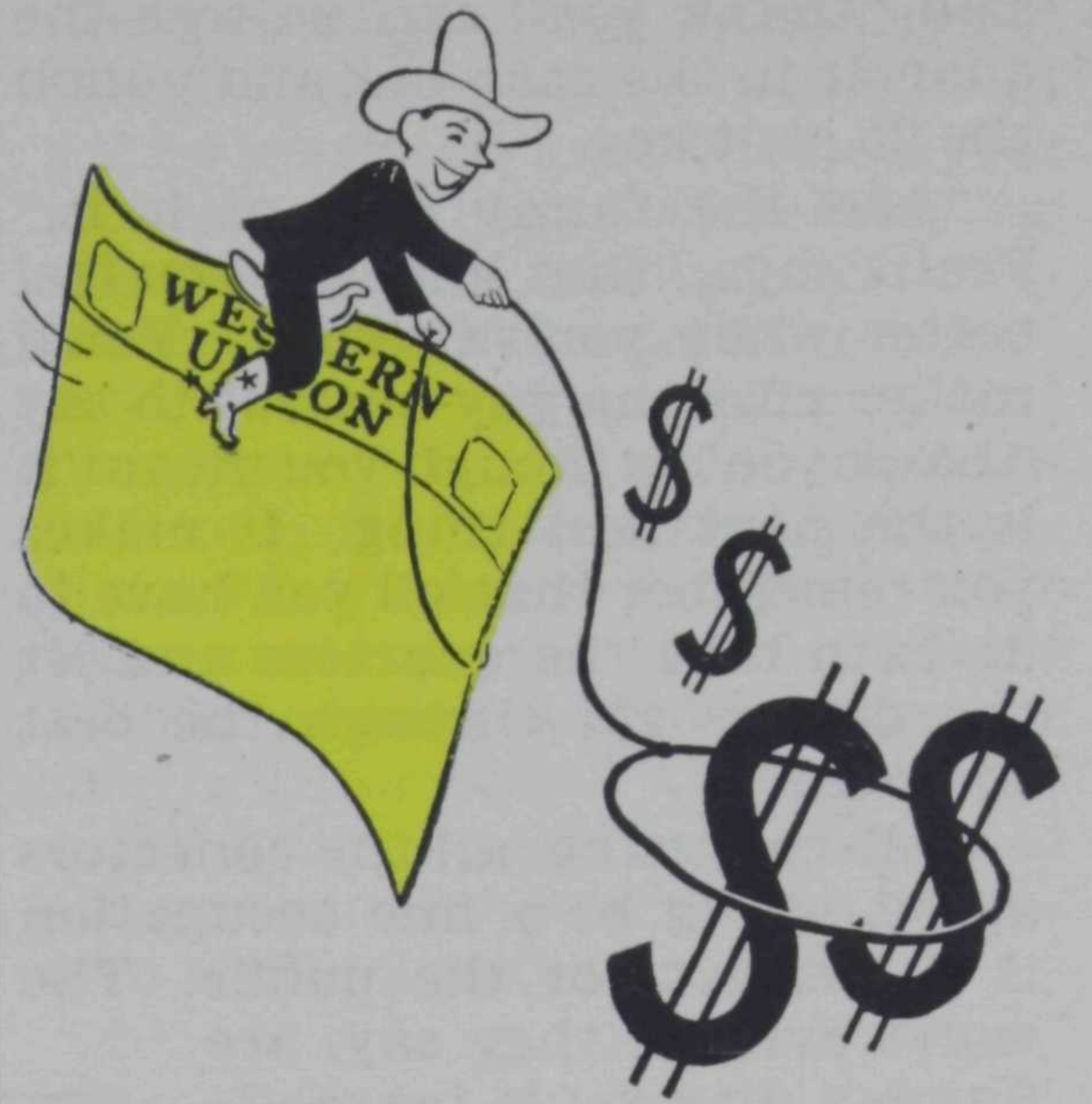
After he's been on the gates a while, a collector begins to get the illusion that it is he and not the public that is moving the assembly line along the bridge. He begins to feel that he stands there and whips the cars across. He begins to feel personally responsible for each and every car approaching. He knows he shouldn't, but he does. It is reach . . . make change . . . say thank you . . . reach . . . make change . . . whip them through.

And then a motorist pulls up, offers his quarter, leans out the window and says, "Say, buddy, how do you get from here to Hayward?"

The assembly line comes to a stop. In ten seconds cars are piled up in Frank's lane for 100 yards.

There is nothing Frank can do about it. It would take longer to tell the driver where to go than to tell him how to get to Hayward. He waves an arm and says, "Keep right on the way and follow the sign through Oakland." The driver says, "But do I have to go through San Leandro?" Frank says, "No," and the driver's wife leans over and says, "Wouldn't it be quicker to go through Walnut Creek to get to Modesto?" Frank tells her and the driver says, "Thanks" and Frank says "Thank you" and the driver probably says to himself, "Gosh, that's a pleasant kind of guy."

What he doesn't know is that Frank has been standing there watching the traffic jam up and



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feeling his ulcers tighten up at every question. Not until he has said "thank you" can he toss the quarter in the cash box and punch the 25 cent key.

"And the funny part of it is," Frank says, "that it makes you feel better when you've said it. You'd rather cuss the guy out but to say 'thank you' as though you meant it is the next best thing. It makes you remember that all you have to do is to take the quarters and let the drivers get through the best they can."

Toll-collecting, all the collectors agree, would be a fine occupation if it weren't for the public. The worst drivers, they say, are Sunday drivers; it takes almost 40 per cent longer to get 1,000 cars through the gate on Sunday than on Friday. But even the regular commuters have their crackpot fringe. . . .

"Some drivers," Captain Silvey says, "seem to find a challenge in the automatic ease with which the collector makes change. It is as though they were under some compulsion to see if they can't outsmart him."

"One stunt is to hand the collector three dimes for a 25 cent toll. Since the change system is set up on a 25 cent basis—a quarter for the till, three quarters always ready in change for the motorist—the collector then has to fish around in his sentry box to try to find a lone nickel. Another driver will hold out his toll in a tightly closed fist so that the collector cannot see in advance whether he is getting a quarter, a half, a dollar or a five. And still another will hold out his quarter and then drop it on the pavement instead of into the collector's hands. To all these customers (and even to the man who insists on proffering a quarter held between bare toes) the collector is supposed to say 'thank you.'"

The surest way to hold up the assembly line, however, is to offer the collector a counterfeit coin. Many otherwise innocent motorists, stuck with a lead half-dollar or a wallpaper ten, suppose that a tollgate would be a good place to get rid of the stuff without loss to themselves. They quickly learn their mistake.

To the motorist who offers a leaden coin, the only penalty will be the loss of the coin. (The law requires the collector to confiscate

it and turn it over to the Treasury Department.) However, if the motorist offers a counterfeit bill the collector summons a toll sergeant who instructs him to park in a nearby plaza and await the arrival of the Secret Service. Meanwhile, he keeps a close watch to make certain the driver does not destroy any other counterfeit bills in his possession.

The line moves and the cars go through at the rate of one every three seconds. After a while the squawk box in his shelter says, "Watch for a black sedan containing three men. License 3R 6 something-or-other . . . robbed theater

cent men going home from work, or old college grads going to a fraternity reunion.

Who they really are, Frank will probably never know. For when he turns back to his own job there is a line of cars and a driver waving a dollar bill and demanding, "Hey, stupid, can't you do your sleeping in bed?"

Frank grins and says "Thank you." Because, in the first place the public is only the public. And in the second place, if you can't grin on the tollgates you won't last long on the job.

Nobody has lasted as long as Frank. In 13 years, more than 500 collectors have been employed in the 80 positions. Some blew their tops; some got ulcers; some had their feet run over by drunken motorists.

And it isn't a job that pays a lot of money. You start at \$243 a month and work your way up—after four years—to \$295. That's tops—unless you can get to be a sergeant.

But it's a job you can get a lot of satisfaction from, in spite of the cold, the wind, the rain—and the public.

With his seniority, Frank gets a lot of day work. He spends most of his evenings square dancing with Mrs. Moore and their two daughters. He is president of the San Francisco City College Square Dance Club.

"There's something about toll collecting and square dancing which seem to go together," he says. "There is a pattern . . . a series of rhythmic, automatic move-

ments which may be completely meaningless except to the completion of the pattern . . . always a movement from one position to another in complete and logical sequence.

"In a sense, I suppose the formal courtesies of the square dance are meaningless—just as the thank you of the tollgate might seem to be meaningless to the average person.

"But you couldn't have a square dance without them—just as you couldn't do a good job of toll taking without the thank you.

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that a term on the tollgate would make a good square dancer out of you.

"But you can be sure of one thing: a collector who mumbled his thank you to a motorist would certainly muff his square dance."

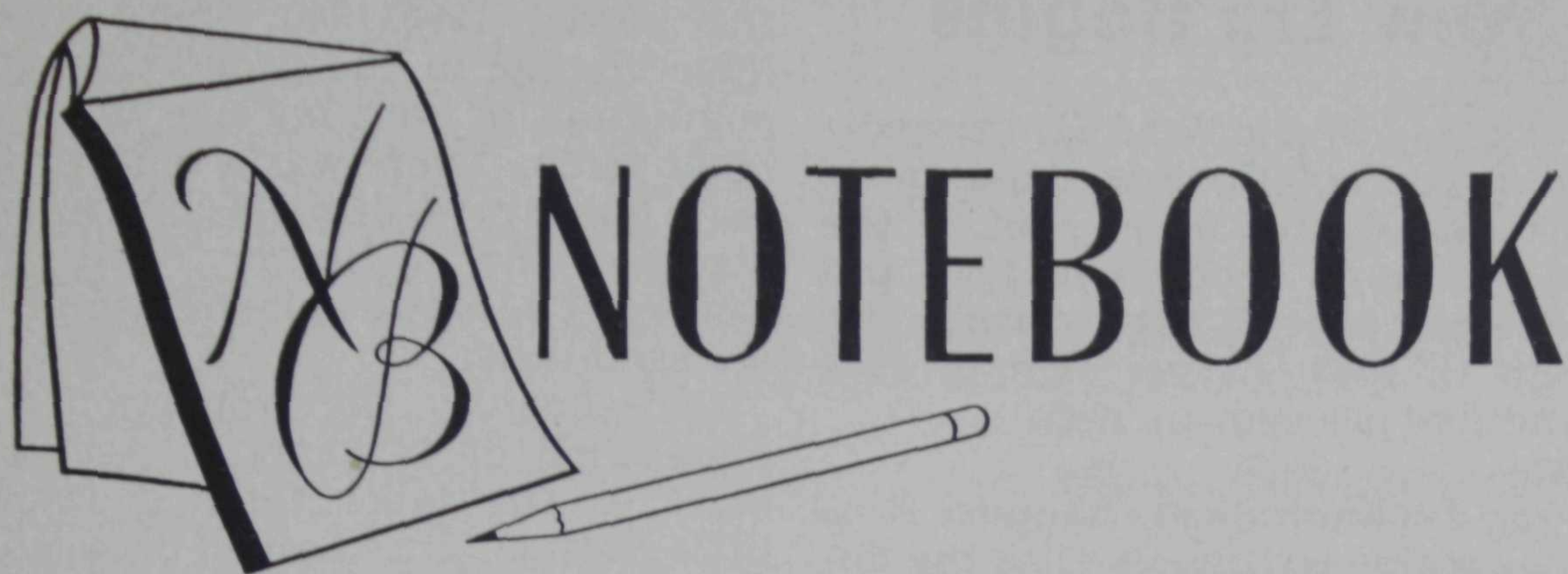


"Harvey, do you remember Junior's home chemistry set?"

. . . half hour ago . . . armed . . . dangerous. Do not detain but notify highway patrol. . . ."

After that he watches cars and license numbers instead of just hands but when an hour goes by and nothing happens he becomes a mechanical man again until, suddenly, he finds himself standing by a black sedan containing three ugly looking characters. He looks after the moving car and presses the button that opens his own mike and says quietly, "Black sedan containing three men, license 3R something-or-other just left lane 13 going east." Almost before the words are out of his mouth he sees a patrol car take off from the plaza; knows that in Oakland and Berkeley police dispatchers are weaving a net of prowling cars about the suspects—who may, after all, be only inno-





# NOTEBOOK

## An office for prices

IN A FLIMSY, dingy building at the bottom of Capitol Hill, the nucleus of what will probably mushroom into one of the biggest government agencies is at work gathering information, formulating policy and recruiting a staff. This new outfit is called the Office of Price Stabilization, an arm of the Economic Stabilization Agency. The entire staff included only 150 persons, at the last count.

Currently, one of the principal functions of the OPS will be to keep abreast of prices by all means at its limited disposal. As in World War II, the broadest source is the Bureau of Labor Statistics, which probably maintains the most complete file in existence on prices and price actions by various types of businesses.

The price agency has access to the multitude of detailed data that the BLS gathers to complete its indexes and, on request, the Bureau also makes special surveys for the agency.

For more detailed data on farm prices, the agency relies on the Department of Agriculture.

The agency's own small staff, besides analyzing the data from other governmental sources, has already entered the fact-finding field. Experts on various types of commodities have been recruited from industry and obtained on loan from established government agencies.

Commodities subject to speculation and rapid price fluctuations are the special concern of these experts. By long established personal contacts and familiarity with the trade, they are able to find out what is happening in the minimum of time—frequently by phoning somebody in the trade.

However, direct contact by telegraph and with a cross section of any industry will be employed under present conditions because of price variances in many sections.

## The art of forecasting

THE VOICE of business, industry and finance was ominously muted, in terms of numbers, this past month in contrast to the usual outpouring of predictions for 1950. But enough came across the editor's desk to count more bulls than bears in the ranks of America's business men and industrialists.

But their predictions of what lies in store for them this year are as varied as your own. In some industries, there is even a conflict between heads of individual companies.

Here's a quick glance at the summarization of the observations:

"The best year ever" in sales and production is expected by the retail merchants, railroads, airlines, fuel oil industries, makers of smoking pipes and women's slacks—among others.

Gloomy days are seen ahead by makers of farm machinery, television sets, home building, electrical appliances and zippers.

A tight squeeze because of materials shortage, but a steady market either from civilian or military demand, is expected by a middle group: copper, zinc, glass, liquor and brooms.

As for profits, those with bulging backlogs fear that the first half year's booming production and sales will turn their earnings statements into sitting ducks for congressmen looking for new sources to tap for taxes.

On the whole, then, a good year for most—but a pinch for those in purely civilian goods lines.

## Little things

NOW THAT the oracles have had their say about the outlook for 1951, it might be timely to point out a few of the noninflationary happenings.

On the medical front, the word is that physicians handling big business men have all but dedicated a new disease. These executives, the medics say, have Decem-

ber-May-itis. This form of nervous disorder is rather widely recognized as the result of the tension of the closing out of the old year. It seems to prevail until the new year is well under way. After May, so the theory goes, the lads are considered safe until next December.

The other item, which might promote efficiency, but in addition will keep the field men of Rodney Hunt Machine Company on their toes, concerns the installation of mobile phones in the company's fleet of automobiles. Carried to the ultimate, this could be the first real threat to salesmen since the invention of the auditor.

## Speed in reverse

BACK IN February, 1947, the Gray Shop, a woman's apparel establishment in Boston, queried the U. S. Department of Commerce for information regarding the export of clothing for sale in Mexico.

Under date of Dec. 11, 1950, the company president received the first acknowledgment, to wit:

"Gentlemen:

"This refers to your request of Dec. 4, 1947. We are pleased to inclose the following: Dry goods & clothing—1&D—Mexico, Nov. 1950. Please do not hesitate to call upon us at any time, if we can be of further service to you.

"Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, Regional Director."

## A look back

THE SPEAKER: Joseph Stalin. The time: 1925.

"American efficiency is that indomitable spirit which neither knows nor will be deterred by an obstacle, which plugs away with businesslike perseverance until every impediment has been removed, that simply must go through with a job once it has been tackled."

## Banks do a job

THE AVERAGE bank has no place like Fort Knox when it comes to safeguarding its assets. Yet American banks have been doing an increasingly good job of cutting down losses from embezzlement—which, for example, have run around \$4,000,000 a year—burglary, robbery, forgery and other criminal offenses. The proof of this is in the savings of \$1,272,000 that banks racked up last year in insurance premiums. And these savings were made in the face of higher amounts of coverage due to sharply increased assets.



# Armed America: A New Era Begins

(Continued from page 30)

Maintaining a high rate of expenditure on plant and equipment will require a drop in the per capita standard of living that will probably last until the end of 1952 or longer. If a high rate of expenditure on plant and equipment is kept up, however, the duration of the drop will be lessened. A major and more modern industrial plant means more productivity.

One way of looking at the effect of the defense economy on the standard of living is to ask: How do the increased defense expenditures compare with the normal annual increase in the output of the economy? The ultimate increase in such expenditures (after the enlarged armed services have been equipped) will be at least \$15,000,000,000 a year. The normal increase in the output of the economy is about three per cent a year. This allows for some increase in the labor force. At present this "normal" increase is about \$8,000,000,000 a year. It will soon be around \$9,000,000,000 a year. One may say roughly, therefore, that the increased defense expenditures will ultimately absorb at least two years of the normal increase in the output of the economy.

This means that Americans will have to wait nearly two years longer before achieving any given standard of living. For example, they will have to wait until 1955 to obtain the standard of living that they otherwise would have obtained in 1953. This assumes that defense requirements do not in the long run stimulate an increase in the total output. But the defense demands, as I shall point out, probably will stimulate an increase in total output. If they do, the delay in attaining any given standard of living will be lessened.

**2. Total output of industry:** One might expect the stronger demand for goods caused by the defense needs to stimulate a more rapid expansion of output. This is likely to happen because the strong demand will, 1, stimulate technological change, 2, increase the size of the labor force and, 3, keep unemployment to a minimum. The great doubt is whether the defense demands, combined with a strong demand for consumer goods, will limit the output of plant and equipment.

During World War II, expenditures on plant and equipment dropped from 7.8 per cent of the net national product in 1939 and nine per cent in 1940 to three per cent in 1943, 3.7 per cent in 1944 and five per cent in 1945.

**3. Technological changes:** It is reasonable to suppose that the defense economy will accelerate the rate of technological change. One reason for this conclusion is the Government's enormous research needs. These needs will cause the Government to support research on a scale even larger than before. Many of the discoveries probably will have civilian applications. The

"The Government never really goes into business, for it never makes ends meet, and that is the first requisite of good business. It just mixes a little business and a lot of politics, and no one ever gets a chance to find out what is actually going on."

—Thomas A. Edison

shortage of materials in the defense economy will stimulate industrial research. Expectations about taxes probably will have the same effect. During the next several years, taxes on corporations will be higher than managers will expect them to be in the long run. The expectation of a tax drop stimulates technological research. The cost of the research is an expense that reduces present tax liability. If the profits from research in future years are expected to be taxed at a lower rate, present expenditures on research are encouraged.

In view of the shortages of materials in the defense economy, the national interest will be particularly well served by research that produces "capital-saving inventions"—that is, inventions that raise the productivity of labor more than they raise the productivity of capital and thus make it advantageous to use less capital per worker. Of course, it may turn out that labor is scarcer than the metals and other raw materials used in making capital goods.

**4. Employment:** One of the important effects of the defense econ-

omy will be to raise the proportion of people of working age who are in the labor force and at work. During the period 1890-1940, there was little change in the proportion of population of working age in the labor force. There was a tendency for a lower ratio of males of working age and a higher ratio of women. These two more or less offset each other.

Consequently, the proportion of population of 14 years of age or more in the labor force showed little change. It remained between 53 and 54 per cent.

The strong demand for labor since 1940, however, has tended to raise the proportion of population of working age. It is now about 57 per cent and will be still higher.

There are good opportunities to increase the proportion of males older than 65 in the labor force. Back in 1890, about 68.2 per cent of males 65 years old or more worked. By 1940, the proportion had dropped to 42.2 per cent. During World War II it reached 48.8 per cent. It can probably be gradually pushed up to about 60 per cent. The recent tendency to make 65 the usual retirement age is being halted and the usual retirement age will be made 68 or 70.

The proportion of women in the labor force long has been increasing and will continue to rise. In 1930, 24.3 per cent of the women of 14 years of age or more worked; in 1940, the proportion was 28.2 per cent; the wartime peak in 1944 was 36.8 per cent. By 1949 the proportion had dropped to 32.4 per cent. Working is growing in popularity among women of 45 years or older. There has been no drop since the war in the proportion of women in these age groups in the labor force. The strong demand for goods created by the defense economy gradually will push the proportion of women in the labor force above the wartime ratio.

**5. Prices:** Large defense needs of the country greatly increase the probability that the long-term movement of prices will be slowly upward. One of the principal reasons for this expectation has been the strong bargaining position of trade unions. Even if no increase in defense expenditures had been necessary, unions probably would have been strong enough to raise wages faster than the increase in output per man-hour. This would have necessitated a slow rise in the price level.

The defense economy will bring into existence various arrangements for controlling the rise in



prices. Some of these arrangements, such as tax increases, restrictions on the use of credit, and encouragement of thrift, operate on prices indirectly. Others, such as ceilings on prices or wages, operate on prices directly. Neither the direct nor the indirect controls will be able to continue to prevent a rise in prices. The indirect controls in the long-run can be no more effective than the direct controls over wages because prices in the long-run will have to be adjusted to rising wages. It is too early to say what form controls of wages will take or how effective they will be. Perhaps the Government will be able to negotiate an agreement with the trade unions that will impose some kind of restraint on wages. If this method fails, legal standards for wage settlements will be necessary. It is plain that the labor market in the defense economy will be too tight to permit free and uncontrolled collective bargaining to set wages. It is also highly probable, however, that wage controls, whatever form they take, will not completely prevent a rise in labor costs. Consequently, a creeping advance in prices is to be expected.

**6. Government finances:** The defense needs during the next several years are too large to be met completely out of taxes. Some increase in borrowing and some rise in the public debt will be necessary. During the next two or three years, the public debt undoubtedly will rise somewhat faster than the *physical* increase in production. The imperfect control of prices, however, is likely to cause the *money* volume of the national product to grow more rapidly than the national debt. As a result, the ratio of the national debt to the money volume of the net national product probably will drop. The average rate of interest on the national debt is likely to rise. Consequently, the ratio of interest payments on the national debt to the net national product may rise. The increase in this ratio, if any, however, will not be great. Furthermore, interest payments will be small in relation to the total expenditures of the federal Government.

After the enlarged armed forces have been provided with original equipment and after defense spending is on a replacement basis, taxes are likely to yield a budget surplus. The pressure to reduce taxes is bound to be great—just as it was in 1947 and early in 1948. It would not be surprising, therefore,



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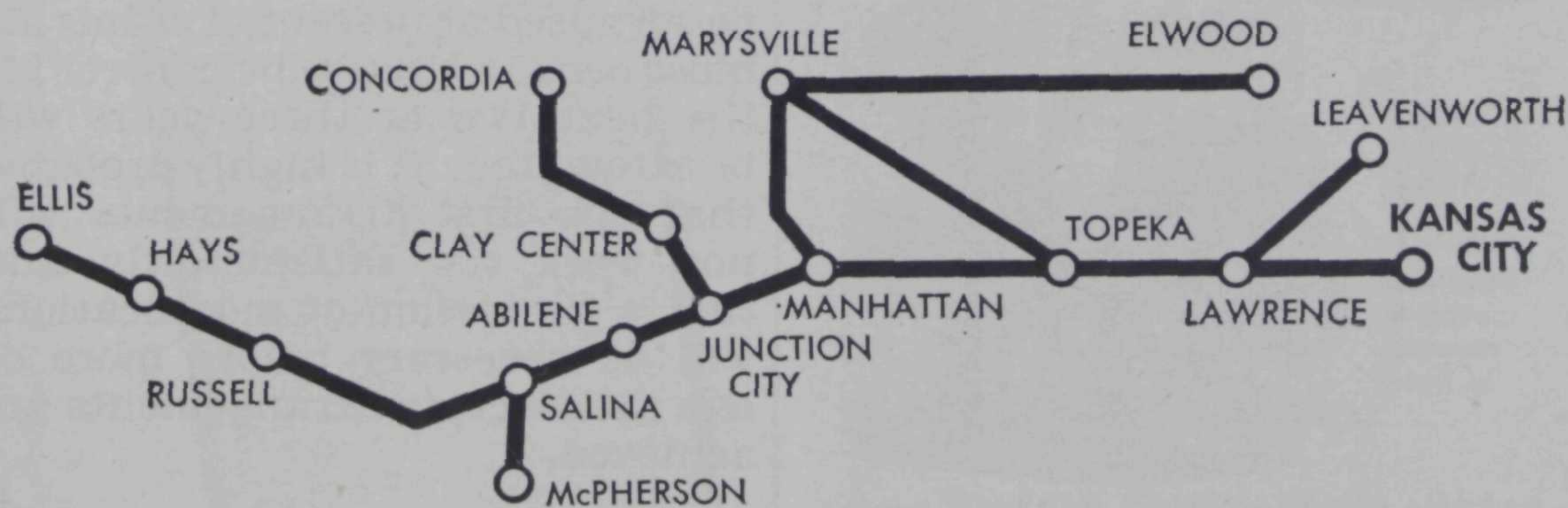
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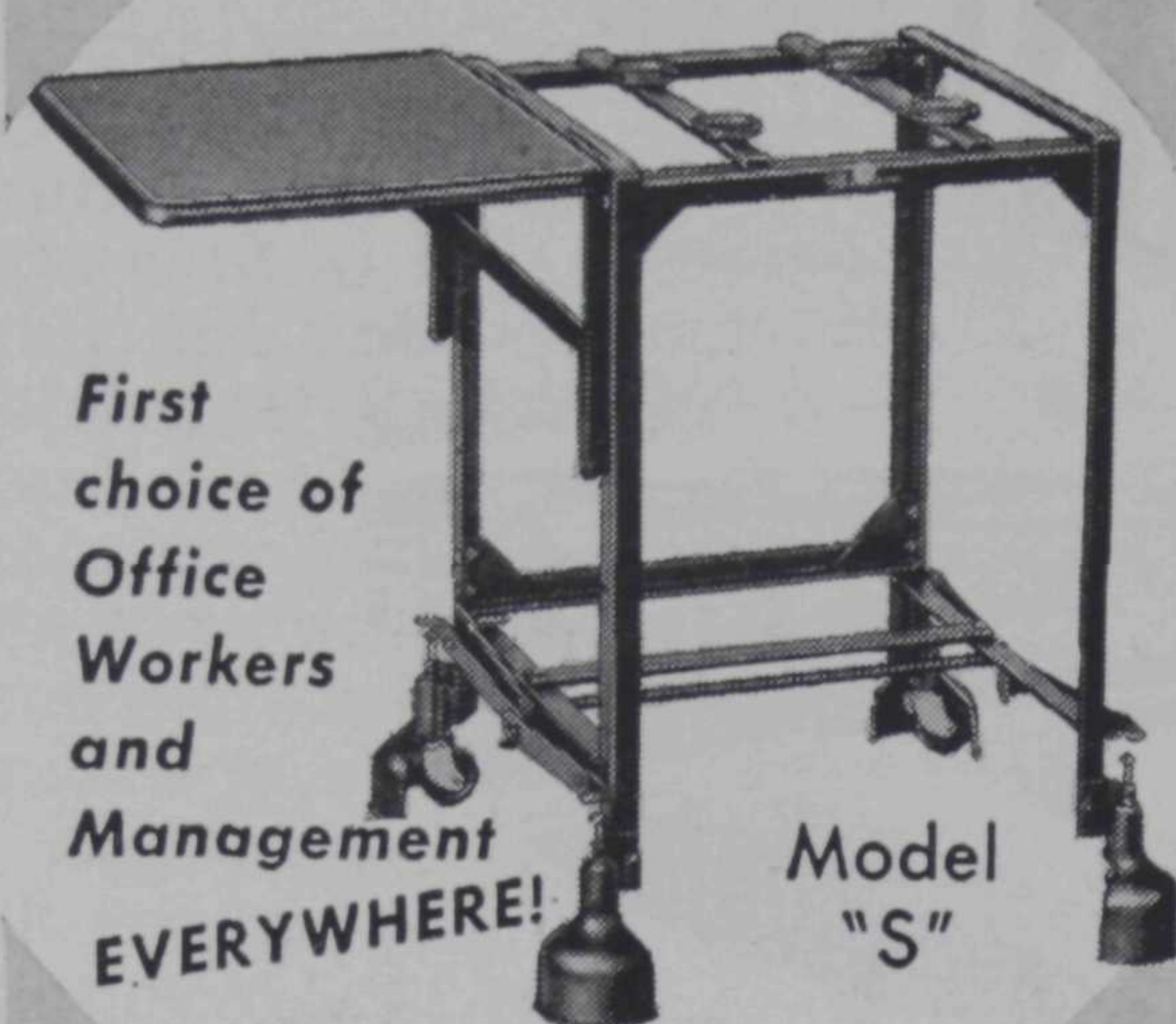
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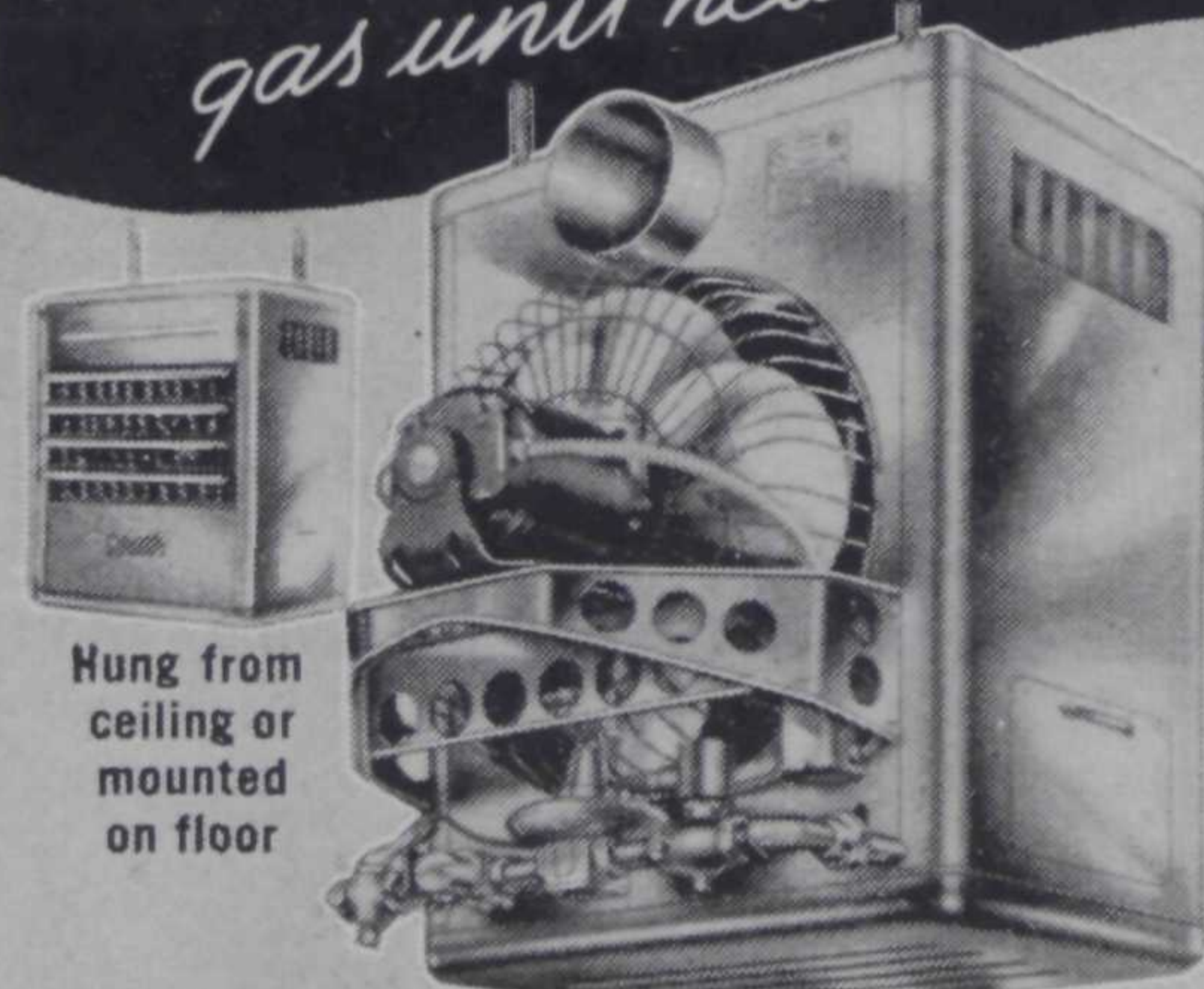
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if the ultimate drop in defense expenditures were accompanied by tax reductions that prolong the budget deficit.

It is not likely, however, that the annual deficit in the budget will be as large as the "normal" increase in net national product which, as I have pointed out, is now about \$8,000,000,000 a year and will be larger several years hence. It happens that the annual net national product and the federal debt are now almost the same size. Consequently, if the product increases faster than the debt, the ratio of debt to the net national product will drop. The conclusion follows, therefore, that the long-run prospect is that the federal debt will grow more slowly than the net national product and that the ratio of debt to the product slowly will decline.

**7. Collective bargaining:** Free collective bargaining presupposes a labor market in which the bargaining power of employers and the bargaining power of unions are roughly equal. I have expressed already the view that, even if great increases in defense expenditures had not been necessary, unions would have been strong enough to raise wages faster than the increase in output per man-hour. This result might or might not have provoked interference with free collective bargaining. I have pointed out, however, that the labor market in a defense economy will be too tight for the community to permit free and uncontrolled collective bargaining. Although the nature of the controls can only be surmised at present, it seems almost certain that some control for the next two or three years will be attempted. It is highly probable that the first arrangements will not work too satisfactorily and that a succession of modifications will be necessary before more or less satisfactory arrangements are achieved.

**8. Small investors:** The prospect of even a slowly rising price level compels us to reconsider accepted thinking about investments and, in particular, to reconsider thinking about the investment problems of small savers. It has always been thought that the small saver, to whom security of principal was of first importance, had best put his money into a savings bank, building and loan shares, or high-grade bonds. In this way, he avoided much risk to his principal. All of this thinking about investments, however, rests upon the implied as-

sumption that the price level would remain more or less stable.

In a rising price level, however, the type of investments that formerly gave the maximum protection to principal assures loss of principal—because, though the saver can get his dollars back, he is really interested in conserving the purchasing power of his principal.

The economy is not too well prepared to meet the problems that confront the small saver in an era of slowly rising prices. One possible outlet for him may be home ownership. Another possible outlet may be investment trusts that specialize in securities that are not sensitive to the cyclical ups and downs of business. Possibly the Government will come to the rescue of the small investor by providing non-negotiable bonds payable in a fixed amount of purchasing power. It is still too early to see precisely how the small saver will adapt himself to an economy with more or less steadily rising prices. It is plain, however, that the prospect of an advancing price level makes it desirable that the small noninstitutional investor use sparingly savings accounts and bonds.

**9. Attitude toward Government:** In recent years there has been a strong tendency in some parts of the community to look on the Government as a great source of income payments. This tendency has alarmed other parts of the community. These latter groups have been aware that the Government can pay out, in the main, only what it takes from the community in the form of taxes. Fundamentally, the people must support the Government, not the Government the people. The rise of a defense economy will not destroy the conception of the Government as a great source of income or help. Nevertheless, it is bound to make a larger part of the community aware that, in the last analysis, the people must support the Government.

The Government will be calling on the people for much larger tax payments and many more people will be paying direct taxes. The result is likely to be some change in the attitude of most of the community toward the Government—a weakening of the disposition to look on the Government as a source of help and a greater disposition to look on it as an organization that the people must support and pay for.

The greater demands of the Government on the community for support are likely to make it somewhat harder for special groups to



obtain payments and help from the Government. Public funds still will be used to give help to farmers, retired persons, and other groups, but these claims will be scrutinized more critically and the various specific groups probably will be expected to do more to help themselves.

WHAT is likely to be the effect of the defense economy on the organization of industry and on the fundamental freedoms of the community?

Some increase in the central direction of economic activities is inevitable. There will be more priorities, allocations, credit controls, subsidies in the form of accelerated depreciation, excise taxes designed to discourage the buying of particular things. Nevertheless, the essential nature of the economy, I believe, will remain unchanged. The essential characteristic of the American economy is the decentralization of decision-making. Tens of millions of consumers decide what is made, and millions of business enterprises decide who makes what, and what methods of production are used.

Within a broad and rather loose framework of government direction, individuals and business enterprises will continue to make their decisions. This is an important fact. Decision-making by individual consumers is the best way of assuring that the economy turns out the kind of things that people most desire to consume. Furthermore, decentralization of decision-making is the best way of assuring that industry is dynamic and adaptable. So long as there are millions of separate business enterprises, there is bound to be a great deal of experimentation.

Nor does it seem to me that the rise of the defense economy is likely to be a threat to fundamental liberties. The reason is that a defense economy will make heavy demands on individuals for tax payments. The history of the struggle for civil rights through the centuries seems to show that heavy demands by governments for tax payments stimulate popular interest in the activities of government and cause people to review those activities carefully. An alert and interested electorate is the best safeguard for fundamental liberties. The heavy demands that the Government makes for support from the electorate are likely to be a powerful influence in making voters more alert and more inclined to scrutinize critically the activities of their public servants.

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## A Skeleton Named Lily

(Continued from page 48)  
Globe. But it wasn't much good. It was full of love.

**C**OKES feel cool to the stomach, especially when a person is thirsty from pushing a dull lawn mower.

I was very thirsty.

I was standing leaning on the lawn mower handle thinking how thirsty I was when a taxi stopped in front of Aunt Winifred's house. The man who got out looked like Jimmy Stewart, only younger. He looked at the number of the house and then he looked at me and smiled. The taxi didn't go away. The driver got out a paper and started to read.

"Is this where Mr. and Mrs. Frank McKibben live?" the man asked me.

I said it was, only they weren't at home on account Aunt Winifred had taken Uncle Frank downtown to the Veterans Administration.

The man looked disappointed. He looked at his wrist watch and asked how soon I thought they would be back because he was in a hurry.

I said I didn't think they would be back very soon because they had just left. The man said he was sorry to hear that because he was an old friend of Uncle Frank.

He looked at me for a moment, then said, "I suppose you are Frank's little nephew."

I told him I was Grover Anderson and I was only related by friendship.

Then he smiled and invited me down to Gerber's Drug on the corner to have a coke.

The coke was very soothing.

While I was drinking it the man asked me how Uncle Frank was feeling because he hadn't got a letter from him in more than a month.

I said Uncle Frank was pretty good and the man invited me to have another coke. Then he took a drink of his own coke and said, "By the way, how is his daughter?"

I was thinking pretty hard about something else right then and I said, "You mean Lily?"

He nodded his head and smiled. "Let's see," he said, "she would be about 25 now, wouldn't she?"

I said I didn't know.

"Still out in Los Angeles, I suppose?" he said as if it wasn't important.

I guess I looked surprised but I said I didn't know.

The man laughed again and said I didn't have to be so cautious because it wasn't a crime for a girl to live in Los Angeles.

I thanked him for the cokes and guessed I'd better go back and finish cutting the grass. The man walked back with me to Uncle Frank's. The taxi driver was still reading the newspaper. On the way back the man asked me if I had ever seen Lily. He said he supposed there were a lot of pictures of Lily in Aunt Winifred's house.

He asked me if I ever heard anyone mention a man named Mike Scala.

"No," I said.

I didn't say any more.

The man in the taxi looked up from his paper.

"You look like a smart kid," the other man said. "How'd you like to make five dollars?"

"How?" I asked him.

"I'm not really a friend of your Uncle Frank," he said.

"I know that," I said. "Uncle Frank is blind. He never writes letters."

"Cagey," he said. Then he told me his name was Walter Weber and that he was a reporter on the *Blade*. The funnies are a lot better in the *Chronicle*.

But I never saw a live reporter before.

He showed me his press badge.

"Want to wear it while we talk business?" he asked me.

"I guess not," I said.

He pinned it on me anyway.

It glittered.

"Now we're a pair of reporters working on a big story," he said with a wink. "A girl has been murdered in Los Angeles. She is—is the friend of a big-time racketeer named Mike Scala."

"You mean like Edward G. Robinson?" I asked him.

"Without the cigar," Mr. Weber said.

"The girl is a gun moll," I said.

"Now we're cooking all over the stove," Mr. Weber said. "This gun moll called herself Mrs. Scala but that wasn't her real name. Maybe you read about it in the *Blade*. We had no picture because the charge from the shotgun got her face."

"It was on the front page next to a picture of President Truman shaking hands with an exalted Elk," I said. "They called it the Black Rose murder because she had a rose in her hand."

"Pal do you know the score," Mr.

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Weber said admiringly. "I'll bet you'll make a real reporter when you grow up."

I didn't tell him I was going to be a sanitary engineer like my dad.

I was thinking.

I was thinking hard.

"You know how these murder cases go, old-timer," Mr. Weber said. "Every psycho in town claims he knows her. Clues to her identity are a dime a dozen. One says her real name is Lily McKibben and she comes from here. I've been chasing down all the McKibbens in town.

"Now, thanks to a smart, alert kid, I got a line on her."

I kept thinking real hard.

"All we need is a photograph," Mr. Weber went on saying, taking me by the arm. "It can be telephotoed to the coast in a matter of minutes. If it turns out that a smart, alert kid identifies the—the innocent victim of this foul crime before the police do, all the newspapers will want a photograph of the young hero. The newsreels may even pose him in front of their cameras and kids all over the country will see the boy who—who started the arm of justice moving in the right direction. What do you say, Grover?"

"What do I say about what?" I asked him.

I was thinking about Aunt Winifred.

"They probably have dozens of pictures of their daughter in there, haven't they?" Mr. Weber said. He had a dark necktie. It was neat.

I said I guessed they had.

"Get me one," Mr. Weber said. "Get a large one."

He took his wallet out of his pocket and removed a five dollar bill.

I was going to say that I guessed I better not but I thought about Aunt Winifred again. "What will you do if I don't get the picture?" I asked him.

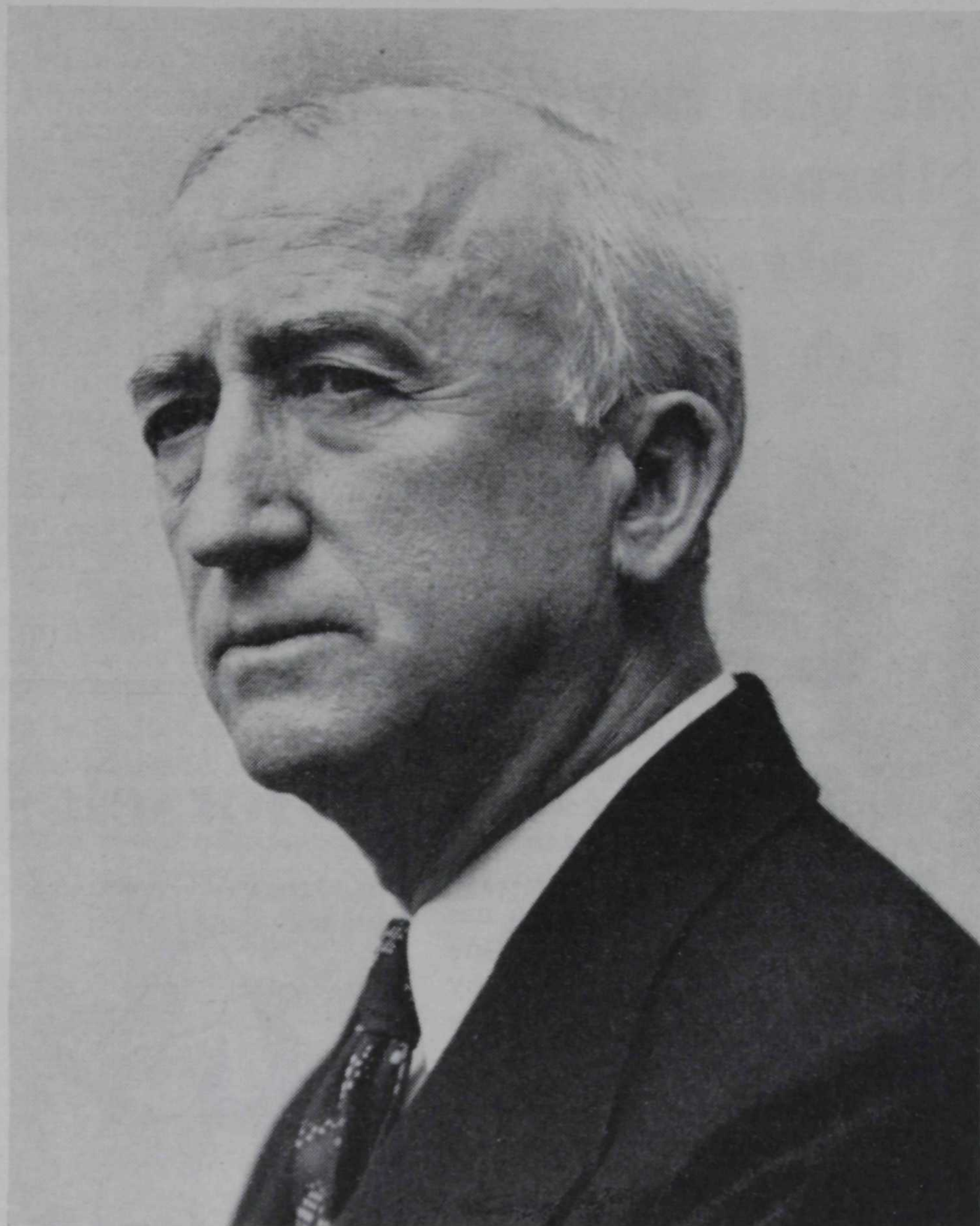
Mr. Weber took another five dollar bill from his wallet.

"Then I will have to wait around until Mr. and Mrs. McKibben get home." He looked at me real long. "Maybe Aunt Winifred wouldn't like that. This way she might not even know about it."

"Aunt Winifred reads the *Blade* to Uncle Frank every night," I told him. "I guess she couldn't help but find out about it."

"She will find out about it whether you earn ten dollars or not," Mr. Weber said. "My way you earn ten dollars and help the police at the same time. You believe in aiding justice, don't you, Grover?"

He kept folding the money be-



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tween his fingers. It crackled as he handled it.

He took a package of cigarettes out of his pocket and lit one.

I took the money.

I felt like a criminal. I kept thinking of Aunt Winifred. Then I went into the house.

I WAS just finishing cutting the back yard when Aunt Winifred and Uncle Frank came home.

"Anything important happen while we were away, Grover?" Uncle Frank asked me. I was glad Aunt Winifred was busy getting a dime out of her purse. She has very sharp eyes.

"No sir," I told him.

Aunt Winifred looked up real sudden but she didn't say anything.

I left quick.

I AM sorry I walked on the same side of the street as the West Adams hardware store on my way home from Aunt Winifred's house.

The football was in the window.

It was a real leather football.

It cost \$3.95.

The kids on our street were just starting to play touch again the way they always do just before the end of vacation. The only football they had was an old one that leaked all the time even if you spread chewing gum over the hole

## Horseless Horseshoe Haven



THE HORSESHOE Forge in Lexington, Mass., sells more horseshoes than any place in the world—but not a single one ends up on a horse.

Instead, these shoes hang on walls, stand by fireplaces or rest on tables. For they've been turned into such things as candleholders, gun racks, andirons, door knockers, paperweights, bootscrapers and garden bells. They still look like horseshoes, but they have the other utilitarian purposes, too.

Most of the shoes are unfinished as they arrive at the forge (mostly from Richmond, Va.) and have to be treated. Blacksmiths "heel over" the ends and pound in the proper detail, just as if each one was going to be put on a horse's hoof.

Now, one might ask, why go to all this trouble when the horseshoes are going to sit around somebody's house? The answer is it is a matter of old-fashioned honesty and integrity with the forge's owner.

"I advertise that my products are made from real horseshoes and so they're going to be real ones," says Fulton Brown.

Some of the shoes actually have been worn by horses. He buys them from junk dealers in New Hampshire and Vermont. Most of them go into the making of his horseshoe bells. He says that the treatment the metal receives from the constant pressure of a horse's hoof against pavement gives it a clear tone that cannot be duplicated by man's energy.

Brown became a horseshoe forger by accident. He had a penchant for entertaining people. On Saturday nights he used to have friends over for a barbecue and, performing as chief chef, would broil them fancy, juicy steaks. The fame of his steaks spread and people came from as far as Kentucky to partake of Brown's steaks.

One evening, while waiting for the barbecue pit to heat up properly, he idly stuck a piece of iron in it. Soon he found himself intrigued by the art of blacksmithing.

He bought a forge, began to turn out little things, more as a joke than anything else. People begged for them, shoved money at him for the articles—and before he knew it he was a professional smith.

Today he employs four blacksmiths. The gadgets they've formed may be found in stores from New York to Texas and from Vermont to California, the items selling anywhere from \$1.50 (a broom) to \$49.50 (a large bell).

Brown, happy about it all, seems to think that it's hard to beat horseshoes as a clean business.

—HAROLD HELFER



in the bladder. I bought the football there.

I also had two more cooling cokes and a tin roof sundae. I bought a box of chocolate covered cherries in syrup which I ate while I threw passes to myself on the way home.

The exercise made me feel sick. I wanted to vomit, but I couldn't.

Mom was sitting on the front porch mending when I got home.

I started to walk to the back.

"Grover!" Mom said, "what in the world is the matter with you?" Then she saw the football. "Where did you get that football?" she asked me.

"I earned it," I told her.

I guess she thought I meant I took more than a dime from Aunt Winifred because she dropped her mending and came down the steps.

But before she could say anything I got sick. I guess I looked terrible, too.

Mom got me upstairs and washed my face and made me get into bed. She made me tell her everything I had to eat and drink including the cooling cokes.

Then she gave me a spoonful of paregoric.

She sat on the edge of the bed and watched me for a long time. Finally she said, "Grover, where did you get that football? Who gave you the money to buy all that terrible stuff?"

I didn't want to tell her because I was afraid she would be pretty mad at me. But I had to. I told her all about Mr. Weber and the badge and the ten dollars and her lips kept getting tighter and tighter together and before I could get through she said, "Grover Anderson, I am so ashamed of you I could cry."

Then I told her how I kept thinking hard about Aunt Winifred all the time Mr. Weber was talking.

"I knew you wouldn't like it," I told her, "but Mr. Weber didn't like it, either. I mean he was disappointed. He said it looked like another false alarm because it didn't answer the description."

Mom stared at me as if she had never seen a boy sitting up in his bed before in her whole life.

"Grover Anderson," she said, "what in the world are you talking about, now?"

I guess she didn't even remember the picture of herself she had given Aunt Winifred which she had taken when she was elected vice president of the Flower Box Garden Club.

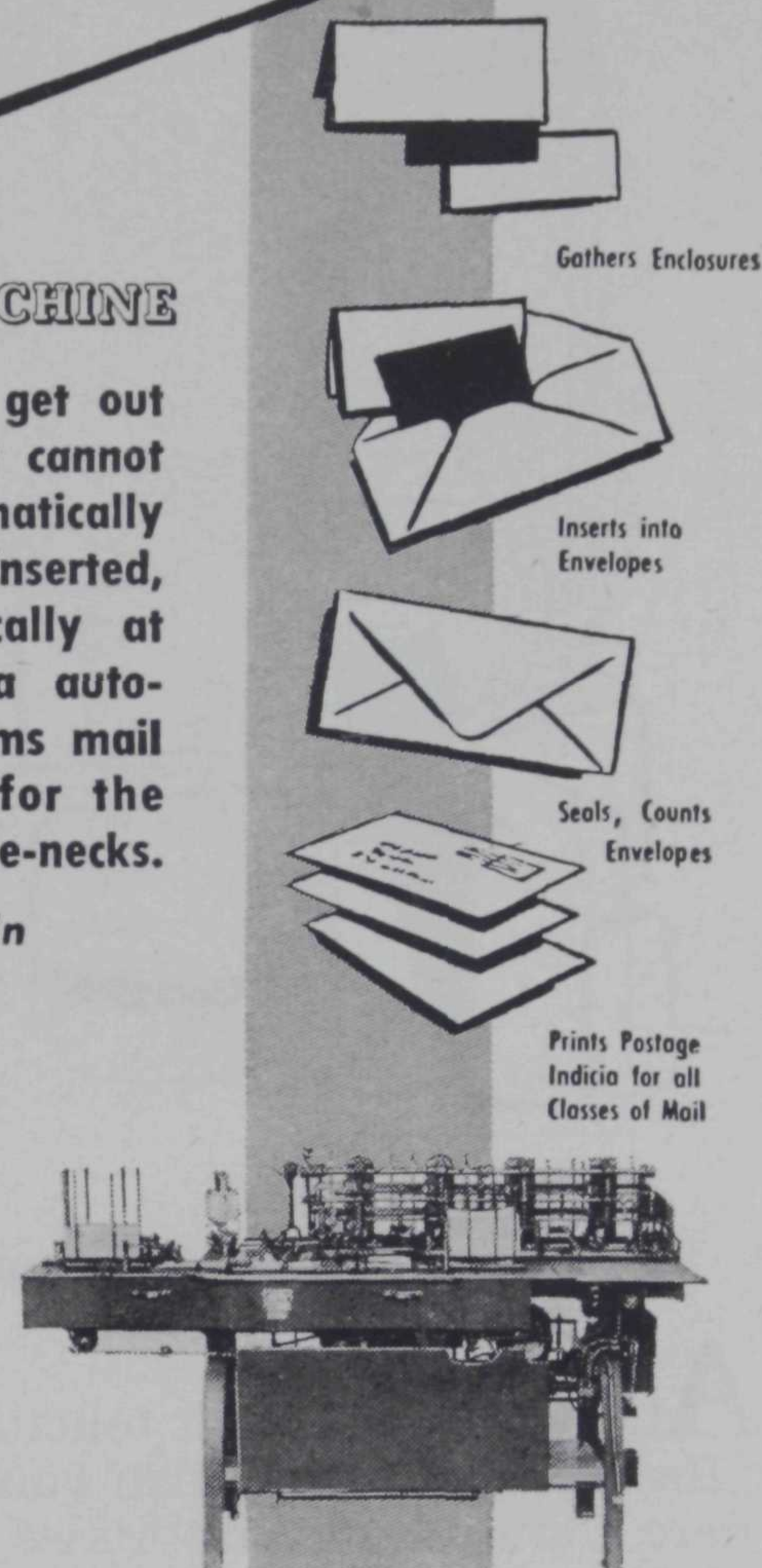
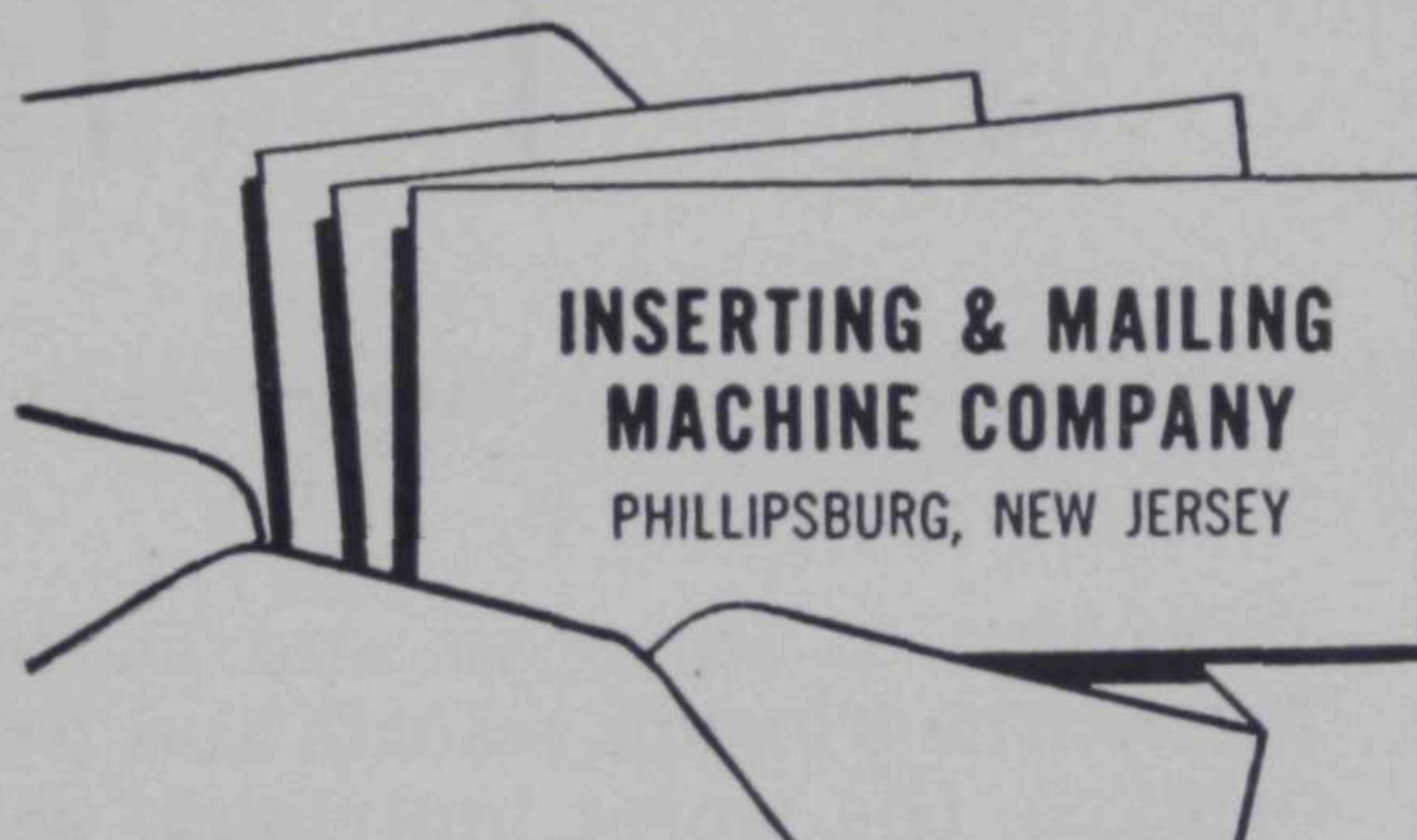
Anyway she picked me up off the bed and hugged me and said she was the proudest mother in the whole world.

# WINGS FOR YOUR MAILINGS

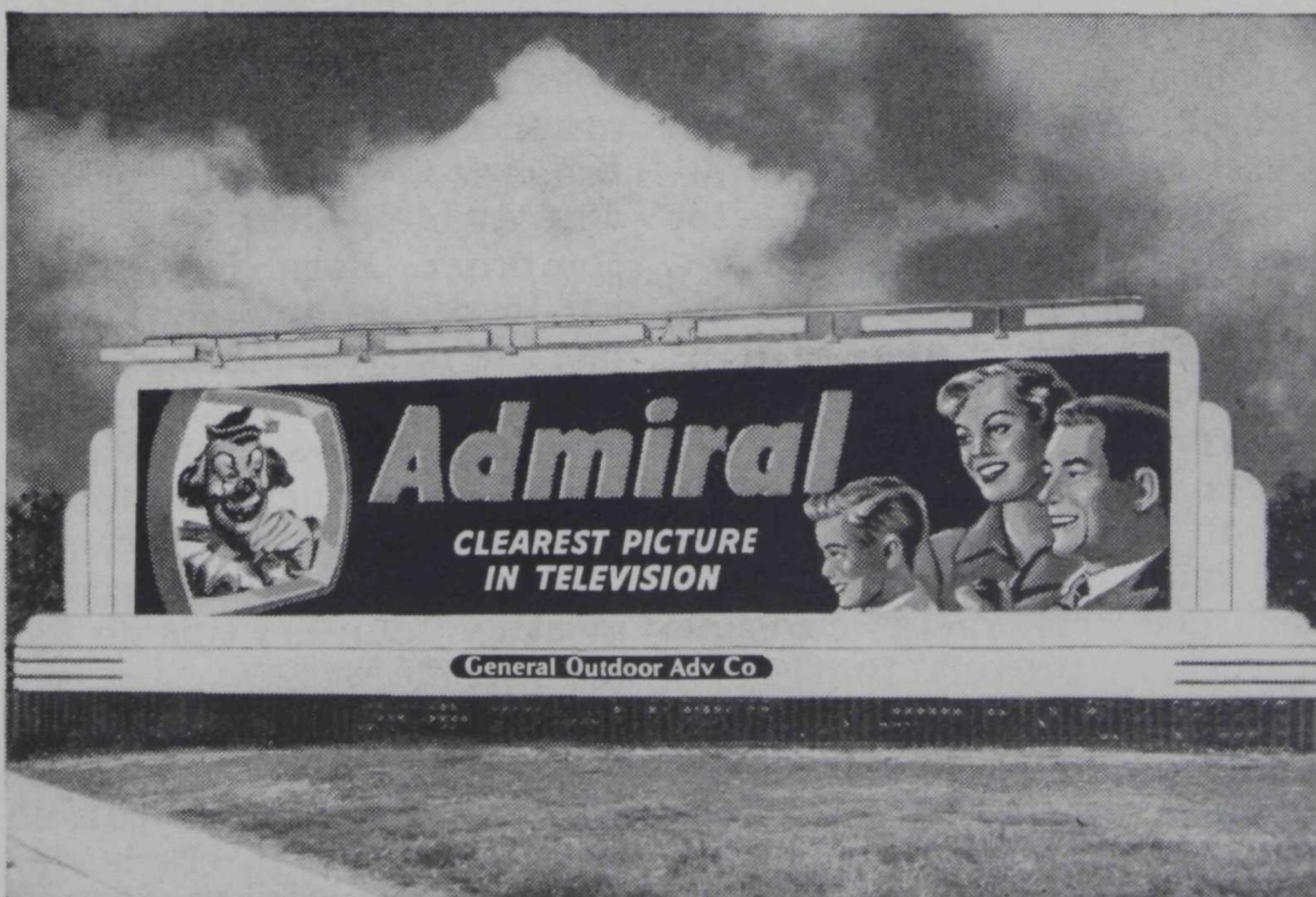
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# "Tips, Incidentals, Etc."

By CARLISLE BARGERON



Two bits a bag is what your bellboy expects—unless they're light

**A**LONG WITH such felicities as "Having good time, wish you were here," and "Love and kisses," one of the most often used phrases in the American language is "Tips, incidentals, etc." It covers a multitude of sins and appears on countless expense accounts and income tax returns.

Several years ago, a famous newspaperman who mushed into the frozen reaches of Canada in the rescue of two balloonists, included under this item \$100 for flowers to a deceased dog. Only a famous newspaperman could get by with this. For the rest of us there are fairly well defined rules, at least for tipping.

The ten per cent tip has, in the course of progress and increased cost of living, gone to 15 per cent. Most union contracts covering hotel waiters provide that hotel officials who do not eat and drink on the house shall continue to pay the ten per cent, but even they invariably go beyond that sum. The ten per cent rule still applies, generally, to a reception which you give at a hotel when "service" is added to your bill, but then the maitre is not averse to receiving an extra \$5 or \$10 according to the size of the party.

Workers depending on tips consider Boston the worst city in the country and the South, with the

exception of Houston and Dallas, Texas, the Florida resorts and New Orleans, the worst individual section. But even here 15 per cent is regarded as basic. The difference is that the thrifty New Englanders, according to the workers, tend to stick strictly to the rules.

The South shows up poorly in the national tipping income, which is estimated at some \$4,000,000,000 annually, because of its greater proportion of small communities where quick-meal restaurants are the order. Even here it is best to tip 15 per cent if you are seated, but the natives more often adhere to the ten, and this is true of smaller communities everywhere. The employees of lunch counters at soda fountains and snack bars can't rely on tips and are paid accordingly; at other counters tips do figure in the income.

Tips here vary with the custom of the particular patrons and the only thing a stranger can do is to note what the others leave. Ten cents on a check of less than \$1 is the practice when you do tip. According to employees in department store lunchrooms, only the meticulous old woman who uses the coffee cup freely for an ash tray will leave a lonely nickel.

You can tell whether or not you are expected to tip at a bar by the presence or absence of a container

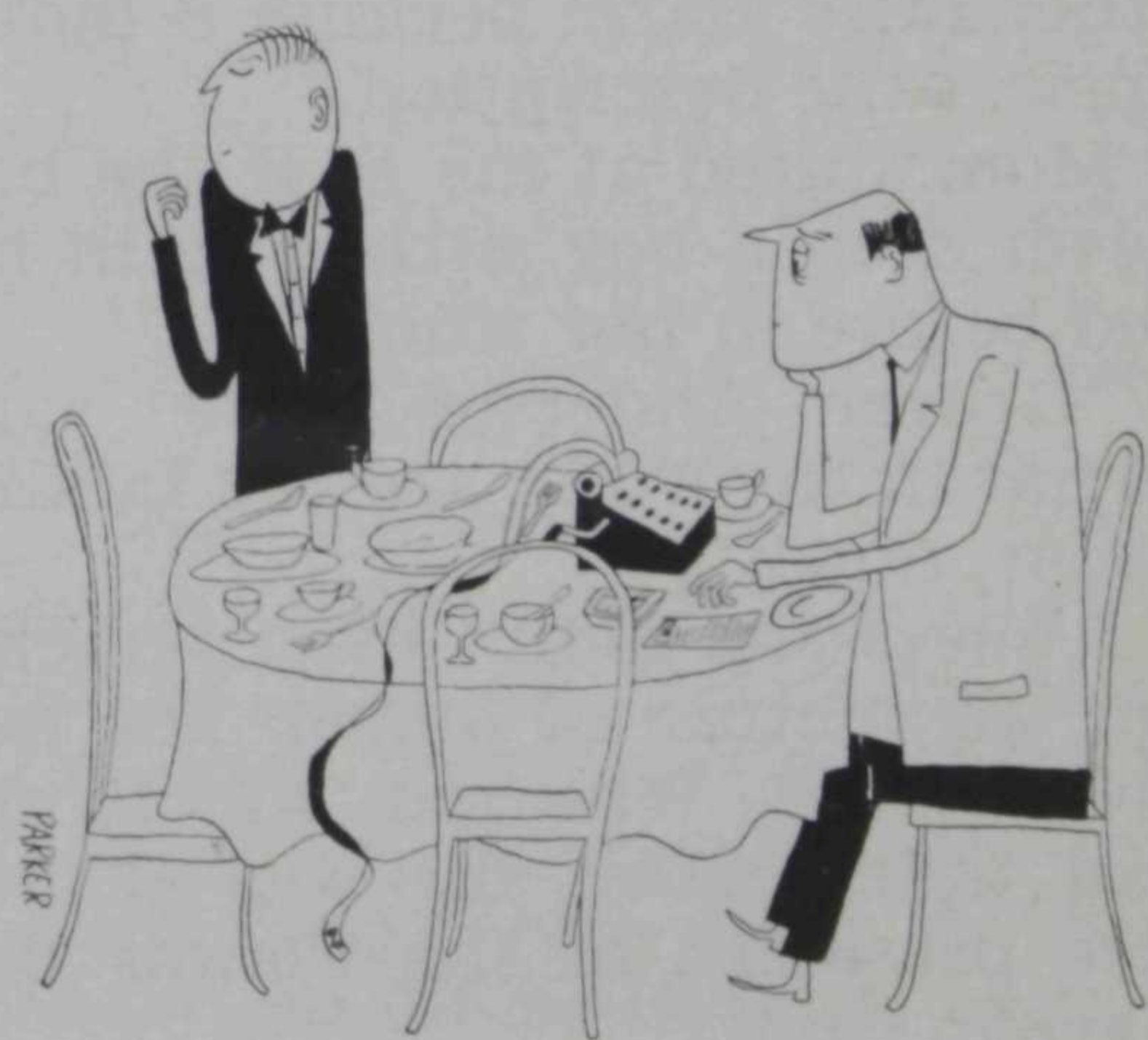
holding tips. If it is expected, ten cents a drink is right, or better, give the bartender the change from \$1 for the first drink and again after the fourth.

In no instance, the experts say, should you tip less than 25 cents where you are served with a white table cloth. Also, you should not content yourself with the 15 per cent tip if you take a guest into a busy restaurant for lunch or dinner, occupy a table for four and dawdle over a light meal. The waiter has had to serve you, and you have taken up the space where four persons might have eaten more heartily and expensively.

The 15 per cent is a satisfactory figure for arriving at the amount of your tip in a New York night club, but it won't be appreciated if you spend the evening over a couple of highballs watching the floor show and the dancing. You can make it up to the waiter by giving him \$1, and if your check should come to \$100, don't deduct the federal entertainment tax before figuring your tip. That isn't done.

Of the estimated \$4,000,000,000 annual outlay in tips, waiters and waitresses are believed to get about half. But the old international custom does not end there.

Going into a hotel, your first encounter is with the bellboy who picks up your bags. You need not tip the doorman for taking the bags out of the car, but you do give him 25 cents later when he calls a cab for you, rain or shine. For tak-



Don't deduct the federal tax before figuring out your tip



ing your bags to your room, give the bellboy 25 cents a bag unless they are light, when 50 cents will do for three or four. If the porter brings up a trunk, it is 25 cents a trunk. Tip the bellboy 15 or 25 cents for a page and 15 cents when he brings you a letter or telegram or a paper. Give 25 cents to the fellow who brings up the ice and setups.

Generally speaking, maids in hotels covered by union contracts are classed as non-tipping, but if you remain any length of time, give the maid \$1 a week. Elevator operators are similarly classed but again, if you are staying for a while, it is not a bad practice to give them \$1 at different times—often enough to make them conscious of you.

The same sort of rule applies to headwaiters in hotel dining rooms and night clubs. If you frequent a particular place, occasionally give the headwaiter \$5. If you are dropping into a New York night club for the first time with a party of, say, eight, \$5 will make for a good table and service and will be but a drop in the bucket to what your bill will come to.

In an American plan hotel the cost of the meals frequently is placed on the menu. Tip on the basis of 15 per cent. If no cost of the meals is stated, figure out the week's board at ten per cent, give a proportionate tip at the first meal, the rest at the end of the week. Scale this down if the family is large. Here it is a good idea to give the headwaiter from \$2 to \$10 at the outset, according to the size of the family, from \$1 to \$5 at the end of the week, depending on what service he has provided.

The red caps have come to be a tipping problem. Under the wages and hours act, the railroads pay these porters a regular wage. So the roads, in most of the larger terminals, at least, decided they would take the tips which have come to be regulated by the Interstate Commerce Commission just as are other transportation costs. Recently the commission authorized terminals in Cincinnati, Columbus, Indianapolis and St. Louis to increase the red cap charges from 15 to 25 cents a parcel.

The increase was expected to spread generally. These collections are turned over to the terminals, but the red caps make it plain to the traveler that they expect a tip in addition. Fifteen cents minimum is considered a fair tip on charges less than \$1 and 25 cents on \$1.

The porter on a day Pullman ex-



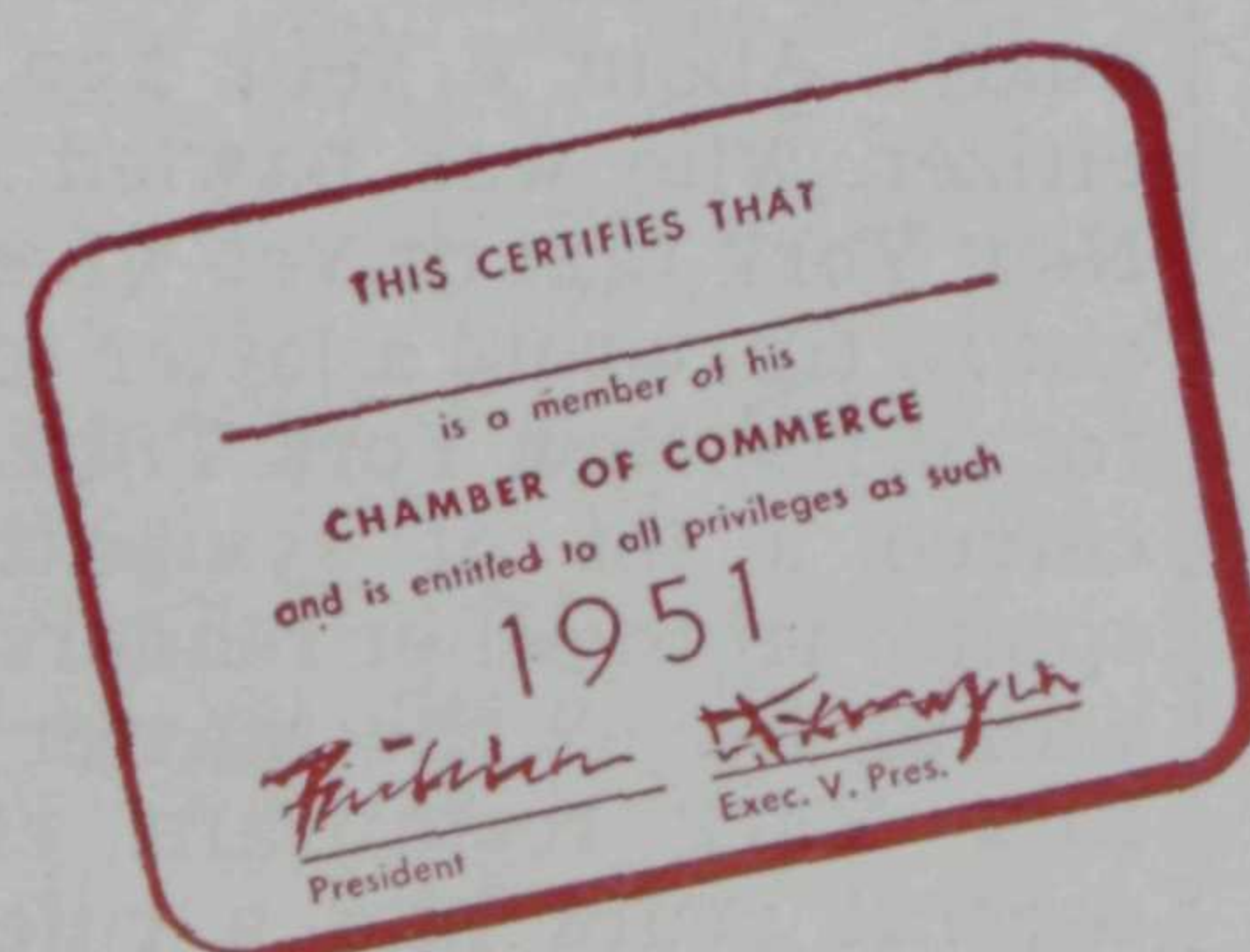
## WISHING

### Won't Make It So . . .

WHAT A SOFT LIFE it would be if a town could have a fairy godmother. Then civic jobs like getting a new playground or bringing in a new industry would be a snap. Wishing would do the trick.

But towns and cities aren't built with magic wands. There's no easy out when it comes to improving the home and business life of a community. Planned work—not wishes—is still the answer. That's why it's everybody's job to take a hand.

One of the best ways to do this is to support the organizations which make the community's future their business. Your chamber of commerce is such an organization. It is set up to handle most local problems that come along. Education, taxes, industrial development are only a few of the fields in which it operates. How well it succeeds in any given task, however, depends in large measure on the support it receives. The more backers, the better the chance of success.



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pects from 25 to 50 cents; 50 cents for an overnight berth. If you have a bedroom, give him \$1, particularly if he brings you setups.

Give 25 cents to your barber for a hair cut costing \$1, unless he owns the shop. Women tip their hair dressers 25 and 35 cents for a \$1.75 hair wash; \$2 for a \$16 permanent. Mrs. Truman supplements her tipping with flowers from the federal Government's Botanic Gardens and with other presents such as a layette when her hairdresser had a baby. There are women, too, who tip the salesgirls in exclusive dress shops and men and women who tip their fitters, but this is not necessary for the average person.

Throughout modern history, man periodically has cried out against the affliction of tipping. Invariably the tippees have agreed that it is an abominable practice, demeaning to them and something that should be supplanted by compensating wages. Whenever and wherever there has been a wage readjustment, as occurred rather generally with the passage of the minimum wage and fair standards legislation, the tipping has gone right along with the boost.

As early as 1896, the secretary of the Journeyman Barbers International Union denounced the practice. In 1905 an organization known as the Anti-Tipping Society of America, claiming a membership of 100,000 and made up mostly of traveling salesmen, launched a crusade against the practice which resulted in anti-tipping laws in six states — Washington, Mississippi, Arkansas, Iowa, South Carolina and Tennessee. They were relatively shortlived and scarcely observed during the time they remained on the books. In 1919 the Iowa act was declared unconstitutional and the other states subsequently repealed their laws.

**RECENTLY** a bill was introduced in the Mississippi legislature to restore the prohibition but it was received as an indignant legislator's outburst and not to be taken seriously. About a year ago an irate citizen who was bawled out by a New York taxi driver when he forgot to tip, wrote a letter to the editor of the New York *Times* and received a lot of sympathetic response from other readers, but this was as far as the matter went. A New York restaurant chain for several years had a rule against tipping, but abandoned it during the war. Many private clubs which had successfully maintained a "no

tipping" policy succumbed to the practice during war days to keep their help.

Robert R. Young installed as one innovation on his Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad a rule against tipping in the dining car. Each table had a plainly lettered placard reading: "No tipping permitted." As I studied it while eating on one occasion, a waiter stood over me, grinning. "You ain't supposed to pay no attention to that," he said. I didn't. The rule finally was abandoned.

**I**N France and Germany a service charge usually is added to the check in hotels and restaurants to take the place of tipping, but employees expect tips on top of this. Only in the countries behind the Iron Curtain is tipping generally forbidden. In these countries it is outlawed by the governments as a bourgeois means of degrading the servants.

In this country tipping is such an established institution that union representatives of the waiters and bartenders recently sought unsuccessfully to get Congress to include tips in figuring the employee's social security allowance. This would have meant the employer would have been taxed on them just as he is now for the unemployment and workmen's compensation funds.

Dr. Leo P. Crespi of Princeton University's Department of Psychology thinks that tipping can be eliminated if the customer will be firm and is willing to ignore the sneers. However, that wouldn't be easy. You can walk away from a taxi driver, assuming you are not going to run into him again, but headwaiters assure me it would not be a good practice to return to a hotel or restaurant where you have come to be known as a non-tipper. There are a thousand little things a waiter can do, such as not serve your meal until it is cold, in which event you can send it back and have the same experience again; he can make you ask for the sugar, or a glass of water, and be looking the other way when you want it.

Extravagant tipping, however, can get you in trouble. In New York a man wanted for the theft of \$46,000 aroused the suspicions of a waitress by giving her \$5 tips. She informed the police. Similarly, a girl who had run away from her California home with the family savings was picked up by Michigan police after arousing a hair dresser's curiosity by tipping more than the bill.





## Boom in Wooden Indians

**A**T HIS craft shop in Boise, Idaho, Thayne Robertson, ex-newspaper man, is reviving an old American art and creating a new business—the carving of life-sized wooden Indians.

He also carves wooden tobacco pipes, many in fantastic shapes of birds or animals.

As a youngster of 11, he started carving birds and animals, and at the age of 14 he sold his first tobacco pipe, a copy of a meerschaum. Seven years ago he gave up his newspaper work in favor of art.

At 34, Robertson is a neat, nice-looking guy with a western drawl and a friendly smile. He smokes a pipe.

Though based authoritatively on contemporary historic types, the Robertson Indians are definitely individualized. Take husky young Sacagawea, who guided Lewis and Clark to the Northwest. Both mother and moon-faced papoose wear the traditional trappings, but they have an alert, wide-eyed expression and sun-tan complexions such as never graced the old-timers.

Chief Joseph, the Nez Percé, who was famed as a wily warrior and a wise chief, Big Foot and Sitting Bull are others of the Robertson art.

Though wooden Indians are regarded as dyed-in-the-wool American, says Robertson, they originated with London merchants early in the seventeenth century. Most British

craftsmen, never having seen an Indian, made their red men as black as the ace of spades.

The first wooden Indian shipped to America is thought to have appeared around 1770, in Lancaster, Pa.

A decade later, a fair-sized tribe of cigar-store Indians had taken their stand in Baltimore. Tobacco merchants in New York adopted them, and from 1850 to 1880 the figures enjoyed great popularity.

Some years ago a survey showed around 600 wooden Indians on display in the United States. Less than 300 are supposed to be around today, except for those in museums and private collections.

Priced at from \$100 to \$2,500, the Indians sell to clubs, cigar stores, sporting goods shops, museums and individual collectors faster than he can get them carved. It takes from 850 to 1,000 hours to turn out a deluxe specimen.

Wood is the important consideration. Dead white or yellow pine trees that have been standing for about 25 years are best. If the wood is good and dry but not rotted, the finished product, given three coats of paint, polished and treated, will outlast any live Indian. Robertson bores a hole through the top of the head and into the body, filling the cavity with linseed oil. It's a technique of ancient wood carvers.

—R. C. HENDERSON

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